

THE COLLECTED LETTERS
OF
D. H. LAWRENCE

VOLUME TWO

BOOKS BY
HARRY T. MOORE

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The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence

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OF
D. H. LAWRENCE

Edited with an Introduction by

HARRY T. MOORE

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HEINEMANN

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1921

The Lawrences visit Sardinia in January; they go to Germany (April-July), Austria (July-August), and Italy (August-September), returning to Taormina via Capri by the end of September. Books published during the year include *Movements of European History* (March), brought out by Oxford University Press under the pseudonym of Lawrence H. Davison; *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (also March); and *Sea and Sardinia* (December). Lawrence completes (except for a few poems to be written later in New Mexico) most of his volume of verse to be published in 1923 as *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, some of them published in December 1921 as *Tortoises*, and finishes his novel *Aaron's Rod*.

To Eleanor Farjeon, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, Sicily,

20 January 1921

Dear Eleanor: Well, perhaps you'll be glad you haven't come to Sicily. It thunders and lightens for 24 hours, and hailstorms continually, till there is hail-ice thick everywhere, and it is deadly cold and horrid. Meanwhile the almond blossom is almost full out – a sea of blossom, would be, if it weren't shattered.

I should like to talk to you: but feel myself shut up and I can't come unshut just now. I don't like it.

We made a dash to Sardinia – liked the island very much – but it isn't a place to live in. No point in living there. A stray corner of Italy, rather difficult materially to live in.

I have said I will keep this house on another year. But I really don't believe I shall come back for another winter. The south is so lifeless. There's ten times more 'go' in Tuscany.

If I knew how to, I'd really join myself to the revolutionary socialists now. I think the time has come for a real struggle. That's the only thing I care for: the death struggle. I don't care for politics. But I know there

must and *should* be a deadly revolution very soon, and I would take part in it if I knew how.

Ask R. [Rosalind Popham] what book she means – *The Moose*? But that disappeared with Chapel Farm Cottage.

I enclose 10 francs for those stamps. I hope it is enough. Tell me.

Let's hope we meet when something is doing.

To Mary Cannan, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 12 February 1921

My dear Mary: Had your letter – glad you are once more revelling in colour-wash and chimney-pieces – and enjoying it. I tell you, it's all right getting it done: it's living in it afterwards that tells.

Good news about Murry's mitigated downfall. I hear he is to work for the *Nation*: from France. The *Nation* said K's [Katherine's] book was the best short story book that could be or had been written. Spit on her for me when you see her, she's a liar out and out. As for him, I reserve my language. I hear from London the *Athenaeum* lost £5000 a year under our friend. I know in whose pockets I should look for that £5000, if I were the Rowntrees. Vermin, the pair of 'em. And beware.

I don't approve of your gambling. I hate it. It is bad for you, and playing on your worst weakness.

No particular news here. Hubrecht writes she may be coming in April. We have the key to the studio and picnic there sometimes.

Secker says *Lost Girl* has sold only 2300: so that he owes me about £15 over my £100. And he charged me £8.10.0 for the copies he sent out for me: 8/6 a copy to me. But he's going to do *Women in Love* without altering it – it is due 1st May – and sell it merely as a bookshop book. The libraries won't touch it. He offers me now £75. Onward christian soldiers!

I send you a Gilbert notice. Hope he gives domestic details. It is for these only we are all pining. The Mond Mystery.

I am sending you also my famous picture, which F. reluctantly relinquishes. Hope you'll like it. You can take it as a sop to Cerberus, anyhow, for now comes the demand.

I'm tired of Taormina, of Italy, of Europe. You know Mrs Thrasher offered us her farm, 4 hours from New York, 2 hours from Boston: beautiful – but all gone wild. I want to go to America: I can place my

stuff so much quicker there. My plan is to go to the Thrasher farm, and write then for America. Also, if it is at all feasible, to *work* the Thrasher farm. For this purpose Vincenzo and Ciccio would come, if I asked them, for they are pining to emigrate. It is a hilly, wild farm of 90 acres, with woods also, and suitable for fruit. It has a dilapidated wooden house. But if it were feasible, I hope you would come and have a little frame house of your own and take over one branch of the work. That is what you are born for: not having flats and dithering at Monte Carlo. – This is the worst part of the thing, though. If I need £200, will you lend them me, 5% interest, to be paid back as soon as possible. I shan't ask you if I can do without. Which I hope I can. But I want you to say yes or no, so that I can count my securities.

I have nearly done a little travel book: *Diary of a Trip to Sardinia*: which will have photographs, and which I hope, through the magazines, will make us something. But I always hope, and am always left there.

Don't take the demand for a loan seriously. It's only merely tentative, mere bounds of possibility so far – nothing at all definite. And say yes or no as you like, without a qualm, I really shan't mind. I'd a million times rather you pleased yourself than displeased yourself.

The picture is yours anyhow: whether Cerberus swallows the sop or not.

Hope all is well. – Hear H. G. Wells is going out to join Rebecca West. She is in Capri with Mrs Mackenzie. He is in Herm, in kilts, finding his island full of atmosphere and ghosts, and very expensive. René Hansard has bought a little farm near Cannes, called The Miracle, and is going to make her fortune growing tuberoses, which aren't planted yet, and inventing miracles at the well in the fields, the well being a miracle well by repute. Time we did something absurd. The Wrights have come to their old house near Domenico. She is the woman of the little Arts and Crafts Shop in Cheyne Row. But they're rather nice and funny, a fat old couple. Ciccio and Vincenzo were married last Saturday, and we supplied the wine.

[P.S.] Please *do not* mention the America plan to people, especially Murry-worms.

'The Mond Mystery' refers to the recent marriage of Gilbert Cannan's friend Henry Mond, later 2nd Baron Melchett.

To Mary Cannan, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 24 February 1921

My dear Mary: Your letter today – very exciting that we can have the money. I heard from Mrs Thrasher. She is at Pension Giraud, Via Montebello No. 1, Florence. We can have the farm, though she says the house will be in ruins. I have written to a friend in New York to cable me if it is possible. And I hope we can sail about the end of May. You imagine our state, and the rage with which we make plans. We intend just to have a goat and begin to plant fruit bushes, to start. It will be a tight squeeze to get there on the funds – but we'll manage. I hope devoutly that I can earn dollars over there. Then I shall get Vincenzo and Ciccia to come, and plant peach trees, and have a couple of cows, and a Ford runabout that can take the goods to market – and make a permanent thing of it. And if we are in any sort of way, I want you to come next spring: and if you like it, you will have a little frame house of your own, and we shall be like those Anchorites in the picture, dotted about. I hope you will come prepared to take over one branch of the industry: perhaps strawberries and bees and jam: and we will make a tiny living. Mrs Thrasher says it is *lovely* country, and streams and woods on the farm. If only one had capital to start. But perhaps its more fun starting with nothing. – Anyhow I'm going to try.

What have you done with your Italian money? We might possibly use that. I shall try if I can't get a cargo boat to take us. And if it were from Italy one could pay in liras. Anyhow I needn't change any more into liras – and I really don't think the Italian money is worth *keeping*, with the exchange now constant at 105-106: and further drop threatened. So if you haven't transferred you might give us some liras: at once, if you like, to save my changing the bit of English.

Your conjoined ignorance, yours and Molly Muir's, on the subject of the early Christian Church is wicked. The Thebaïd is the bit of the Egyptian desert just back of Alexandria, where it is hilly and dry. In the 3rd and 4th Centuries many ascetic Christians retired, like John the Baptist, into this desert, and they lived alone, each in his little hut of palm-boughs, or his cave. Saint Anthony was the most famous. It was out there in the Thebaïd the women tempted him. – But these anchorites were devils, really: half naked, hairy, fanatic brutes, always seeing devils and laying them to other people's score. And they used to come

down into Alexandria in horrible black gangs, with great cudgels, and smash people's heads and sack the town: being moved by the Holy Spirit, of course. – But the Thebaid is reckoned as the beginning of the monastic system, and all Lorenzetti would know would be from the pious and flowery legends of St Anthony of Egypt and St Mary of Egypt and the like. Did you never read Anatole France's *Thais*? – The blue water in front of the picture is no doubt the River Nile: all imaginary, as goes without saying.

I am amused about the Pug and the Peacock: Gilbert no doubt is doing a bit of swank.

Are those miserable Murrys still about?

I will tell Mrs Thrasher. It may be she will take Fontana Vecchia from us when we go. We are corresponding about it.

I still don't think well of the gambling. It's a nasty business – and I hope to heaven you won't let it become a habit. I hope you'll lose again.

It is so cold here, we almost die. Such a demon of a wind. But we light the fire at sundown. We have the key of the studio, and sometimes go and make tea there, but never feel quite comfortable: there is your ghost there, and your absence. But the garden full of flowers. – Bowdwin pulling Rocca Bella to pieces inside.

If all goes well, I hope to be coming north about the beginning of April, en route for America. Do you know anything about our getting a berth in a cargo ship? – to go to America – Boston or New York? I wouldn't mind where we sail from. – I suppose I shall have to go to England to see my sisters and have some clothes. My appearance is becoming a Taormina scandal. Love from both.

To S. S. Koteliansky, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 2 March 1921

My dear Kot: Well your letter was a nice little kettle of old fish. How they do, but all, stink! I hear the *Athenaeum* lost £5000 a year under our friend the mud-worm. But he is incorporated into the *Nation* – Nations foster such worms. I hear he is – or was – on the Riviera with K. – who is doing the last-gasp touch, in order to impose on people – on Mary Cannan, that is. K. pretending to be sick of Jack; another old dodge; in order to pump the interlocutor to say things. K. also announcing that the *Rowntrees* couldn't bear *her* writing. Ah me, we have become

important. Two mud-worms they are, playing into each other's long mud-bellies.

I am tired to death of travellers. Taormina wriggles with them. But there is a worse sort even than the British: viz., the Scandinavian. There must be at least 600 Scandinavians in this village at present: horrible greedy Pillars of Society escaping their taxes. No wonder Ivy Low hates Stockholm, or wherever she is.

I get bored with people altogether of any sort. But this house is very nice, the world is green and flowery, the sun rises bright over the sea, Etna with heavy snow is beautiful, and there is a peculiar glamour – a sort of Greek morning-world glamour. Yet I itch to go away – and think once more of America. But I have thought so often before. I have this house till end of April: with option of another year. And it costs only Lir. 2500 – and is beautiful, and alone, with much land sloping in terraces. I love my Fontana Vecchia: *et pretera nihil*.

I think Italy will not revolute or bolsh any more. The thing will settle down to a permanent *socialisti v. fascisti* squabbling – the old Italian faction, Guelph and Ghibellini – and so the house will come to bits. It will have no one smash, like Russia.

And what of Russia? And dear darling England?

Remember me warmly to Sonia, Grisha, and the long, two-plaited Ghita. I hope you are better.

To Rosalind Popham, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 2 March 1921

Dear R: Your letter yesterday. I don't write because nothing happens. We went to Sardinia – it was an exciting little trip – but one couldn't live there – one would be weary – dreary. I was very disappointed. So much so that I have been planning to go to America. You remember Mrs Thrasher's farm – well, she still offers it. I don't know if I shall get off. I have said so often I was going. We shall see. I have taken this house definitely till end of April – with option of continuing the year out. But I doubt very much if we shall stay after April. Only the house itself is so nice – just as Canovaia was nice.

We too have had hot sun and cold wind. The sun is dangerous these months – it has a radio-chemical action on the blood which simply does for me. I avoid it. The thing is to keep *cool* – not get hot at all. Etna is

looking extremely beautiful – with very heavy snow. I always wonder when she's going to burst out. I don't trust her.

Italy begins to tire me. I hear the official opinion now is that there will be no definite revolution or bolshing at all: that is going to resolve itself into the continual faction fights between socialists and *fascisti* – genuine Italian Guelph and Ghibelline business, and let the world wag elsewhere. Rather dull. But the thought of England is entirely repugnant. I promised to go and see my sisters, but I can't cross the Channel. No, no – England is a mud-bathos.

To J. C. Squire, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 7 March 1921

Dear Squire: Thank you for your telegram and letter. Yes, I have been insulted so many times, by little people like Murry for example, that I thought I'd best make sure.

However, it's all right.

I sent you three poems. They are from a book I have just finished – called *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* I send you first a bit of the *Flowers* part. The *Birds the Beasts* you can see sometime if you like.

I heard from a friend Robert Mountsier, 417 West 118 Street, New York, who is acting for me over there that he was going to send you a copy of a little story 'Fanny and Annie.' If it comes and you don't like it don't have any qualms about returning it to me. I don't mind in the least if you send back the things I offer. But just say what it is in them you don't care for and then I shall know another time what kind of things to send you.

I have just got the typed manuscript of a little novel *Mr Noon*, very comical I think: about 40,000 words. Also I am just finishing a little *Diary of a Trip to Sardinia*: light and sketchy. That is my stock at present. [P.S.] I guess you'll find 'Hibiscus' too long, even if you care for it at all.

To Baroness von Richthofen, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 16 March 1921

Meine liebe Schwiegermutter: Your post card came this morning. I do hope you will be feeling better. Frieda is in Rome, doing her passport. I hope by the time you have this card she will be with you. It will make her happy to nurse you and get you better. Soon you must be about walking – and then I will come to Germany and perhaps we can all go away into

the Schwarzwald and have a good time. Meanwhile I sit in Fontana Vecchia, and feel the house very empty without F. Don't like it at all: but don't mind so long as you will be better.

I am having my portrait painted: hope that today will be the last sitting, as I am tired. I look quite a sweet young man, so you will feel quite pleasant when I send you a photograph. The weather is once more sunny and beautiful, the sea so blue, and the flowers falling from the creeper.

I have no news as yet from F. from Rome, but hope she is managing everything easily. I am all right in Taormina: people invite me to tea and dinner all the time. But I don't want to go very badly. I am correcting the MS. of my *Diary of a Trip to Sardinia*, which I think will amuse you. Give my love to Else. Tell me if there is anything I can send: and do get better soon.

Millicent Beveridge was painting Lawrence's portrait.

To Mary Cannan, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 'Saturday' [?26 March 1921]

My dear Mary: So nice of you to think of Frieda. Her mother is quite a nice lot better. F. was asking for your address in her last letter.

I think I shall leave here about 15th April – call for Jutta – do the walking trip, probably in Sardinia – then go to Germany. So write to the

Ludwig-Wilhelmstift
Baden-Baden.

I have been hating Taormina – but one hates everywhere in fits and starts.

As a matter of fact everybody is so nice with me here – natives and Britons and all. But it is the Britons that make me tired when I go out, and the natives somehow I mistrust. However I think I shall go on with Fontana V. another year.

I am going to send you a photograph of the portrait Miss Beveridge painted of me in the studio.

When do you think you'll be back in Cabbé?

Also I got two more copies – I had two before – of the American *de luxe* edition of *Women in Love* – 15 dollars. It's a nice looking book. Probably you'll hate the inside, but I shall send you one this afternoon.

I was so disappointed for the moment about America, but now don't care.

Ottoline also left Jutta in the cold. She is having her portrait painted by Eric Gill, the fat-hipped soft fellow we saw at Anticoli last year. Hope I shan't see her in Rome.

It has been a very wet season here – hence *very* green – but a great number of flowers. I think of this time last year. Etna is grand and white this morning – much more snow than last year – and those little blue irises everywhere – very many flowers of all sorts.

I am just going out picnicking. Friend offered to take me in motor car to Castrogiovanni – I should like to come and see you in September. Then won't you come down here with us for a month or two – you wouldn't mind the journey if we were all together.

I doubt if I shall get to England. – Tell me all news. – Love.

To Curtis Brown, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 4 April 1921

Dear Curtis Brown: Will you undertake to place my stuff? And will you let me know your terms? If so, make it for not more than five years, so that we needn't be tied to one another.

There are three pieces of MS. in hand.

1. *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*. Of these two went to Squire of the *Mercury*; viz. 'Hibiscus and Salvia Flowers' and 'Purple Anemones.' These two poems, and 'The Ass,' are in handwriting. If Barbara Low has not done so, please send copies (typed) of these three poems to Robert Mountsier. No one has seen any of these poems, save Squire's two.

2. *Mr Noon (Part I)*. Try and serialise this, and for serial purposes cut as much as you like. Secker's agreement claims the book. I enclose the said agreement: it is for five books, but *Rainbow* makes one of the five, and *Lost Girl* another: leaves three, of which here two.

3. *Diary of a Trip to Sardinia* (provisional title). Am sending photographs of first part – hope to send other photographs shortly of Sardinia itself. Try and sell this book to periodicals – or part of it. And I don't care how much the editors cut it.

But before you do anything definite *at all* please communicate with Robert Mountsier, 417 West 118 Street, New York City.

He has all my stuff in hand over there, trying to unravel a beautiful

tangle of publishers and agreements and Pinker. Please work absolutely in unison with Mountsier.

I wish I'd come to you ten years back; you wrote me just too late. But now, don't tie me too tight – I get restive.

Am leaving Taormina on Saturday – wandering. But write c/o Thomas Cook, Piazza delle Terme, Rome.

I enclose the Oxford Press agreement. I have received six presentation copies of the book [*Movements in European History*], but have no idea what they are doing, especially as regards America. American rights are mine.

Shall I turn over to you all the back agreements? Very little remains to Pinker. Or shall we only go on with what lies ahead? Let us consider.

Luck to us.

To Catherine Carswell, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 4 April 1921

My dear Catherine: Well, how are you? – I send you that history – you asked for it. Some of the chapters I think are good: first worst. Don't read it if it bores you.

I'll send you also a photograph of a portrait a Scotch woman – Millicent Beveridge – painted of me. She must have been at Glasgow art school about the same time as you – has lived long in Paris.

Frieda is in Baden-Baden. Her mother was very ill, so she went – about a month ago. I am leaving Taormina on Saturday – Palermo – Rome – then perhaps a walking tour in Sardinia: then I don't know: to Germany probably. Suppose we shall come back here in autumn.

What are you doing? How are things going? Where shall you be all summer? I have worked a good bit, but not finished much. Yes – a book of very free poems, *Birds, Beasts and Flowers: Diary of a Trip to Sardinia*: and first vol. of a funny novel: but a *tiny* first vol. Quite a lot. Yet not much.

I sort of get indifferent to the world – to God and man I almost said – down here. The South cures one of caring. Very good too.

How is Don? What doing? And John Patrick running about and getting a big boy. Aieeee, we're getting older, Catherine. It's almost time I began to be middle-aged and famous. Pah! There's not much spunk in the world, is there? Neither here nor there.

Well – I hope you're going on nicely. Write if you feel like it to me:
c/o Thomas Cook, Piazza delle Terme, Rome. It will always reach me.

If only I had money I should buy a Mediterranean sailing ship that
was offered me: *so* beautiful. Then you'd cruise with me.

I'm having Curtis Brown for an agent.

Many greetings to you three.

To Curtis Brown, from Florence, 22 April 1921

Dear Curtis Brown: I had your letter in Rome. I agree to be quite patient
and fair.

The Secker agreement I enclosed with photographs to Barbara Low. I
am still struggling for photographs of Sardinia itself. – A friend of mine,
Jan Juta, is just going to Sardinia to paint suitable illustrations for the
book – in flat colour. I want you to wait for his pictures before you
publish the book: for magazine publication go ahead as you think best.
The title for the Sardinia book Mountsier objected to. I suggested others:
Sardinian Films, for example. Do please work in everything in strict
conjunction with Robert Mountsier.

I agree not to send anything to any publisher direct – only to act
through you.

Go warily, but please go gently with Thomas Seltzer.

My address will be: Per Adr. Frau Baronin von Richthofen, Ludwig-
Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, Germany.

I shall probably be in London in July – I am going direct to Baden-
Baden now.

My English things are not very tangled – my American business was
the mess.

Good luck.

[P.S.] Show Secker the various MSS. as soon as you conveniently can.

*To Curtis Brown, care of Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, Germany,
28 April 1921*

Dear Curtis Brown: I had your booklet here: and a letter from Barbara
Low saying she had handed you all MSS. Expect to hear from you shortly
concerning these.

Robert Mountsier is coming to Europe: arrives Paris May 10th, and is proceeding to London. He will come to see you, and you can discuss the American side with him. If he is staying in Europe no doubt he will transfer all American business to you. But that is for him to decide.

I hear from the Oxford University Press that they have published the school book of mine, *Movements in European History* – *nom de plume* Lawrence H. Davison. That one edition is sold out – but they have not succeeded in placing the book with their American representatives. American rights, therefore, belong to me. You may like to discuss this with Mountsier. Please show him Humphrey Milford's agreement. And I will write Milford as soon as I hear from you, telling him to deal in *England* with you.

Trust things are going satisfactorily.

To E. H. Brewster, care of Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, 2 May 1921

I would write a letter if there were an envelope within reach – but there isn't. My wife and I are in a country inn about 3 miles outside Baden – the forest around, the people very pleasant. We may stay a month or more: then to Bavaria. I can't bear the thought of England or any further north. – I think of you and Buddha and Mrs Beckett, and measles and zigzaggy pictures. Nirvana is all right if you get at it right. It is a sort of all-inclusive state, and therefore includes sorrow, does *not* supersede sorrow: no such impertinence. And *your* Nirvana is too much a one-man show: leads inevitably to navel-contemplation. True Nirvana is a flowering tree whose roots are passion and desire and hate and love. Your Nirvana is a cut blossom. – Pardon this on a p.c. It is the result of the Fatherland – still let us see what Burma blossoms from, what roots. – Tell your wife not to paint any more Francises. Tell Mrs Beckett I should so like to see her convent – I have never been to Assisi – but that I feel I must consult the birds before I claim sistership with them: they might object to my lack of feathers. Greet the child and tell her to weep for me. Please write a line to the given address.

To E. H. and Achsah Brewster, care of Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden
[?8 May 1921]

Dear Brewster: Your letter today – Sunday – and I'll answer smack off because I prefer to do things on the spur.

- I. Damn the Norwegian chap.
- II. We must meet before you go East.
- III. *Sons and Lovers* is supposed, *technically*, to have no construction. The world is full of technical fools.
- IV. You probably do know me better than I know you, because I don't know you – hardly at all. You Buddhistic people are dark birds, and hardly know yourselves what you build your nests of, I believe.
- V. What I mean by the eternal quality – and what you mean – I believe we should never make the two fit. But I agree quite about the *not grasping*: first because of thorns, then because it's so horrid (not sorrowful but enraging) to be grasped.
- VI. I here and now, finally and for ever give up knowing anything about love, or wanting to know. I believe it doesn't exist, save as a word: a sort of wailing phoenix that is really the wind in the trees. – In fact I here and now, finally and for ever leave off loving anything or everything or anybody. *Basta la mossa!*
- VII. All right, let white include all colours, if you like. – Only, white does *not* include all colours. It is only pure colourless light which includes all colours. And of even that I am doubtful. I doubt the exact sciences more than anything else. – I don't know *anything* about Nirvana, and I never shall.
- VIII. Does the admission of difference presuppose the possibility of superseding? When any life-creature has reached a certain – I don't mean that – I mean any vivid *being* can no more be superseded than life itself can be superseded. I consider the tiger is a *being*, a created being. If you kill all tigers still the tiger-soul continues. The mankind which kills the tiger assumes, willy-nilly, the tiger's nature and need of being. – Just as white America assumes, inevitably and frighteningly, the Red Indian nature – little by little. – But the point is, I don't *want* the tiger superseded. Oh, may each she-tigress have seventy-seven

whelps, and may they all grow in strength and shine in stripes like day and night, and may each one eat at least seventy miserable featherless human birds, and lick red chops of gusto after it. Leave me my tigers, leave me spangled leopards, leave me bright cobra snakes, and I wish I had poison fangs and talons as good. I *believe* in wrath and gnashing of teeth and crunching of cowards' bones. I *believe* in fear and in pain and in oh, such a lot of sorrow. As for your white Nirvana, my boy: paint stripes on it, and see how it looks. I'll bet it has a tiger's hungry sides and buzzing, disagreeable tail. Only it's like Wells's Invisible Man, it makes no show except when it's had its dinner.

- IX. As for Mr Hume: Ambition, avarice, self-love, vanity, friendship, generosity, public spirit: the *words* are all the same: the actuality is *so* different in each individual, as to make the statement feeble. You need only translate *generosity* into German or Russian, and you'll see that Mr Hume knew nothing about it. As for *Die Liebe*, *Minne*, *l'amour*, love, *l'amore*, *Amor*, and the two blessed Greek words which we pretend stand for love: look at 'em. – But I believe there is a certain life concord. But life – expressions are *so* different, it is idiocy to count them like cash. Give me *differences*.
- X. Nirvana-ing is surely a state of continuing as you are. – But I know nothing about it. Rather hate it.
- XI. I'll go eastward when the west pays me enough for my books to carry me there.
- XII. Tell Mrs Beckett yes, to write to me, and please to invite us to look at the convent. I have a mind to – or a nose to sniff out a Franciscan rat.
- XIII. I wish they had been tears.

PRIVATE GROUNDS TRESPASSERS PROSECUTED by order. Jas BUDDH.

Dear Mrs Brewster: All right, write your *own* first name as if you weren't trying to hide it: succeeding in hiding it, too. Might as well be Absalom for all I make of it.

Guess old Rosalie does it for stinginess. – As for me, this is the only sheet of paper you'll get out of me this time.

Who on earth is the third lovable woman in *S. and L.*? – As for Miriam, I dreamed of her two nights ago. – But the word *love* has for me gone pop: there isn't anything any more. Not tragically, of course: but just so: quite a new sort of feeling.

Nellie Morrison is an ass who would say a pudding on a dish looked like Buddha, if only you crossed the spoon and fork in front to look like two cross-legs. Your St F. needs a good *schiaffo*, and a pint of Chianti – Never ate enough.

I am finishing *Aaron*. And you won't like it *at all*. Instead of bringing him nearer to heaven, in leaps and bounds, he's misbehaving and putting ten fingers to his nose at everything. Damn heaven. Damn holiness. Damn Nirvana. Damn it all.

What a mercy your daughter doesn't shed a woful [sic] tear at mention of me. – I suppose I buddhistically removed her beyond sorrow: though a Punch and Judy show might have been better.

Epaphroditus is good. Wish I had my Greek lexicon. What is Epaphros?

I don't want that tranquillity of heart which springs from within. Too much at my own expense. I want a bit of a good time – can't sit supping for ever at these inside Baden-Baden cure-springs.

Weather-report. – My wife and I are in a little inn about 3 miles from Baden – among the hills, just on the edge of the Black Forest – the deep deep green meadows, with bell flowers and big daisies, and the old black and white village scattered amongst, and amongst trees: the reddish castle ruin sticking above, out of green maples and beeches: the opening walnut trees beside the loop of road: the great woods on the final hills, many-pointed fir-woods, and edges of flaming beech: the hills just steeply ceasing, and the wide Rhine-plain beyond, seen from the window, with a loop of river: the nice little northern, barefoot children playing, playing so childlike, not Italian adult-infant: the yellow oxen in the long wagons of grass: everybody nice, but rather spent, rather life-empty: and all so different from before the war: and so different from Taormina. Cheap too – 35 marks a day each – 70 marks for us two: about 6/-. Good food – good German sausages and beer, *good* Rhine wine, *good* whipped cream, and the first strawberries. No sausageless Nirvana: no! no! – Get a new *Cook*!! (Enquire of Anna di Chiara.)

We must contrive to meet. Is that convent habitable? Couldn't we

turn it into a den of thieves, and pitch a camp there? I mean the Assisi, not the Burmese. I may have to come to Italy – Florence – in the summer, to do a book for the Medici Society. Not sure. But I need not stay long in Florence. Are you staying all the summer in Capri? We'll be wandering South in September, if we don't meet anywhere else, might meet then. But you sail in October!! Send a line of sound practical plotting.

DAVID (not DANIEL) HERBERT (i.e. Bright Lord) LAWRENCE.
[P.S.] Ah, the flesh-pots! We had ASPARAGUS (German the best in the world), STRAWBERRIES and RHINE WINE and ROAST PORK (dots are a halo) – for dinner. WHAT!! did you have?

To S. S. Kotliansky, care of Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, 27 May
1921

My dear Kot: Your letter and *Tchekhov's Note Book* today. They are *charming* little books, in format and appearance, these. I have read only a bit, walking up here to Ebersteinburg through the woods. It makes me want to sneeze, like pepper in the nose. – But very many thanks for the book.

Secker says now he will have *Women in Love* ready for June 10th. He is not dependable. Tell me if you get the copy. I have one: dirty paper.

So the Murrain is renewing his bald youth like the vulture, is he, and stuffing himself with Oxford garbage.

And how is Gertler *personally*?

Well, your letters are really bad-to-worse bulletins. So there is no end to anything.

As for me, thank God I have no news and know nobody. We are in this peasant inn at Ebersteinburg, among geese and goats and a pig – with the big *Schwarzwald* woods near the door – and the wide Rhine plain beyond. One eats quite well. Germany is queer and empty and never a uniform save the postman. There is really no authority at all – but everything goes the same, in perfect order, because nobody wants to do anything different. Only it seems so *quiet*. The Hotel Stephanie in Baden was full of *Schieber* for Whitsun, and the manager said they paid on an average 800 marks a day: over £3, English. We pay 35m. a day each,

and all we want we have. I cannot but think that Europe is having a slight reactionary swing, back to conservatism. But underneath I feel that only some sort of Bolshevism is inevitable, later.

The world at large makes me sick. I never want to think of it. Hardly ever do think of it. – We have had ho! good weather – the deep woods – innumerable birds – and no people. *Alors* –

I have *nearly* finished my novel *Aaron's Rod*, which I began long ago and could never bring to an end. I began it in the Mecklenburgh Square days. Now suddenly I had a fit of work – sitting away in the woods. And save for the last chapter, it is done. But it won't be popular.

Tell Sophie Issayevna I am so sorry she was ill. There is not much fun for her in London, I am sure. I like to feel I can drift about. – And there is something very fine about this *Schwarzwald* – the big straight strong trees with all their power and their indifferent proud new leaves. One forgets people. Germany seems so *empty*. And nobody seems to care any more what happens politically.

Greet Sophie Issayevna and Ghita. It will soon be two years since I left Acacia Rd and England. You were the last person I spoke to in England.

[P.S.] Yes, Edgar Jaffe was my brother in law. But he had gone cracked after being Bolshevik minister of finance for Bavaria.

'The Murrain,' or John Middleton Murry, in 1921 delivered a series of brilliant lectures at Oxford which became *The Problem of Style*, often regarded as his finest book.

*To Curtis Brown, from Hotel Krone, Ebersteinburg, Baden-Baden, Sunday,
12 June 1921*

Dear Curtis Brown: Please write to this address.

I wrote (write today) to Secker, that if he cared for the *Sardinia* book, and if he could see his way to do the colour illustrations, I would try and accommodate him with regard to royalty and advance – Jutta would not ask anything (unless a small royalty on sales or as you suggest here over 2000). And if you think it is no good bothering about periodicals, then let Secker see *Sardinia* as soon as he likes. The illustrations would be mostly people – scenes: like the eggs in Cagliari – not landscape; and in flat colourwash easy to reproduce. Tell Secker to say how many he

could put in, if any – and I could make any arrangement with Juta privately, for payment. He won't mind anyhow. But I simply don't want to leave him in the lurch, if I think his illustrations are good.

Mountsier has first part of *Aaron's Rod*. I must wait for him, and revise, before I can let you have MS. It is quite finished.

I hear that *Hutchinson's* are friendly to me – if that is any use to you: and I ask Mountsier to turn over to you for them a short story 'Fanny and Annie,' of which I have no copy. All my loose MSS. in Taormina, alas – Mountsier has a complete understanding with you, I know: so he will tell you if he has the MS. I want to tell de Grey to make out the Medici agreement with you, as soon as I have your letter of advice.

Jan Juta had painted the illustrations for *Sea and Sardinia*.

To S. S. Kotliansky, from Hotel Krone, Ebersteinburg, 16 June 1921

My dear Kot: Yesterday 'The Gent. from S. Francisco' and the pen: very many thanks. Have read 'The Gent.' – and in spite of its lugubriousness, grin with joy. Was Bunin one of the Gorki-Capri crowd? – or only a visitor? But it is screamingly good of Naples and Capri: so comically like the reality: only just a trifle too earnest about it. I will soon get it written over: don't think your text needs much altering. I love a 'little carved peeled-off dog' – it is too good to alter.

For the pen many thanks. I write this with it.

I will send you Einstein [on relativity] when I leave Germany. Can't face another permission-form the size of a wall-poster just yet.

Haven't heard from Mountsier for two weeks. He was going to Ireland to journalise. Send him a p.c. to 36 Guilford St. – and to hell if he is fidgetty. But he's not fidgetty – you'll like him. And I really think the *Dial* might print 'The Gent.' And if so, we get at least 100 dollars. Good for us!

Einstein isn't so metaphysically marvellous, but I like him for taking out the pin which fixed down our fluttering little physical universe.

Greet Sonia *vielmal*.

[P.S.] Don't know what *Einstein* cost: but send 7/- and don't cavil with me about it. – What was poor Ott's nose out of joint for, I wonder: didn't the *Times* say that Hermione was a grand and sincere figure, among a nest of perverse puppies?

So the wet flea has hopped to Switzerland – which Kurort? What is Campbell's address?

Lawrence and Koteliansky had translated Ivan Bunn's story, 'The Gentleman From San Francisco'; 'the wet flea' is, once again, Muny; as to Lady Ottoline as Hermione, as late as 1932 she wrote to Koteliansky that *Women in Love* was 'horrible', and that Frieda had prompted Lawrence to portray Lady Ottoline as having 'a face like a stupid horse' in that 'wicked chaotic spiteful book'.

To Curtis Brown, from Hotel Krone, Ebersteinburg, Baden-Baden, 2 July 1921

Dear Curtis Brown: Today your letter and Medici agreement; for both many thanks. I think the latter quite satisfactory. One must give and take. But I do regret loss of American rights.

Only I have written to de Grey that I want title altering to *A History of Italian Painting for Children*. I don't see how *one* Dürer can represent Germany, and Chardin or Lancret, France, and the awful Rembrandts, the mere Ter Borch and Van der Goes, Holland. And I won't say a word about the pictures which are not included. The supply of illustrations is too unsatisfactory for a child's list of painting. Whereas there is a fair representation of Italy. And the subject is quite big enough.

I return agreement, with word 'Italian' inserted by me. I feel that it would prove just unsatisfactory to go out of Italy.

I shall want very few books – about four. But I'll write de Grey.

I have five Jutta drawings for the *Sardinia* book: they are very good, in flat brilliant colour, excellent. I expect three more from Jutta: making eight. I sent these five to a man in Stuttgart, to enquire cost of colour-reproduction. He says the cost of engraving plates for the 4-colour process, size 13 x 10 cm., is 600 marks. The mark today is at 272. I asked de Grey for a quotation. Same plate in England costs just about £5. More than double. I have asked Max Schreiber now for the cost of 2000 printed copies, from one plate. When he replies I'll tell you at once. He – the colour-printer, quite a famous one – said the pictures were most original and perfect for reproduction. Now it seems to me we ought to be able to raise enough money for these – between England and New York. I wrote Seltzer yesterday. If there should be a magazine chance, the pictures could be printed on pages to fit. For a book, the size should be about 22 x 14 cm. book-page – picture 13 x 10 cm. I want this to be managed.

I expect Mountsier Tuesday – and we shall probably leave end of next week, for Constance and Innsbruck. Will let you know immediately Mountsier arrives and we decide.

One difficulty about importing pictures from Germany is the new Sanctions impost. Must think of it.

Scheme the pictures for me. They are really very *new* and good.
[P.S.] On second thoughts I will keep the agreement till I have an answer from you and de Grey. I would *much rather* have the book in my own name, if de Grey will agree. He can use it in full if he likes: David Herbert Lawrence.

I would like *ten* presentation copies – ask for that.

To Mary Cannan, from Hotel Krone, Ebersteinburg, Baden-Baden, 4 July 1921

My dear Mary: We had your note after your second trip to England. No, I hadn't heard of the boy's drowning. What was he doing to get drowned? J.M. has a fatal touch for those he loves. They die.

We are still here, but I am in rags of impatience now to leave. I think we shall go on Thursday – leave for Freiburg, and from there walk across the Black Forest to Constance – cross the lake to Bregenz, in Austria, and go over Innsbruck to Zell-am-See, in the Austrian Tyrol – Frieda's sister's place. If we like it, stay some weeks. If not, move south over the Brenner – via Cortina and the Dolomites if I can afford it – to Florence. Miss Morrison will let us have a lovely flat, across the river from the Uffizi, in Florence. – But on the way down I should like to see if there is any place where I would wish to live. I don't want to go to Taormina for another winter. The house is paid until September. If I find another place I shall fetch away the things. When we are in Florence you must come there.

There is no news. I finished *Aaron's Rod* here. You will like it in bits only. Jutta has done really clever illustrations for the Sardinia book, but the publishers are wailing about costs. So I am trying to get them (pictures) colour-reproduced here in Germany. They are costume decorations, brilliant flat colour – eight of them.

My mother-in-law was here, but wasn't so well, so had to be taken back to the Stift. My sister-in-law is here from Munich, with two children. They are nice – but relatives are a mistake, and that's the end of it. One should never see one's relations – or anybody else's.

We've been in this hotel place ten weeks, so you may imagine I am fed up.

Tomorrow is due to arrive Robert Mountsier, the American who looks after my affairs in New York. He is perfectly crazy to have a small yacht and go round the world. Probably in the end we'll bring it off. He has got £1000 – and a perfect little yacht only costs £2000. He has looked at every ship in England, I should think. We should need only a Captain and one competent man – preferably educated, friendly, who would come more or less for fun. It is quite feasible. When we bring it off, you can come for a trip, if you aren't scared. Frieda is scared, she says. I am not. I would like to break out of Europe. It has been like a bad meal of various courses – Europe – and one has got indigestion from every course. – Insole writes from Japan that it is perfectly fascinating. I should like to see it – also Siam. Something more velvety than Europe.

I am supposed to write A History of Italian Painting, for Children – for the Medici Press. Don't know whether I shall ever get it done.

Woods here full of raspberries and bilberries. If only they were near one's home, to make jam. I feel it is a lovely opportunity lost.

Réné [Juta] Hansard has had to go to her farm. She says Lukey muddled the banking accounts, and she has had to sell her Chelsea house and all in it, to get straight. It has been a bitter blow to her. Still, she says they will have a motorcar at their farm near Cannes. I never understand.

The Ludwig-Wilhelmstift address always finds us. – Hope all goes well.

'The boy's drowning': Michael Llewelyn Davies, one of the five brothers whom Barrie had adopted in 1910, the year after Mary Cannan had left him, drowned on 19 May 1921.

To Curtis Brown, from Villa Alpensee, Thumersbach, Zell-am-See, bei Salzburg, Austria, 7 July 1921

Dear Curtis Brown: I was very glad to get the two copies of *Aaron's Rod* this morning – beautifully typed and bound. Very many thanks. I was just beginning to be uneasy, having had no word from you.

Tell me, please, what the cost is, so that I can compare with what I pay in Italy.

I will return the whole MS. directly. But *please* see that Secker's date of publication does not precede Seltzer's.

About the pictures. I am afraid I let myself be a little too much influenced by Mountsier: who, of course, quite rightly takes the purely American point of view. We must, however, keep our own point. I understand the pictures have gone to Seltzer. He will keep you fully informed of what he is doing. If Secker will buy sheets and pictures from Seltzer, well and good. If not, let us make an agreement with the Medici Society, if they are willing. You will see to that, and I won't interfere. Perhaps we can manage that the *Mercury* and the *Dial* print an extract with two or three pictures. That also I leave to you. We must not have the English side of the business subordinated too much to the American.

About magazines – I can't help feeling a hatred of their ways and means and all that. But still am grateful to you and your magazine manager for all the trouble you have taken. Somebody told me there was part of the *Whitman* essay in the *Nation*.

About the Medici Society – I was sorry to have to make that sudden change. But I couldn't know what lay before me till I had really started to plan the book. And when I had dimly made my plan, I found that the Medici supply of pictures for Holland, Germany, France and Spain was just quite hopelessly inadequate. One *can't* write about pictures unless the pictures are there. I know it must have annoyed de Grey – who was in all things very nice and considerate. So I was sorry. But it is as I say.

I am not sure how long we stay here. The weather is hot again – Florence would be intolerable. Yet I want to go south.

Mountsier dislikes *Aaron's Rod*, and says it will be unpopular. That will be as it will be.

*To Catherine Carswell, from Villa Alpensee, Thumersbach, Zell-am-See,
3 August 1921*

My dear Catherine: I have been waiting to see whether I could really stay on here. You know we are with Frieda's younger sister, Johanna, her husband, son and daughter. The villa is on the edge of the lake, we bathe and boat and go excursions into the mountains. The snow isn't far. And the Schreibershofens are really *very* nice with us. And yet, I feel I can't breathe. Everything is free and perfectly easy. And still I feel I can't breathe. Perhaps it is one can't live with people any more – *en ménage*.

Anyhow, there it is. Frieda loves it and is quite bitter that I say I want to go away. But there it is – I do.

There is a very nice flat we can have in Florence, for not very much. Only this terrific heat – when is it going to end? But, anyhow, I shall leave here about 12th August. If it keeps so hot I shall stay somewhere near Meran for a while, and perhaps look round and see if I might like to live there. I don't much want to go back to Taormina again. If the weather breaks, and it rains, I shall go to Florence. We should see you there anyway. We'll write more about that.

It is quite beautiful here. There is a very pleasant, largish peasant hotel which you would like: Lohningshof, Thumersbach, Zell-am-See. It is on this side the lake – across from Zell. And you eat *à la carte*, which is much more satisfactory in this part of the world. The ordinary inexpensive hotel here costs 600 krone a day – mounts up to about 700. You can buy almost anything, with enough krone. But the shops are empty – the land financially and commercially just ruined. There is very good white bread – but the food is monotonous. Still, you'd never know you were in a ruined land. The Austrians are as amiable as ever. Traveling is cheap, and quite easy, and the people honest and pleasant. September is a lovely month too, here. But when I have stayed out my month, I feel I shall have to go.

I hope Don didn't mind my asking him to get the passport forms and fill up his part. Frieda's passport is so full, I don't know how she is going to get into Italy. And both the passes expire end of September. We must get new ones in Rome.

I was very glad to hear the book was done: shall be interested to see it. You will probably now get into the real swing for writing.

I shall let you know my movements. We might even meet in Meran or Bozen. That is Italy now, but full Tyrol. It is never *too* hot here – but it must be pretty bad in town.

The Zell-am-See area provided the setting for the last part of Lawrence's story 'The Captain's Doll', and Lawrence's poem 'Fish' was also written there; the book of Mrs Carswell's to which Lawrence refers was her novel, *The Camomile* (1922).

To Nelly Morrison, from 32 Via dei Bardi, Florence, Italy, 1 September 1921

Dear Nelly Morrison: I had your letter yesterday. Everything goes well with us: we like your flat more every day: have all our meals on the terrace, when the wind isn't too strong. I find it lovely and cool, and am writing a story about Venice. Later I want to write one about Florence and this house: modern, of course.

Is Venice very lovely just now? Writing about it makes me realise how beautiful it is.

Peggy is pretty well, I think. She's not going to die of a broken heart, whatever else she dies of. So don't flatter yourself. Yesterday Tina gave her a bath on the terrace here, in the red trough. She trembled and looked pathetic, but loved all the notice taken of her.

Poor Tina has trouble with her teeth, bad inflammation of the lower gums: looks a wretch and feels it, but is rather better now, after certain lotions, etc., from the dentist.

I tried Casanova, but he smells. One can be immoral if one likes, but one must not be a creeping, itching, fingering, inferior being, led on chiefly by a dirty sniffing kind of curiosity, without pride or clearness of soul. For me, a man must have pride, good natural inward pride. Without that, cleverness only stinks. But I will treat the battered volumes as gingerly as such *crotte* deserves.

Two days ago, Mrs Gilbert Cannan arrived from France. She is an old friend. She was here when Tina was bathing Peggy, and drying the same Peggy in the shut-up bedroom – next the *salotta* here: Mrs Cannan immediately began pining to come and stay in it for a week or two. She made me promise to write and ask you if you would let it to her for three weeks or a month, and she would engage to vacate it at once if you should need it or want it. She would have her meals with us, but I am not sure if I want a permanent guest. But do as you wish.

The plants are watered very regularly, and seem quite well.

Juta is due to arrive tomorrow in Florence.

Greet Gino, and be greeted yourself by us both.

Tina was probably Nelly Morrison's maid, and Peggy a dog.

To Curtis Brown, from 32 Via dei Bardi, Florence, 17 September 1921

Dear Curtis Brown: Will you put these three poems with *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*: among the 'Beasts.'

We leave here on Tuesday. Please write henceforth to Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, Sicily. I hear Secker is having trouble with *Women in Love*.

I hope you had a good holiday and are feeling well.

[P.S.] Poems are 'Fish.'

'Bat.'

'Man and Bat.'

'Fish' was written at Zell-am-See, the two 'Bat' poems (whose setting is the Via dei Bardi) in Florence.

To Catherine Carswell, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, Sicily,
29 September 1921

Did you take the plates for me from Haskard's?

We got home last night in a whirlwind and rain – but so glad to come to rest, I can't tell you – still, like this place best – the sea open to the east, to the heart of the east, away from Europe – I had your letter – it seemed only a moment we saw you – but the sympathy is there. You must come here. The cloth has arrived in Austria, so all well. Love.

To Edward Garnett, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 17 October 1921

Dear Garnett: We got back here two weeks ago, and found the book, *Grenzen der Seele*, and your letter. I'm so sorry there are all these months of delay.

I think *Grenzen der Seele* is really very interesting. But you know I am the last person in the world to judge as to what other people will like. Lucka's study of the *Grenzleute* – the border-line people – as contrasted with the middle-people, seems to me very illuminating and fertile. The *Grenzleute* are those who are on the verge of human understanding, and who widen the frontiers of human knowledge all the time – and the frontiers of life. Strange, rather fascinating studies of Dostoevsky, Shakespeare, Goethe, etc. Quite fascinating if you like to read about books. But I've no idea *what* England likes to read, really. I won't write

direct to Cape now – it seems so late, and I don't want the guinea. The only person Lucka really reverences at all is the genius, and reverences him the more according to the degree of purity of his genius, reverences him less according to the degree of his practicality. So he doesn't think very highly of Napoleon – a *Mittelmensch* – and very highly of Shakespeare and Dostoevsky.

I was glad to hear from you again – wonder what you are doing – still looking after books, pruning them and re-potting them, I know.

I had heard about Bunny's shop, but his marriage, no. So please write by return and say who she is and when the marriage took place and where the wedding was and is there a little Bunny by now, and is Mrs Garnett pleased, and are you and do you flirt with your daughter-in-law? If you don't, then seriously something is wrong. Because I always think of you when a hornet hovers round the jam-pots after one has made jam. Only you're all badger-grey instead of striped. But a humming wasp all the same.

I still feel battered after all the summer travels. Oh, travelling is hell – trains, etc. And the North always makes me feel just weak and hopeless. It's a *dreadful* muddle. I'm so thankful to be back in the South, beyond the Straits of Messina, in the shadow of Etna, and with the Ionian Sea in front: the lovely, lovely dawn-sea where the sun does nothing but rise towards Greece, in the morning-past, and towards the east. Thank heaven, I need not look north, towards England or middle Europe.

I am collecting a book of short stories. *Do please* send me that 'Primrose Path' story, and anything else you have. Or let them be typed out and send me the bill and the typed copies. I should be so much obliged. The 'Primrose Path' story has never been published, and is probably good for a hundred dollars in America. I'll share them with you when I get them.

Frieda sends many greetings. Will you ever come this way? [P.S.] Greet Bunny from me – and all nice proper congratulations from us both.

I hear I am in worse odour than ever, for *Women in Love*. But, pah! what do I care for all the *canaille*.

Tell me David's address, and I'll send him a little present, just to keep

working over your translation? Perhaps [Leonard] Woolf. If it isn't very long, I'll do it if you wish me to.

I am getting my short stories into order, and settling up my MSS. I want to get all straight. I want to feel free to go away from Europe at any minute. I am so tired of it. It is a dead dog which begins to stink intolerably. Again I entertain the idea of going to America. A woman offered us a house, an adobe cottage in Taos, New Mexico, on a mountain with Indians near. Really, I want to go. I will go to the States. Really, I think the hour has struck, to go. *Basta la mossa!* I hope we can go in January. I hope we can get a merchant ship from Palermo or Naples to New Orleans or to Galveston in Texas. You will say it is just my winter influenza which makes me think of America. But finally I shall go. But don't tell anybody.

I feel very sick with England. It is a dead dog that died of a love disease like syphilis.

Here nothing happens. It has been very warm and scirocco, and one's head feeling as if it were going to float away. Now suddenly it is very cold, and snow on Calabria. The devil's in the world. We see a few people here. But nobody who means anything at all to me.

Secker wrote in a great funk because Heseltine is threatening a lawsuit against *Women in Love*, for libel. He says Halliday is himself and the Pussum is his wife. Well, they are both such abject shits it is a pity they can't be flushed down a sewer. But they may try to extort money from Secker.

I ought to have written to Barbara, but I simply hadn't it in me. Why should I? I see Murry and the long-dying blossom Katherine have put forth new literary buds. Let 'em. I did a second volume to *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, and sent it to America. Nowadays I depend almost entirely on America for my living. I think Seltzer has just published at five dollars the slight travel book, *Sea and Sardinia*. If he sends me copies I will send you one.

Tell me if there is any news. I know there isn't, except the old startler that all is Bloody.

Greet Sonia, Grisha, and the long-plaited Ghita. And be greeted.

Scofield Thayer was editor of the American journal, the *Dial*.

Dear Garnett: Thank you for the MS. of the story, which came today. I hope it was not a nuisance to you to send it.

No, I won't read Homer, my atom of Greek is too infinitesimal. But if you want to read Homer, I'll send him you. Somebody made me a gift of him. And then, if you want to read Homer, why, you needn't make the mistake of reading me.

No, my dear Garnett, you are an old critic and I shall always like you, but you are also a tiresome old pontiff and I shan't listen to a word you say, but shall go my own way to the dogs and bitches, just as heretofore. So there.

I ordered *Women in Love* for you from Secker. If he doesn't send it you, go to 5 John St and kill him at once. When you get it, if you get it, and when you read it, if you read it, don't for a moment imagine you are wrestling with the *Iliad*. Just remember that it is your young friend so-and-so, wipe away all your Homeric illusions, and bear nobly on.

It is lovely here, and the morning landscape is just like Homer. But only the landscape. Not man. I hope you *will* come one day.

If it is quite easy for you to find out, tell me what translations of the Sicilian Giovanni Verga have appeared in English. His two chief novels are *I Malavoglia* and *Mastro-don Gesualdo*. Then the short sketches, the volumes, are *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Novelle Rusticane* and *Vagabondaggio* and another. He is *extraordinarily* good – peasant – quite modern – Homeric – and it would need somebody who could absolutely handle English in the dialect, to translate him. He would be most awfully difficult to translate. That is what tempts me: though it is rather a waste of time, and probably I shall never do it. Though if I don't, I doubt if anyone else will – adequately, at least.

I am glad Bunny is set up all right with a wife. Of course you'd say she was Irish even if she was a nigger as black as soot with lips like life-belts. But I'm sure she's nice, Irish or not. I haven't heard from him, so I can't send him two antimacassars or a set of toilet-tidies until I do. Of course he may have turned over a new leaf and started, like *John Bull*, to disapprove of me. I hope not, it is so unoriginal.

I will send back the *Grenzen der Seele*.

Tell me if you come across any more MS.

Secker is due to have all my next three books, but he may prefer to have novels.

Greet Mrs Garnett – and I hope everything is lovely at the Cearne. Here the roses are just rushing into bloom, in masses, now the rain has come. But today is suddenly cold, and it has snowed on Etna and on Calabria. – *Saluti*.

To Donald Carswell, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 15 November 1921

Dear Don: Many thanks for your letter: also to Catherine for hers. About the trews, that is all I want to know. Very good. I've done the story and can just correct it where it needs.

Am glad you're going to earn money. What has Speyer done to forfeit his nationality? – or to make them say so?

I hear the weather is cold and awful in England. Here it has had a sharp cold touch. But now scirocco in hot billows of wet and clinging mist – and rain. Damn scirocco.

We've got no news except that a woman called Mabel Dodge Sterne writes from Taos, New Mexico, saying we can have a furnished adobe house there, for ourselves, and all we want, if we'll only go. It seems Taos is on a mountain – 7000 feet up – and 23 miles from a railway – and has a tribe of 600 free Indians who she says are interesting, sun-worshippers, rain-makers, and unspoiled. It sounds rather fun. I believe there's a little bunch of American artists there, though. But that might make it easier just to live. Fun it would be if one could get a merchant ship to New Orleans or Galveston, Texas, and miss that awful New York altogether, don't you think? Tell me if you know anything about such a place as Taos. – Of course I haven't settled anything – and we have talked so often of a move, and never made it. – But don't tell anybody else, will you?

I am expecting every day *Sea and Sardinia* – the slight Sardinian travel book, from New York. It has got Juta's coloured illustration. As soon as I get copies I'll send you and Cath one. Also Seltzer is bringing out *Tortoises*, poems, as a chap-book, this month. I'll send that too when I get it. I wanted to send Cath the 'Adolf': the Rabbit Sketch: but have lost MS. and printed copy and everything. How the devil I've managed it I don't know. Shall have to write to New York for a copy of the *Dial*,

where it appeared. Ask Catherine another thing. Seltzer wanted to bring out the poem, 'Apostolic Beasts,' as a chap-book too. (I know it should be Evangelic or Apocalyptic.) And he wanted, if so, to have a cover design representing the four beasts of the Evangelists – from the Apocalypse – Man, Lion, Bull, and Eagle. – In mediæval Missals and Books of Hours and such, sometimes one comes across fascinating diagrams of the four beasts. If ever you see one, tell me where and if it would reproduce for a cover design.

Everybody hated *Aaron's Rod* – even Frieda. But I just had a cable from Seltzer that he thinks it wonderful. Maybe it is just a publisher's pat. Anyhow it is better than a smack in the eye, such as one gets from England for everything – as Cath for her *Camomile*. If only she'd called it *Rose-hearted Camellia*, they'd have supped it up. Pah! *canaille*. *Canaille*, *canaglia*, *Schweinhunderei*!

The post is very bad here. One train fell in a river in Calabria, and all post and all luggage lost irretrievably: stolen, of course. Now the Fascisti and Communisti are at it in Rome. The Catholic Church is a deep one. It is trying to form a Catholic world league, *political*, and taking more the Communistic line. It is working hard in Germany and Austria and here – and in France – and also America. It may turn out a big thing. I shouldn't wonder if before very long they effected a mild sort of revolution here, and turned out the king. It would be a clergy-industrial-socialist move – industrialists and clergy to rule in name of the people. Smart dodge, I think. If the exchange falls again they'll effect it. Then they'll ally with Germany and Austria and probably France, and make a European ring excluding England. That seems to be the idea.

Hope your ship is sailing nicely, and J. P. and all flourishing. [P.S.] There are clouds of all sorts of new birds in the garden, suddenly come south. And the storks are passing in the night, whewing softly and murmuring as they go overhead.

Lawrence had asked about the trows because his officer wore them in 'The Captain's Doll'. Speyer: Sir Edgar Speyer, German-born banker and husband of the poet and violinist, Leonora Speyer, had been accused of disloyalty to England during the war, and in 1921 his naturalisation was revoked.

To E. H. Brewster, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 16 November 1921

Dear Brewster: How then is Ceylon? I have been thinking of your arrival. It has blown, the wind, and snowed on Calabria, and sciroccoed till we are all of us in fragments. But now it's fair again. How has it been beyond the Gulf of Aden?

I am tired of here, I can't *belong* any more. And now you have gone so far, Ceylon seems like a coloured illustration in a book to me: not real. And all the East seems like the stage.

I had a letter from Mabel Dodge Sterne, from Taos, New Mexico – and she says won't we go there. She offers us a house – an adobe cottage – and all we want. Taos has a tribe of Indians, there since the Flood. It is a centre of Sun worship. They say the sun was born there. It is 6000 feet up on a mountain – and 25 miles from the railway. But of course there are some American artists there. – Yet I want to go. The Indian, the Aztec, old Mexico – all that fascinates me and has fascinated me for years. There is glamour and magic for me. Not Buddha. Buddha is so finished and perfected and fulfilled and *vollendet*, and without new possibilities – to me I mean. So it seems to me. The glamour for me is in the West, not in the fulfilled East. It is a shame to write you like this. But my spirit stubbornly says it to me. Of course I have not decided. I shan't make a move till the new year. But I think truly I would rather go to Taos than to Ceylon. And sail to New Orleans or Galveston or even Los Angeles. You will be angry. But it seems to me my fate.

Still I want to hear about Ceylon, if you think it is *your* fate. And of course Achsah is to write, and she is to say what she *really* thinks of it.

I have had a bit of flu so haven't been out much. [Robert] Kitson was here – and Rosalie [Bull]. They talk of you and of Schäler. And Miss Fisher and Miss Bunch from Palermo, the latter wondering why you never answered her letters. I tell her about Buddha and she says, so hot and injured:

'But I thought he was a *christian*!'

'Oh probably,' say I. And I always laugh. It always affects me as being funny, when people say 'he is a *christian*!' It is like being on the stage in a costume play. I told you they are going to erect an English church here for £30,000 sterling. But the chief mover, *il signor Duca*, is detained in Rome where he has been meeting Mrs Evans because the *fascisti* and

communisti are hitting one another again and making a railway strike.

Of news there is none particular. I had a cable from Seltzer that he thought *Aaron* wonderful, overwhelming. Glad to hear it, I'm sure. *John Bull* [Horatio Bottomley] is in such a dirty mess himself, having swindled half England in his Victory Club, or something like that, and being on trial for weeks, that he is not going to be allowed to suppress *Women in Love*. The other dirty mongrel continues to persist in suing for libel, but I am hoping he too will get a good kick on the rump. So perish my enemies. I haven't got *Sea and Sardinia* yet, but the *Dial* published mutilated bits in Oct. and Nov. I have been busy getting my MSS. into order – as far as possible – so that I can clear out and be free. So I have brought the short stories up to the scratch, ready for a volume: and written a long short story 'The Captain's Doll,' which I think is interesting, and put a long tail to 'The Fox,' which was a bobbed short story. Now he careers with a strange and fiery brush. I hope you will read him some time, because then you will see that I am not really drawn Buddhawards, but west.

Nevertheless I hope you are having a good time and holding the hands of Cinghalese saints with proper gusto. I'll bet one can have a lovely *villegiatura* in Ceylon, saints or no saints, Buddha or not. I can't help rather hating Buddha, the cross-legged pigeon. I can't even help putting my spite and irreverence against him into this letter. So it's high time I stopped.

Send the news nevertheless. Be greeted, all of you.

*To Mary Cannan, from Villa Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, Monday
5 December [1921]*

My dear Mary: Wonderful to be going to Honolulu! Sounds a thrilling trip across Canada. I believe you can sail from Vancouver.

We of course have got a plan too. A woman wrote and said we could have a house and all we want in Taos, New Mexico, one of the Southern States of U.S.A. Taos is a little town with a tribe of aboriginal Indians. It is 6000 ft high, 25 miles from a railway station, and near the desert of Arizona. There is a little colony of American artists there, and that may be horrible. But we are going. I am waiting to hear from Mountsier how many dollars I have in America – but I'm sure there are enough. I have

written to various places for a steamer to New Orleans or to Los Angeles. I wrote to Cooks in Marseilles, about a boat to New Orleans. I *do* hope they'll answer, because I think there's a steamer goes from Marseilles. If the money comes all right from America, and I get the boat, we shall sail in January: and if not in January, then in February. If we go from Marseilles we shall come and see you. I too want to be off. And then if we're in Taos when you come back from Honolulu, you can come and see us there. It is not so *very* far from San Francisco. – But don't tell anybody yet that we are planning this. One plans so many things. – If I don't like Taos or New Mexico we shall go south to real Mexico. But I must avoid New York. And New Orleans is, I hear, a lovely place.

Before you go, seize a good moment and sell your Italian liras, then they'll be off your mind. This country is sickening, and such a muddle ever increasing. I am tired of it. There are not many *forestieri* here, all afraid of strikes and railway smashes. And the village moaning: thousands of antique shops both doors wide open and nobody to go in. Food dearer and more impudent than ever. I shall be glad to go.

We see the usual crowd: and have even given in to going to Wood's now. Am so bored really by all the triviality – oh God! Then Juta's 'Bettina' and her mother are come here, to stay two months in Beau Séjour. And I don't want them. Juta is in S. Africa, and Insole has joined him there from Java. He – Juta – wants to come to Mexico in March and do a book with me. Of course he is pining to see the Sardinia book – but no signs of it yet. I think it came out about the 20th Novem: – price five dollars. I *heard* that Juta's illustrations had come out beautifully.

The weather chops and changes – very cold, then very scirocco and muggy. The old stagers are all here – and we seem to get all mixed up with them. I want to go. I know them too well now, there's no getting away from them.

I will let you know when I get a steamer. Meanwhile send me your news. I also feel as if I were leaving for good. So tired of Europe. Is Miss Muir with you yet?

F. sends love.

To Curtis Brown, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 7 December 1921

Dear Curtis Brown: I send you what MSS. are ready of the stories. The first part of 'The Fox' was published in *Nash's Magazine*. 'The Captain's Doll' is quite new. I am writing a third: 'The Ladybird' – about the same length – 30,000 words or so. These three I want to go in one volume by themselves. I will send 'The Ladybird' as soon as it is done. These I call the three novelettes.

The true short stories I send are:

1. 'Samson and Delilah' (pub. *English Review*).
2. 'Fanny and Annie' (pub. *Hutchinsons*).
3. 'The Blind Man' (*English Review*).
4. 'Hadrian' – originally 'You Touched Me' (pub. in *Land and Water*).
5. 'Monkey Nuts' – unpublished.
6. 'The Horsedealer's Daughter' – unpublished.
7. 'Tickets, Please' – *Strand Magazine*.
8. 'The Primrose Path' – unpublished.

Besides these I have two more short stories with the typist in Florence: hope to send them you in a few days. And then a last one – 'England, My England,' I am working on. I think these will be quite enough short stories. If not, there are two animal sketches, 'Rex' and 'Adolf,' which I can send. Both have appeared in the *Dial* in America.

Secker wants a book of short stories quick, for the spring. I think better let him have these little stories – not the three novelettes. Tell me what you think. I believe *Land and Water* cut 'You Touched Me' ('Hadrian'). I will ask Mountsier to send a true copy from America. Wonder if you are back from America.

[P.S.] I waited for the MSS. of the two other short stories, which I now enclose with the rest.

- 1 'Tickets, Please': pub. in *Strand Magazine*.
2. 'Primrose Path': unpublished.

There remains now only 'England, My England,' which was pub. in *English Review* but which I am re-writing. Also the 'novelette' – 'The Ladybird' – which is nearly ready.

him in mind that such tiresome people as ourselves are still in the world with him.

'Bunny's shop': David Garnett had started a new bookshop in Soho and had married Rachel Marshall.

To E. H. Brewster, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 'Tuesday'
[?18 October 1921]

Dear Brewster: Well, you are packed up, apparently, and on your way. I had your second letter just this minute – also Mrs Brewster's. Santa Lucia seems quite a long stride, really, if 4 Venti is *left* behind. *Ach Gott*, that first stride of clearing out of one's house genuinely *costs*.

Here we sit: the rain has begun: and I feel rather gloomy. – Europe is my own continent, so I feel bad about it. I feel as if it was dying under my eyes. Maybe it isn't at all: but I get the feeling just the same, you see. It's almost precisely as if somebody were dying: one's mother, for example. One's unconscious simply bristles and listens for death. That is how Taormina, Italy, all affects me since summer. So when I leave Europe, I feel I want to go for ever.

As a good omen, I was that very instant dreaming in my siesta dream that you had written from Ceylon and that it was lovely, lovely there – when the banging of the *espresso* boy on my door woke me. – And I was just in some odd way seeing Ceylon myself. Let's hope we'll tie the broken end of the dream to reality.

I will write to you to Ceylon. I wish you had had time to read my *Fantasia of the Unconscious* before you went. I've just finished correcting it. – Write to me *quickly* from Ceylon, and tell me first impressions, and if one could live there cheaply enough. I'm sure upper Ceylon is lovely. – I'm rather inclined to think, myself, that people matter more than place. But the East seems to me the world to meditate in, Europe the world to *feel* in, America the world to act in.

But I don't feel very sure about anything.

I will write quite often.

To Achsah Brewster, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 'Tuesday'
[?18 October 1921]

Dear Achsah Brewster: *Ach! ach Gott!* – tiresome name to spell you've got. – I had your diminutive letter, and thought it was a wedding-card. – Suppose you're feeling really rather high and mighty, now you're actually off East.

Well – your Taormina friends are storming over your departure. Miss Fisher thinks it's *madness*, madness. I say 'why?' – and she replies ambiguously: 'For Achsah! It may be all right for *him*, but for Achsah it's madness.' – Again I say why – and all the answer is 'Has *she* got this Buddha-business on the brain as well?' I say just a touch, whereupon Miss Fisher goes *ttt! – madness!!* – She was in a great state in the train after having seen Brewster: raging up and down – and I had all my work to prevent her getting out at Battipaglia and places whose names even shouldn't be on the map, in the night and the pouring rain, to come back to *Earl*. 'I can't go without seeing Earl again – I can't, I simply can-NOT.' And brandishing her fist while the Italians made goo-goo eyes.

Ah well, she's dismissed it all again as *Madness* now. She came here one evening: and my, how she grumbles about everything. It's really almost funny. She also had a tea-party, Wood and Rosalie and us: so of course somebody underneath practised the pianoforte in a most rudimentary fashion *all the while*. – 'Can you bear it *another* instant?' – 'What Miss Fisher?' – 'Why that AW-ful noise! – Did you EVER! I hate the place. I simply HATE the place. And I hate the PEOPLE – Oh my! – And the flies! Aren't the flies simply AWful . . .'

On Sunday Wood had a tea-party – with a now-famous Taormina violinist who has returned from the Chicago region, his wife having died. Everybody was there – Bowdwin, Josephine May, Rosalie, Baron Stempel, the Ciccio Atenasios and a whole crowd. Wood's house is getting more gilded and stuccoed every day. The Taormina 'artist' played 'The Rosary!' *con moltissimo espressione*, till I thought his fiddle-strings were turning thick as *salsiccia* with emotion. Poor darling, his wife has lately died. She used to accompany him on the piano, with so much *feeling*, said Giuseppina May, that, poor thing, she was nothing but a shadow. And now she isn't even that. – Well, it was awful. –

Then poor Bowdwin in a pale yellow summer suit and a black vulcanite sort of port-hole over his left eye, through the window of which his poor murdered eye looks something awful: like a dreadful ghost of a one-eye, all discoloured and scarred, looking through a window.

Frieda is now raging round me. We've got to go to tea to Rosalie's. She's having a sort of 'welcome-all.' I'll write to Ceylon and tell you how it 'transpires.'

I shan't say anything about goodbyeing. But write soon and say how it is.

[Frieda:] And I have never written and thanked you and told all the things I wanted to say, but we have talked of you and thought of you, with that gentle nut of a Miss Fisher, with her hard shell and sweet kernel. Taormina is disturbed about your journey – and of course Lorenzo and I have packed up with you – We wanted to send you books but thought you would curse for more luggage – So here goes –.

To Catherine Carswell, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, Monday,

25 October 1921

My dear Catherine: So they don't like your *Camomile* at all! – It may be the name, you know. Perhaps if you called it *Gingerbread* they'd sup it up like anything. To hell with them all, anyhow. But tell me the latest about it. I am always interested. – Their wry faces make me want the more to read the MS. Why ever didn't you bring it along?

I have had Secker very sick, over the *John Bull* article, and still worse, over a fellow who wants to bring a libel action because he says he's Halliday. Don't know how it will all end. Snotty little lot of people.

I bet you are glad to get back. Travelling is peculiarly disheartening this year, I find. Not so much the inconveniences as the kind of slow poison one breathes in every new atmosphere. – I didn't like Siena a bit. We had rather a lovely day in Rome, drove far out on the Campagna. – I was sick in Capri. – And now the very sight of a train makes me jib. – Yet I wouldn't pretend to be serenely content. You wouldn't believe me if I did. Italy has for some reason gone a little rancid in my mouth. May be just my mouth. And probably Italy – or Sicily, anyhow – is better than any other place even then. But I can't get the little taste of canker out of my mouth. The people –

Here, of course, it is like a continental Mad Hatter's tea-party. If you'll let it be, it is all tea-party – and you wonder who on earth is going head over heels into the teapot next. On Saturday we were summoned to a gathering of Britons to discuss the erection of an English church here, at the estimated cost of £25,000 sterling – signed Bronte: which means, of course, Alec Nelson-Hood, Duca di Bronte. I didn't go, fearing they might ask me for the £25,000.

I am not very busy: just pottering with short stories. Think I may as well get the MSS. together as far as possible. Feel like making my will also. Not that I am going to die. But to give myself a nice sense of finality. – Ask Don which regiment of Scots wears the tight tartan trews: the quite tight ones: if they wear them still, and if not, when they left off: if they wore them at all in the war-time: and if the officers also had them. I want a man in those tight trews in a story. – Also, will you tell me *what* then was the secret of the Etruscans, which you saw written so plainly in the place you went to? Please don't forget to tell me, as they really do rather puzzle me, the Etruscans.

It is marvellous weather – I hear also in England. The place is very beautiful, and we go some rather fascinating walks into the country. But I don't really give a damn for any blooming thing. I haven't heard from my sister, so don't know if she has fetched her plates. I hope so. Did you hate carrying them? I never thanked that man for the Lady Gregory plays. But do you know I *can't* read dear Lady Gregory: too much of the insipid old stew. I have only been reading Giovanni Verga lately. He exercises quite a fascination on me, and makes me feel quite sick at the end. But perhaps that is only if one knows Sicily. – Do you know if he is translated into English? – *I Malavoglia* or *Mastro-don Gesualdo* – or *Novelle Rusticane*, or the other short stories. It would be fun to do him – his *language* is so fascinating.

Tell me about the *Camomile* – and I hope all is well and happy. Greet Don. I must say I quite frequently sympathise with his point of view. Answer me my questions, and say what you are doing.

'The *John Bull* article' was an attack on *Women in Love*: Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock) threatened suit because of the character of Halliday in the book, which resembled him.

To E. H. Brewster, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 2 November 1921

Dear Brewster: Yours and Achsah's from beyond Crete received today: and by coincidence, one from Alpha. So the family voice was uplifted in one strain on this feast-day of All-Souls. Anyhow you've got as far as Port Said.

No, I don't understand a bit what you mean about rightness and about relationships and about the world. Damn the world, anyhow. And I hate 'understanding' people, and I hate more still to be understood. Damn understanding more than anything. I refuse to understand you. Therefore you can say what you like, without a qualm, and never bother to alter it. I shan't understand.

I do wonder what Ceylon is like. The ship sounds rather fun, if rather awful. Of course I should have to make those Australian two-legged organs tune up a bit if I was there. I believe they think they're most awfully IT.

I've been in a hell of a temper for three weeks, blank refused to see anybody after the Fisher's last visit: and only the Baron Stempel came and gave me a headache. I begrudged him his tea: and detested him. I've been so disagreeable to old Grace, rooking me, that now she creeps about as if a dagger was at her neck. I've written such very spiteful letters to everybody that now the postman never comes. And I believe even the old Capra daren't have her belated kid for fear I pounce on her – But it is a world of *canaille*: absolutely. *Canaille*, *canaglia*, *Schwein-hunderei*, stink-pots. Pfui! – pish, pshaw, prrr! They all stink in my nostrils.

That's how I feel in Taormina, let the Ionian sea have fits of blueness if it likes, and Calabria twinkle like seven jewels, and the white trumpet-tree under the balcony perfume six heavens with sweetness. That's how I feel. A curse, a murrain, a pox on this crawling, sniffing, spunkless brood of humanity.

So, what's it like in Ceylon? I'd much rather go to Mars or the Moon. But Ceylon if there's nothing better. Is everybody there as beshitten as here? I'll bet they are.

There isn't any news, so don't ask for any. I believe Seltzer is bringing out my *Sea and Sardinia* book just now: and poems called *Tortoises*. I finished the *Unconscious* book and sent it to America with a foreword

answering some of my darling critics. Called it provisionally *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. – Call it *Fantasia* to prevent anybody tying themselves into knots trying to ‘understand’ it. Since when [*sic*] I did up a short story, and suddenly wrote a very funny long story called ‘The Captain’s Doll,’ which I haven’t finished yet. But I have just got it high up in the mountains of the Tyrol, and don’t quite know how to get it down without breaking its neck. – If I hadn’t my own stories to amuse myself with I should die, chiefly of spleen.

This afternoon I have got to go into *paese* for the first time for ten days, to buy some things. If I die before I get back, you’ll hear by the next post, maybe.

Today is *Tutti i Morti*. Last night the cemetery was lit up with bunches of light like yellow crocuses. Carmelo of course, vestal that he is, was trimming the two lamps before his father’s pigeon-hole, and waiting on guard lest anyone stole the said lamps, which, according to Grazia, are *finissime, ma belle, di cristallo intagliato – sa – non ci sono altri cose in tutto il cimitero, no signore, ne in Taormina tutta*. She leans on the parapet of our balcony – *spaventata* – terrified of the ghost of her poor dead Beppe. She has never been in the cemetery since he died: and only twice has prevailed on herself even to pass the cemetery wall. What had she done to him, that she fears his avenging spirit so deeply? The bitch. She comes sheltering under my wing because, I suppose, she thinks I’m such another tyrant and nuisance, such as he was.

I have been reading Giovanni Verga’s Sicilian novels and stories. Do you know them? When once one gets into his really rather difficult style (to me), he is very interesting. The only Italian who does interest me. I’ll send you some if you like. But probably you’ll be reading Sanscrit and speaking Cinghalese by now.

I don’t know anything about the future. My stock of English money is almost gone. England will provide me no more. I await Mountsier’s arrival in America, and then he will tell me how many dollars are to my name. I hope about 2500 or 3000. I feel at the moment I don’t care where I live, that people are bloody swine – or bloodless swine everywhere – and here at least I have a fair space of land and sea to myself. But if you tempt me one little bit I’ll splash my way to Ceylon. Be sure though and tell me how much a house costs, and a pound of bacon and a dozen eggs. Don’t be on a damned high Buddhistic plane. I’m in no

mood to stand it. – And if you do come back to Europe, come to Sicily, not to Capri.

Tell Achsah B. that I am grateful for the news of the Vail veil – or loin-cloth. Does she then think that my own fig-leaf is too diminutive? and does her modesty alone prevent her telling me so. Oh fie!

We saw Earl photographs, and Achsah photographs, and Schaler photographs, and a whole wall-paper-pattern of Harwood photographs at the Fisher's. – *Tempi passati vostri! Ma son' tristi, questi tempi passati: o troppo passati, o non abbastanza.*

I will write again when a gentle spirit moves me

– – What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er
Ceylon's isle –

Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.

Rivederci.

To Mabel Dodge Luhan, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 5 November 1921

Dear Mabel Dodge Sterne: I had your letter this afternoon and read it going down Corso: and smelt the Indian scent, and nibbled the medicine: the last being like licorice root, the scent being a wistful dried herb.

Truly, the q-b and I would like to come to Taos – there are no little bees. I think it is quite feasible. I think I have enough dollars in America to get us there. Are you practical enough to tell me how much it would cost, per month, for the q-b and myself to keep house in Taos? We are *very* practical, do all our own work, even the washing, cooking, floor-cleaning and everything here in Taormina: because I loathe servants creeping around. They poison the atmosphere. So I prefer to wash my own shirt, etc. And I *like* doing things. – Secondly, is there a colony of rather dreadful sub-art' people? – But even if there is, it couldn't be worse than Florence. – Thirdly, are your Indians dying out, and is it rather sad? – Fourthly, what do the sound, *prosperous* Americans do in your region? – Fifthly, how does one get there? What is the nearest port? I might get a cargo boat to bring us, from Palermo.

I believe I've heard of Taos, and even seen pictures of it, photographs – at Leo Stein's house in Settignano. Have I? And are you a relative of the Maurice Sterne, artist, who was at Anticoli this summer? I've only heard of him.

I believe what you say – one must somehow bring together the two ends of humanity, our own thin end, and the last dark strand from the previous, pre-white era. I verily believe that. Is Taos the place?

I have already written the second book to *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, and posted the MS. to Seltzer – called, provisionally, *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. I am satisfied with it for what it is. But it is the third book, which I have still to write, and which I can't write yet, not till I have crossed another border, it is this that will really matter. To me, I mean. I feel hopeless about the public. Not that I care about them. I want to live my life, and say my say, and the public can die its own death in its own way, just as it likes.

I think we may leave here in January or February. I think we will come to Taos. Write me what advice or instructions you think necessary, by return. I should have your letter by the new year.

I want to leave Europe. I want to take the next step. Shall it be Taos? – I like the *word*. It's a bit like Taormina.

'The q-b' is Frieda, whom Lawrence frequently referred to in *Sea and Sardinia* as the queen bee; Mrs Luhan (then Mrs Maurice Sterne), after reading Lawrence, had decided that he was the one to describe her beloved Taos, New Mexico, area, and so invited him to go there.

To S. S. Koteliansky, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 10 November
[1921]

My dear Kot: I have meant day after day to write. But this summer my whole will-to-correspond has collapsed.

I had your [letter?] about [Scofield] Thayer. Did he ever properly acknowledge yours? And he ought to have paid you by now. I wonder if you are hard up. If you are, you won't hesitate to tell me, will you. My English money is at the last crumbs, but thank goodness I've got some dollars in America – when Mountsier will put me into touch with them. So just let me know if you are in need.

Moutsier I suppose has gone back to New York. He is one of those irritating people who have generalised detestations: his particular ones being Jews, Germans, and Bolsheviks. So unoriginal. He got on my nerves badly in Germany.

What are you doing about the rest of the Bunin book? Who is

Review published 'England, my England,' in 1915, under that title: although the story is entirely re-written. But best not to send it out again serially, unless with a note to that effect. Anyhow, no magazine will want it. For the rest of the stories, all right.

4. You *don't* enclose the letter from Mountsier which you mention, but I guess he has written me the same direct.

5. I can't alter 'Hadrian,' because I have nothing to alter it by. I will tell Mountsier to send a duplicate.

6. I didn't alter the original MS. at all, of *Aaron's Rod*. Or only a few words. I couldn't. Seltzer sent me a clean typed copy of the book, begging for the alterations for the sake of the 'general public' (he didn't say *jeune fille*). I sat in front of the MS. and tried: but it was like Balaam's Ass, and wouldn't budge. I couldn't do it, so I sent it back to Seltzer to let him do as he pleases. I would rather Secker followed the true MS. if he will – and *vogue la galère*!

7. I have made *no* arrangement for the publication of *Studies in Classic American Literature*, but Seltzer is booked to publish them in New York, so for heaven's sake consult him, or I shall have more fat in the fire. I should rather like Cape to publish them. *Is your MS. of these complete?*

8. I can't go to America: another Balaam's Ass. But when I try to turn my travelling nose westwards, *grazie!* he won't budge. So, after vainly shoving and prodding the ass of my unwilling spirit, to get him on board and across the Atlantic, I have given up, and am writing to Cook's at Naples to book berths on the *Osterley*, sailing from Naples, Feb. 26th for Colombo. I have a friend in Kandy learning Buddha in a monastery there – so I shall go with my wife there, for a bit. Wish me God-speed (not into the monastery).

9. Before I go I am asking Pinker to release to me what books of mine he still keeps the collecting rights over, and if he'll do it, then I'll put everything, all my English publications, under your wing: if you'll take them.

Meanwhile, *Benedicite!*

[P.S.] I suppose you had Chatto's letter which I forwarded! One for us, Miss Easterbrook, and be damned to them!

The story 'Hadrian' became 'You Touched Me' in the *England, My England* collection.

Dear Mabel Dodge Sterne: Is it vile of us to put off Taos for the moment. But I have a Balaam's Ass in my belly which won't budge, when I turn my face west. I can't help it. It just stubbornly swerves away in me. *I will* come. But a detour. I am writing to book berths on the *Osterley* from Naples, Feby. 26th for Colombo, Ceylon. The address will be, c/o E. H. Brewster, 'Ardnaree,' Lake View Estate, *Kandy*, Ceylon. But the telegraphic address just: Brewster, Ardnaree, Kandy. I feel it is my destiny to go east before coming west. Only to stay a short time: perhaps a year. But to get quite calm and sure and still and strong. I feel America is so *unreligious*: it's a bad word: and that it is on the brink of a change, but the change isn't quite ready yet, so I daren't come. And I feel you yourself are *harried* out there. Come and join us in Ceylon – as soon as you can – and then after, let us go together to Taos.

I had your letter of New Year's Day. I sent you *Tortoises*. I will come to the Indians, yes. But only via the East. There is something will not let me sail west for America.

You want to send [A. A.] Brill to hell and all the analytic therapeutic lot. And I don't like [Leo] Stein, a nasty, nosy, corrupt Jew. *Voilà!* Time we got clear of all that stuff.

No, *never* adapt yourself. Kick Brill in the guts if he tries to come it over you. Kick all America in the guts: they need it. Foul enough, with their over-riding of life. But when the hand has fallen on them a bit heavier, they will change. Only wait. But meanwhile withdraw for a little peace: a breathing space.

No, spit on every neurotic, and wipe your feet on his face if he tries to drag you down to him . . . All that 'arty' and 'literary' crew, I know them, they are smoking, steaming shits. My blood turns to gall: I want to go and have it sweetened a bit: away from them all, in the old, old East. Later we'll tackle 'em.

Come to Ceylon. Come at once – via San Francisco and China – and we'll prepare ourselves for the later Onslaught on to that Land of Promise of yours – *Benedicite*.

To Curtis Brown, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina [?late January 1922]

Dear Curtis Brown: I enclose a letter from Pinker. I want you to take over *all* my books· all the Duckworth books and the Secker books, and have all accounts made out to you, and all payments. Then you'll have all my English work in your hands. I'll write to Duckworth tomorrow. Will you take everything under your wing?

Se vuole Dio – we are sailing from Naples on the *Osterley*, Orient Line, on 26th February, for Ceylon. The address in Ceylon is c/o E. H. Brewster, 'Ardnaree,' Lake View Estate, Kandy, Ceylon.

I am nearly half-way through the translation of a Sicilian novel, *Mastro-don Gesualdo* by Giovanni Verga. He just died – aged 82 – in Catania. I think he is so very good. I have written to the publishers, Fratelli Treves, of Milano, about copyright: but I hear there is no strict law between England and Italy – ask Secker, I see he just published *Tre Croci*. I believe there was a translation of *Mastro-don Gesualdo*, done by a Mary A. Craig, in 1893, I believe. But it will have disappeared. Will you find out about it? I will send you the MS. – all that is finished – before I leave. Afraid I shan't have it done. Such a good novel. Verga is the man who wrote *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

I expect I shall have time for a reply from you. We leave this house on the 22nd for Naples. Any late letter you could post on the *Osterley*, or address to the S.S. *Osterley*, Orient Line, Naples, *in partenza febbraio 26*.

The story, 'Witch à la Mode,' hasn't come from Pinker.

Think this is all this time.

To Mary Camman, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 'Sunday'

[?12 February 1922]

My dear Mary: The pen and seal have come – with the pen I write this letter, and it seems to be running famously. The lapis seal is perfectly lovely: I don't think the setting a bit too elaborate. Beautiful, I think it. I love feeling the stone. But whatever made you suddenly send me this wildly expensive gift! – I love the way that the blue of lapis lazuli seems to live inside a film of crystal, as it were. Now I hope it will stay with me all my life, and seal all my affairs of state and solemnity. Of course the two people who have seen it think that I ought not to be having

anything so grand. 'That's the sort of thing to be lying on Plum's table,' said the Fisher. Damn Plum. I suppose she thinks I ought to be stamping my wax with a thumble top or a wet thumb-end.

It is so cold. The almond blossom is out, and looks and *feels* like snow. I don't even like the look of it: it gives me that sick feeling of snow.

I am filling in my time translating a Sicilian novel. *Mastro-don Gesualdo*, by Giovanni Verga: he died last month. It is so good. But I am on thorns, can't settle.

I have sent the deposit money for the berths on the *Osterley*, sailing from Naples on the 26th: two weeks today. The thought of going gives me a sinking feeling: the wrench of breaking off. But I want to go. I suppose I shall be sitting draped in a sheet, cross-legged and smiling at my own *pancia*, like Buddha, in about a fortnight after I get to Ceylon. See me. The address by the way is c/o E. H. Brewster, 'Ardnaree,' Lake View Estate, *Kandy*, Ceylon. Don't talk about goodbyes. Think what fun for you to be stepping off at Colombo under your parasol, and me and Frieda there two sights to behold in pith helmets and black goggles. The very thought of it makes you know it is inevitable.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle –

Don't have any doubt about it.

I shall write you again of course before we go. We shall leave this house on the 22nd – for Naples. A young American called Whitney Warren has taken the house.

I have got your London bank address: but keep me informed of everything.

I think myself that the Austrian Tyrol, though lovely, is depressing. I'm sure Spain is more fun. But people are a *bit* disagreeable everywhere.

Albert Stopford is here – the man who made some sort of scandal, I don't know what. He's really very nice: but getting oldish.

I did such a 'Memoir of Maurice Magnus,' to go in front of his horrid *Legion* book. If it's published – in America – they shall send it you. You'll have to read it. Our Malta trip!

Well Mary, thank you so much for the pen and my blue seal. Don't think of goodbyes, only of parasols and P. and O. liners and pith helmets

and palm trees, and us shouting 'There she is!' from behind our goggles, as you wave from the upper deck.

To Baroness von Richthofen, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 'Sunday'
[?19 February 1922]

My dear Mother-in-Law: We sit waiting to depart – 4 trunks – one household trunk, 1 book trunk, Frieda's and mine, two small valises, a hatbox, and two very small bags: just like Abraham going to a new land. My heart is trembling now, mostly with pain – the going away from home and the people and Sicily. But I will forget it and only think of palms and elephants and monkeys and peacocks. Tomorrow at 10.34 we leave here: eat at Messina, where we must change, arrive at 8.30 at Palermo, then to the Hotel Panormus where our friend lives. Thursday to Naples by boat, there at the Hotel Santa Lucia. Then on the S.S. *Osterley*, Orient Line, to Ceylon. The ship goes on to Australia. You have the address – Ardnaree, Lake View Estate, Kandy, Ceylon. Think, it is only 14 days from Naples. We can always return quickly when we've had enough. Perhaps Else is right and we shall return to our Fontana. I don't say no: I don't say anything for certain. Today I go, tomorrow I return. So things go. I'll write again from Palermo if there's time. I think of you.

[From the German]

To Mary Cannan, from R. M. S. Osterley, Tuesday, 28 February 1922

My dear Mary: Here we are full at sea – should come in sight of Crete today. It is lovely lovely weather – blue Mediterranean – the ship so comfortable. We are second class and it is quite perfect, because the people are so quiet and simple and nobody shows off at all. The boat is nothing but comfort – like a luxurious hotel this second class. First is no different, except one deck more – but *more showing off* – dances etc. It cost £140 for the two of us, Naples to Colombo. First class only ten pounds more.

We come to Port Said on Thursday, then through the Suez Canal.

I love it really – it is so roomy and comfortable, and at sea. We are due to arrive at Colombo on the 13th.

I am glad to leave Italy – it has become a hateful country. Did you get your 5000 out of the Banca di Sconto? If so transfer it at once, the country is more shaky than ever and the exchange is good for you.

I bet you'll be coming to Ceylon. This boat left London on the 18th and called at Toulon for mail – quite near you. – *Arrivederci*.

*To Baroness von Richthofen, from R.M.S. Osterley, Tuesday,
28 February 1922*

My dear Mother-in-Law: We have been gone for two days. We left Naples Sunday evening, 8 o'clock. Monday morning at 8 o'clock we came through the Straits of Messina and then for hours we saw our Etna like a white queen or a white witch there standing in the sky so magic-lovely. She said to me, 'You come back here,' but I only said, 'No,' but I wept inside with grief, grief of separation. The weather is wonderful – blue sky, blue sea, still. Today we see no land, only the long thin white clouds where Greece lies. Later on we shall see Crete (Candia). We arrive on Thursday at Port Said. There this letter goes on land. We also for a few hours. Then we go through the Suez Canal and so into the Red Sea. This ship is splendid, so comfortable, so much room and not many passengers. The berths are not half taken. It is just like a real luxury hotel. In the morning at seven o'clock comes the steward with a cup of tea. – If you want to take a bath and if cold or hot or how. At 8 o'clock the breakfast gong rings and such a menu – cooked pears, porridge, fish, bacon, eggs, fried sausages, beefsteak, kidneys, marmalade, all there. Then afterwards one sits about, flirts or plays croquet. Eleven o'clock comes the steward with a cup of Bovril. One o'clock lunch – soup, fish, chicken or turkey, meat, entrées, always much too much. Four o'clock tea, 7 o'clock dinner. Ah no, one eats all the time. But you also have an appetite at sea, when it is still and so heavenly like now. I find it strange that it is so still, so quiet, so civilized. The people all so still and so easy and such a cleanliness, all so comfortable. Yes, it is better than Italy. The Italians are not good now, everything becomes base. Frieda caught a cold in Naples, and you ought to see how good the steward and stewardess are with her as she lies in bed. They come so quickly with tea or soda water or what she wants and always such gentle manners. After Italy it is extraordinary. Yes, civilization is a

beautiful and fine thing if it only remains alive and does not become ennui. I can write to you again from Aden and then not again before Ceylon. Now I go down and see if Frieda has got up. Her cold is better today.

I am sorry you were not there to see us go on board at Naples, with trunks and bits and pieces – baskets of apples and oranges (gifts) and a long board that is a piece of a Sicilian wagon painted very gaily with two scenes out of the life of Marco Visconte. Else knows how beautiful are these Sicilian carts and the *facchini* are always crying: '*Ecco la Sicilia – Ecco la Sicilia in viaggio per l'India!*' For the moment *arrivederci*.

Frieda also ought to write a word.

[P.S.] The whole afternoon we have seen Crete with snow on the mountains – so big the island. Also another little island, all yellow and desert with great ravines. Now the sun is down, the rim of the sky red, the sea inky blue and the littlest, finest, sharpest moon that I ever saw. It is already quite warm.

Wednesday: Today only warm and still. Seen no land – seagulls and two ships. Tomorrow morning we arrive at Port Said – letters must be posted tonight before 10 o'clock.

To S. S. Kotliansky, from R.M.S. Osterley, Tuesday, 7 March 1922

My dear Kot: I got your cable to the ship – so nice of you to think of us. Here we are ten days at sea. I like it so much: everybody pleasant and no showing off, and plenty of room. The ship isn't half full, except the third class. We have come second, and it is perfectly comfortable and is good as anyone could wish. I enjoy it very much.

We are now in the Arabian Sea steering straight for Colombo, where we arrive on Sunday night or Monday morning. The sea is lovely, with white 'lambs' everywhere, but the boat is as steady as a street.

We had a few hours in Port Said, and it is still just like Arabian Nights, with water sellers and scribes in the street, and Koran readers and a yelling crowd. And I loved coming through the Suez Canal. It takes 18 hours – and you see the Arabs and their camels and the rosy-yellow desert with its low palm-trees and its hills of sharp sand. Almost one seems to walk through it. It gave me rather a nostalgia for the desert. Then Mount Sinai like a vengeful dagger that was dipped in

blood many ages ago, so sharp and defined and old pink-red in colour. – I spend the day talking small-talk with Australians on board – rather nice people – and translating *Mastro-don Gesualdo* and having meals – and time passes like a sleep – the curious sense that nothing is real except just this ship – nothing exists except just this ship. I do wonder how we shall feel when we get off and are in Ceylon. At the moment it seems as if we should just go on for ever on this boat. But it is so nice too. – You have the address: ‘Ardnaree,’ Lake View Estate, *Kandy*, Ceylon. – Greet Sonia.

To Mrs Emily King, from Ardnaree, Lake View Estate, Kandy, Ceylon,
24 March 1922

My dear Sister: Your birthday has gone by and I haven’t sent you anything. But it has been such an eventful time, with not a quiet moment. I enclose a bit of Ceylon lace, that the native women make by hand: and a little purse or cigarette case that they weave. These easily go into a letter.

We have been in the bungalow a week. It is about a mile or mile and a half from Kandy, looking down on the lake: very lovely. It stands uphill among a sort of half wild estate – cocoa-nut palms and cocoa – and jungle trees – almost like the jungle. We sit on the verandahs and watch the chipmunks and chameleons and lizards and tropical birds among the trees and bamboos – there’s only a clear space of about three yards round the house. We’ve got four servants two men, and one ayah, one boy of fifteen – but nothing is ever done: except meals got ready. It is very hot in the sun – we have sun helmets and white suits – but quite pleasant sitting still. If one moves one sweats. There’s a good deal of room in the bungalow, and practically no furniture except chairs and a table or two. It is rather fascinating, but I don’t know how long we shall stay.

Yesterday the Prince of Wales was here – great doings. We were down at the Perahera at night – were just opposite the Prince. Poor devil, he is so thin and nervy: all twitchy: and seems worn out and disheartened. No wonder, badgered about like a doll among a mob of children. A woman threw a bouquet and he nearly jumped out of his skin.

But the Perahera was wonderful: it was night, and flaming torches of cocoanut blazing, and the great elephants in their trappings, about a

1922

Aaron's Rod comes out in April. In February, the Lawrences leave for Ceylon (March–April) and Australia (May–August). In the latter country Lawrence works on his novel *Kangaroo*. In August the Lawrences leave for America, to live in Taos, New Mexico, from 11 September to 1 December, when they move up to Del Monte ranch in the Sangre de Cristo mountains above Taos. In October, *Fantasia of the Unconscious* and the *England, My England* stories are published.

To E. H. Brewster, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, Sicily, 2 January 1922

Dear Brewster: I had your letter about Kandy. It sounds lovely, the coloured, naked people and the big elephant coming round the corner and the temple throng. I guess you'll love it after a while. I feel I can't come – that the East is not my destiny. More and more I feel that meditation and the inner life are not my aim, but some sort of action and strenuousness and pain and frustration and struggling through. All the things you don't believe in I do. And the goal is not that men should become serene as Buddha or as gods, but that the unfleshed gods should become men in battle. God made man is the goal. The gods are uneasy till they can become men. And men have to fight a way for the new incarnation. And the fight and the sorrow and the loss of blood, and even the influenzas and the headache are part of the fight and the fulfilment. Let nobody try to filch from me even my influenza. – I've got influenza at the moment, but it only makes me more unbuddhing.

I have decided to go to Taos in New Mexico. There are Indians there, and an old sun magic – And I believe that the clamorous future is in the States. I do not want peace nor beauty nor even freedom from pain. I want to fight and to feel new gods in the flesh.

We are looking for a ship. At present I can only find one from Bordeaux to New Orleans – and Bordeaux is so far. So probably we shall

sail from Palermo to New York on February 6th. The address in Taos will be c/o Mrs Maurice Sterne, Taos, New Mexico. But always safe is my publisher: c/o Thomas Seltzer, 5 West 50th Street, New York City.

I sent you two days ago a copy of *Tortoises* – poems – to Kandy. I hope they will come.

Write and tell me what you are doing. Old Major Fraser died on Saturday and is being buried today down at Mazzaro by the sea. It was time for him to die.

For myself, I am weary of Taormina, and have no desire to stay in Sicily or in Europe at all.

Greet Achsah and the child, and be greeted.

To Jan Juta, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 9 January 1922

Dear Janino: I heard from Burr from Rome – who had it from Mrs Wroe, from Suia – that your hurt leg is more serious than you made me think. I *do* hope it isn't really bad. Of course with all those Tanganyika trekking plans, I thought it was just a temporary sprain. I *do* hope it's not anything serious, and that it is quite better by the time you get this letter.

Today has come *Sea and Sardinia*, so we are thinking hard of you. I expect you have your copies. What do you think? The *reds* are disappointing – and there is a certain juiciness about the colours that I don't like – but otherwise they are not bad, I think. Do tell me your impression. I'm sure the text will be a bit of a blow to you – so wintry and undyllic. And see yourself and M. Alain! Bet you'll think you aren't *half* nice enough, both of you. Never mind, you have now made your bow before the world. The wrapper makes me scream with agony – but you can't prevent the Americans.

I am sorry we can't do the Tanganyika trip. But I am not sufficiently moneyed. – I got £100 for that prize for *The Lost Girl*, though. Did I tell you?

It is awfully cold here, the snow right down Monte Venere and on Forza all sprinkled white – Etna a shrouded horror. I hate it when it's cold. Yet the first bits of almond blossom are sparking out, and the first of those magenta anemones that Alan calls Venus tears.

I keep on with the Taos trip. If I'd been well enough we'd have sailed

from Bordeaux to New Orleans on the 15th of this month. Now perhaps on the 5th Feb. we'll go Fabre line from Palermo to New York, and then overland from there. Unless some casual steamer turns up. But I expect to be in Taos by March *and then you can come when you like!* After all, the Americans would *love* a book on their own country and what with Rockies and Indians and deserts – big deserts lie below Taos, which is on a plateau 6000 ft high – and Mexicans and Cowboys – *you ought to find something to paint and I to write.*

Today thank heaven I have sent off the last of my MSS – three long-short stories, will make a really interesting book those three – 'The Fox,' 'The Ladybird,' and 'The Captain's Doll': then a collected book of short stories, most of them re-written. Oh I fairly loathe the sight of manuscripts, and the *thought* of publishing. Oh I get so sick of everything: and so double-sick of Taorminity.

But we've got good dry olive wood and the *salotta* is warm and thank God the wind is still. Only tomorrow five awful people to tea. – By the way have you heard of Gilbert Cannan out in S. Africa – with young Mond and Gwen, the polyandrous wife? Mary Cannan of course going off like a wick-wack about them. But I am callous.

We were so distressed for fear the leg might be worse than we thought. Send word that it is better.

[P.S.] I had a letter from Mrs Wroe about Mexico – thought her rather a twaddler.

To Jack Clarke, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 12 January 1922

I am sending you an hourglass to remind you that you are piling up your years. Here the peasants hardly ever have clocks, and they still measure an hour by the sand-glass . . . I hope it will arrive unbroken – trust to luck. I hope you'll have digested your Christmas pudding before you tackle your birthday cake. Your festivities tread on each other's heels. Love from Auntie Frieda and me.

Jack Clarke: Lawrence's nephew, son of Ada Lawrence Clarke.

To S. S. Koteliansky, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 14 January 1922

My dear Kot: I had the *Dial* by the same post as your letter. They are impudent people, I had told them not to put my name. Of course they did it themselves. But I don't really care. Why bother.

I had the empty envelope of the primus needles: just ripped a bit at the side, and the packet extracted. Inevitably. But that also doesn't matter, because Smythe brought me three packets from England, two days ago.

I keep chasing ships to get to New Orleans, so as to avoid New York. But every ship seems either to go somewhere else, or to decide not to go at all at the last minute. I may get a Cie Transatlantique boat from Bordeaux next month – or I may go White Star, Naples to New York, next month. We will see. I feel like you, that I am messing about on the edge of everything. But I feel also I *can't* come back into Europe. – Taos I hear has a colony of New York artists there. Oh God! Yet I feel it is my destiny at least to *try* the States, if only to know I hate them. *Dunque* – ! – And here, everybody is pleasant and has tea-parties and at least £500 a year. And it feels so empty. What isn't empty – as far as the world of man goes.

I too think of the Bucks cottage fairly often: and still sometimes lull myself with: *Ranane Sadihkim*

Sadihkim Badanoi.

If only there were some of the dark old spirit of that, left in the world! Meanwhile one is eight years older, and a thousand years more disconnected with everything, and more frustrated. *Quoi faire! Che fare?*

I am glad you like 'The Gent' when he was done. Of course you do exactly as you like about the Woolf book: that has nothing to do with me. Only send me a copy when it comes. – Apparently Secker is going to buy sheets of *Sea and Sardinia* from Seltzer. I will send you a copy of that when it appears: which, if I know Secker, will be in about ten months' time.

Well, at least it is sunny and there is a bit of spring in the air, the sun is warm and the almonds are in bud. Why should one get depressed. But I have had flu – not badly – for three weeks.

If we go to Taos, and if we get on there, perhaps you will come too: if

there could be something doing: and if you would like to back me up.
Vediamo!

A rivederci, e sta bene, e molti saluti a Sonia anche a Ghita e Grisha.

The *Dial* had printed, in its January 1922 issue, Ivan Bunin's 'The Gentleman From San Francisco', as translated by Samuel Solomonovitch [Koteliansky] and D. H. Lawrence. The book of the same title, which Lawrence here calls 'the Woolf book', was published in 1922 as translated by Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf.

To E. H. Brewster, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 18 January 1922

Dear Brewster: Your letter of 16 December just come. And suddenly, for the first time, I suddenly feel you may be right and I wrong: that I am kicking against the pricks. I have misinterpreted 'Life is sorrow.' That is a first truth, not a last truth. And one must accept it as one's first truth, and develop from that. I verily believe it.

The groundwork of life is sorrow. But that once established, one can start to build. And until that is established one can build nothing: no life of any sort. I begin to agree. I took it one must *finish* with the fact that *Life is sorrow*. Now again I realise that one must get there, and having arrived, then begin to live.

Good then: as a basis, *Life is sorrow*. But beyond that one can smile and go on.

Only – only – I somehow have an imperative need to fight. I suppose it depends *how* one fights.

No, I believe you are right. Probably there, east, is the *source*: and America is the extreme periphery. Oh God, must one go to the extreme limit, then to come back?

I only know it seems so much *easier*, more peaceful to come east. But then peace, peace! I am *so* mistrustful of it: so much afraid that it means a sort of weakness and giving in. Yet I believe you're right. The very word you say, that Ceylon is *heavy*, makes me think you are right.

And the fact that I have felt so *spiteful* against Buddha makes me feel I was unsure all the time, and kicking against the pricks.

We have made all arrangements to go to Taos, New Mexico. But we have booked no passage. Shall I come to Ceylon? *Dio mio*, I am so ridiculous, wavering between East and West.

I believe I shall not go to America.

What is the good after all of going to where everything is just *unlearned* and confused to the utmost. Perhaps it is true, Buddhism is true realism, *things as they are*. And America is utterly *things as they are not*. – But the future – where is that? Must one go through the utter unreality of America: or keep a continuity? I'd better begin to make sure.

Later: Well now, I'm writing at once about ships to Colombo. I shall cable to you if we are actually coming, when we book passages. I hope to sail next month.

So – *arrivederci*.

To S. S. Koteliansky, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 20 January 1922

My dear Kot: Will you post me a copy of the *Occult Review*: and if possible a catalogue of books on Occult Science: there is a publisher whose name I forget. Any time when you are near Charing Cross Road will do. You said you wanted to send me something. The *Occult Review* – or *The Occultist Review*: that also I forget. I should just like to see this month's issue.

Well, I said I was going to America. But the moment I feel the ship is there to take me, I fight shy. I *can't* go to America. Not yet. It is too raw for me, and I too tender for it. We must wait a bit. I have got a friend in Kandy, Ceylon, who asks me to go there and stay with him. I think I shall do that: quite soon. I feel I can fortify myself in the East, against the West. You will say I am foolish: but it is my destiny. I do intend later to go to America. But I must first have something else inside me.

I believe Secker is going to bring out *Sea and Sardinia*. It is just a light sketch book: but personal: so it would amuse you. I will send you a copy when it is ready.

You will be glad to have Sonia back. I shudder to think of that cave, the flood of newspapers rising silently in a fog of cigarette smoke, and you swimming, slowly and hopelessly, in the heavy ocean of printed slush, gasping to sink.

Greet Sonia, and I hope she is happy to be back in the cavern, and I hope she'll order the cart for the newspapers at once.

[P.S.] The brilliant idea strikes me that you might ring up Thomas Cook's, Ludgate Circus, and ask them what boats there are from *Malta*

or *Naples to Colombo*, Ceylon, and what is the price of a cabin for two, first class: or berths for two, first class. I have written to Malta and to Naples, but you never know those people, plus the Italian post. – Any ship from S. Italy or Malta to Colombo.

To Catherine Carswell, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 24 January 1922

My dear Catherine: I had your letter: am sorry about the 'flu. I had it too, and it lasts such a long time. Thank goodness it did not keep me long in bed, but I've had it since Christmas and have hardly shaken it off yet. I believe it is partly an organic change in one's whole constitution – through the blood and psyche. We are at the end of our particular tether, and the breaking loose is an uncomfortable process.

My sister says you sent the plates so nicely and safely packed. She was so delighted with them. I do hope you didn't hate all the trouble.

I sent you the chap-book of *Tortoises*. Hope you have it. My sisters irritate me by loftily disapproving. I really am through with them: shall send them no more of my books. *Basta!* – I had one or two copies of the *American Sea and Sardinia*: but Secker is doing it in London, and I will have him send you a copy. He is buying sheets and pictures from Seltzer. It is quite amusing, I think. – He doesn't like my *Aaron's Rod*. That *Rod*, I'm afraid it is gentian root or worm-wood stem. But they've got to swallow it sooner or later: miserable tonicless lot. – I am waiting to read the *Camomile*. Send me proofs if you have a double set, and I'll return them. I hope it's bitter, too.

I have once more gone back on my plan. I shrink as yet from the States. Ultimately I shall go there, no doubt. But I want to go east before I go west: go west via the east. I have a friend called Brewster, who went with wife and child from here last autumn to Kandy, Ceylon. He has got a big old ramshackle bungalow there, and is studying Pali and Buddhism at the Buddhist monastery, and asks me to come. So I shall go there. We had almost booked our passage to America, when suddenly it came over me I must go to Ceylon. I think one must for the moment withdraw from the world, away towards the inner realities that *are* real: and return, maybe, to the world later, when one is quiet and sure. I am tired of the world, and want the peace like a river: not this whisky and soda, bad whisky, too, of life so-called. I don't believe

in Buddhistic inaction and meditation. But I believe the Buddhistic peace is the point to start from – not our strident fretting and squabbling.

Then there is also a little Finn here called Nylander, J. W. Nylander. He was a sailor, then Captain of a tramp steamer. Then he wrote sea-stories, in Swedish. I read one volume, *Seevolk*, in German translation. He is about 50 – has wife and child – and pension from the Finnish Government. But Finnish money is down like Italian. So they are very poor. They are returning to Norway at the end of March. He would very much like his stories translated to English: has written to an English-woman in Finland to do them. But then they would have to be put into proper literary shape. I said you might do that for him. The stories are all sea-stories: a bit soft, a bit weak, but not bad really. Since Norwegian-Scandinavian stuff is rather the boom, I thought if you wouldn't mind the bother of going over the stories you might get some of the magazines to publish them. But if you think it is not worth your while, just say so. J. W. Nylander, Porta Catania, Taormina, until end of March: then Sloependen, near Kristiania, Norway. If you get on pleasantly by letter you might perhaps one day have a trip to Norway. – I have written to Mountsier and Seltzer about the stories in America. You would have to try and arrange simultaneous publication with Mountsier: Robert Mountsier, 417 West 118th Street, New York. If you *do* do the stories, don't forget to write Mountsier to see what he is doing, will you – of course you would take a just percentage of any profits: and if America did *your* translation, too, then a percentage of that also. It might amuse you, and isn't hard work.

The weather is vile here: really wicked. But one must possess one's soul in patience. Now I hope you are well again, and J. P. and Don happy.

To Curtis Brown, from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, 26 January 1922

Dear Curtis Brown: Glad you are back: hope well and successfully back. But Miss Easterbrook and I got a lot done in the meantime.

This is answer to her letter of 20th inst.

1. I enclose both agreements, signed by me. You will look after them.
2. I enclose proof of 'Almond Blossom' poem for the *English Review*.
3. Glad you have all the stories. For heaven's sake – the *English*

hundred, and the dancers with tomtoms and bagpipes, and half naked and jewelled, then the Kandyan chiefs in their costumes, and more dancers, and more elephants, and more chiefs, and more dancers, so wild and strange and perfectly fascinating, heaving along by the flames of torches in the hot, still, starry night. Afterwards fireworks over the lake, and thousands and thousands of natives, so that it looked like some queer dream when the fire flared up and showed their thousands of dark faces and white wraps packed on the banks.

One doesn't do much here, I tell you – though Brewster goes every day to the Temple to learn the sacred language of the Buddhists – Pali. I wish you could see it all – it is most strange and fascinating. But even at night you sweat if you walk a few yards.

I expect the post will soon be bringing English mail. – Love to you all. [P.S.] Frieda bought the lace – The purse will do for card-case or anything.

Lawrence described the Perahera and the Prince of Wales in his 'Elephant' poem in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*.

*To Robert Pratt Barlow, from Ardnaree, Lake View Estate, Kandy,
30 March 1922*

Dear Pratt Barlow: We have been here these last 18 days: the heat in the middle of the day rather overwhelming, but morning and evening delicious: the place beautiful, in its way very, the jungle round the house, palms and noisy, scraping and squeaking tropical creatures: good-looking, more or less naked, dark bluey-brown natives. But all a bit extraneous. I feel I don't belong, and never should. I think next week we shall go up higher to Nuwara Eliya.

I wonder what you are doing. This will probably follow you to England. We were at the Perahera here for the Prince of Wales. It was wonderful, gorgeous and barbaric with all the elephants and flames and devil dances in the night. One realizes how very barbaric the substratum of Buddhism is. I shrewdly suspect that high-flownness of Buddhism altogether exists mostly on paper: and that its denial of the soul makes it always rather barren, even if philosophically, etc., more perfect. In short, after a slight contact, I draw back and don't like it.

I wonder what you and Cunard thought of the last tirade at your house.

Probably nothing. But I do think, still more now I am out here, that we make a mistake forsaking England and moving out into the periphery of life. After all, Taormina, Ceylon, Africa, America – as far as *we* go, they are only the negation of what we ourselves stand for and are: and we're rather like Jonahs running away from the place we belong. That is the conclusion that is forced on me. So I am making up my mind to return to England during the course of the summer. I really think that the most living clue of life is in us Englishmen in England, and the great mistake we make is in not uniting together in the strength of this real living clue – religious in the most vital sense – uniting together in England and so carrying the vital spark through. Because as far as we are concerned it is in danger of being quenched. I know now it is a shirking of the issue to look to Buddha or the Hindu or to our own working men, for the impulse to carry through. It is in ourselves, or nowhere and this looking to the outer masses is only a betrayal. I think too the Roman Catholic Church, as an institution, granted of course some new adjustments to life, might once more be invaluable for saving Europe: but not as a mere political power.

But this I know: the responsibility for England, the living England, rests on men like you and me and Cunard – probably even the Prince of Wales – and to leave it all to Bottomleys, etc., is a worse sin than any sin of commission.

Best wishes from my wife and me.

To Mary Cannan, from Ardnaree, Lake View Estate, Kandy, 3 April 1922

My dear Mary: Well here we are three weeks. This is the hottest month in Ceylon – and the heavens are white hot from 10.0 till 6.0. The bungalow is outside Kandy on a hill among trees – a sort of jungle of palm (cocoanut) and bread-fruit trees, etc. – pretty view. Sharp wooded hills, Kandy Lake below – birds shriek and pop and cackle out of the jungle, creatures jerk and bounce about. We have about half a dozen black servants, barefoot and silent moving and silly. The native life is picturesque – but to tell the truth, rather silly. The East, the bit I've seen, seems silly. I don't like it one bit. I don't like the silly dark people or their swarming billions or their hideous little Buddha temples, like decked up pigsties – nor anything. I just don't like it. It's better to see it on the

cinema: you get there the whole effect, without the effort and the sense of nausea. It just makes me feel sick at the pit of my stomach. Dear Mary, *never* travel round the world to look at it – it will only make you sick. Take a nice little house somewhere quiet, and we'll come and stay with you. One only goes further and fares worse.

We saw the Prince of Wales and the Perahera. Poor little devil, he sat perfectly still, expressionless and ghastly, looking down on this heaving procession of elephants and princes and devil-dancers and torch flames – it was 11.0 at night – and tom-toms and weird singing. It was wonderful – so barbaric – as a spectacle wonderful: elephants, princes, dancers, dancers, princes and elephants – endless – and great flames from cocoanut torches. But the poor Prince is simply at his last straw of endurance – so nervous and irritable – would hardly open his mouth to anybody.

It is a roomy bungalow with verandahs all round – Brewsters nice. But I'm not going to stop here. In a month's time I hope to be gone – I don't know where – perhaps to Australia. I'll let you know. Anyhow take my advice and don't take far flights to exotic countries. Europe is, I fancy, the most satisfactory place in the end. Have a house and invite us to stay with you when we've spent every *sou* escaping from the places we've rushed into.

Hope all is well with you – send news.

To Mabel Dodge Luhan, from Ardnaree, Lake View Estate, Kandy, 10 April

1922

Dear Mabel Dodge Sterne: I have your two letters, but still no sign of book or necklace. *Speriamo*.

No, the East doesn't get me at all. Its boneless suavity, and the thick, choky feel of tropical forest, and the metallic sense of palms and the horrid noises of the birds and creatures, who hammer and clang and rattle and cackle and explode all the livelong day, and run little machines all the livelong night; and the scents that made me feel sick, the perpetual nauseous overtone of cocoanut and cocoanut fibre and oil, the sort of tropical sweetness which to me suggests an *Untertang* of blood, hot blood, and thin sweat: the undertaste of blood and sweat in the nauseous tropical fruits; the nasty faces and yellow robes of the Buddhist monks, the little vulgar dens of the temples: all this makes up Ceylon to me, and

all this I cannot bear. *Je m'en vais. Me ne vo'*. I am going away. Moving on.

I have cabled for money from New York, and anxiously await the return cable so that I can book berths on the *Orsova*, on the 24th of this month, for West Australia: about 10 days from Colombo to Fremantle. The address there will be c/o Mrs Jenkins, Strawberry Hill, *Perth*, W. Australia. I don't know how long we shall stay there: but I shall take my steamer-ticket right to Sydney. I want to look at Australia, and try what it's like. If I don't care for it, then I can very easily come on. There are steamers every fortnight from Sydney to San Francisco; and San Francisco is not far from Taos. And I shall be fulfilling my real desire to approach America from the West, over the Pacific. I hope I shall arrive in Taos with ten cents left in my pocket – ten cents left to me in the world, even. Knees of the Gods.

I still of course mistrust Taos very much, chiefly on account of the artists. I feel I never want to see an artist again while I live. The Indians, yes: if one is sure that they are not jeering at one. I find all dark people have a fixed desire to jeer at us: these people here – they jeer behind your back. But heavens, I don't see much in them to admire, either. They seem to be built round a gap, a hollow pit. In the middle of their eyes, instead of a man, a sort of bottomless pit. That's Buddhism too. Buddhism seems to me a very conceited, selfish show, a vulgar temple of serenity built over an empty hole in space. No, no, these little darkie people don't impress me, upon actual contact. The place, Ceylon, is a real prison to me, oppressive, and I want to get out. Two weeks today, pray God.

I wish I could come to America without meeting the awful 'cultured' Americans with their limited self-righteous ideals and their mechanical love-motion and their bullying, detestable negative creed of liberty and democracy. I don't believe either in liberty or democracy. I believe in actual, sacred, inspired authority: divine right of natural kings: I believe in the divine right of natural aristocracy, the right, the sacred duty to wield undisputed authority. Naturally I find myself in diametric opposition to every American – and everybody else, besides Americans – whom I come across. Nevertheless, there it stands.

Well, so far so good.

Mrs A. L. Jenkins, who had suggested that the Lawrences stop at Darlington, had met them on the ship going to Ceylon.

To Lady Cynthia Asquith, from R.M.S. Orsova. ['We get there Thursday, to Fremantle.'] Sunday, 30 April 1922

Here we are on a ship again – somewhere in a very big blue choppy sea with flying fishes sprinting out of the waves like winged drops, and a Catholic Spanish priest playing Chopin at the piano – very well – and the boat gently rolling.

I didn't like Ceylon – at least I liked looking at it – but not to live in. The East is not for me – the sensuous spiritual voluptuousness, the curious sensitiveness of the naked people, their black bottomless, hopeless eyes – and the heads of elephants and buffaloes poking out of primeval mud – the queer noise of tall metallic palm trees: *ach!* – altogether the tropics have something of the world before the flood – hot dark mud and the life inherent in it: makes me feel rather sick. But wonderful to have known. We saw The Prince of Wales at the Kandy Perahera, a lonely little glum white fish he was sitting up there at the Temple of the Tooth with his chin on his hands gazing blankly down on all the swirl of the East, like a sort of Narcissus waiting to commit black suicide. The Perahera wonderful – midnight – huge elephants, great flares of coconut torches, princes like peg-tops swathed round and round with muslin – and then tomtoms and savage music and devil dances – phase after phase – and that lonely little white fish of a prince up aloft – and the black eyes and black bright sweating bodies of the naked dancers under the torches – and the clanging of great mud-born elephants rearing past – made an enormous impression on me – a glimpse into the world before the Flood. I can't quite get back into history. The soft, moist, elephantine prehistoric has sort of swamped in over my known world – and on one drifts.

But you said not about India, but about us. No, I am not angry – no more of my tirades – the sea seems so big – and the world of elephants and buffaloes seems such a vast twilight – and by sheer, or mere proximity with the dark Singhalese one feels the vastness of the blood stream, so dark and hot and from so far off. What does life in particular matter? – why should one care? – one doesn't. Yet I don't believe in Buddha – hate him in fact – his rat-hole temples and his rat-hole religion. Better Jesus.

We are going to Australia – Heaven knows why: because it will be

cooler, and the sea is wide. Ceylon steams heat – and it isn't so much the heat as the chemical decomposition of one's blood by the ultra-violet rays of the sun. Don't know what we'll do in Australia, don't care. The world of idea may be all alike, but the world of physical feeling is very different – one suffers getting adjusted – but that is part of the adventure. I think Frieda feels like me, a bit dazed and indifferent – reckless – I break my heart over England when I am out here. Those natives are *back* of us – in the living sense *lower* than we are. But they're going to swarm over us and suffocate us. We are, have been for five centuries, the growing tip. Now we're going to fall. But you don't catch me going back on my whiteness and Englishness and myself. English in the teeth of all the world, even in the teeth of England. How England deliberately undermines England. You should see India. Between Lloyd George and Rufus Isaacs, etc., we are done – you asked me a year ago who had won the war – we've all lost it. But why should we bother, since it's their own souls folk have lost. It is strange and fascinating to wander like Virgil in the shades.

Don't buy *Sea and Sardinia* because I shall have to pay Martin Secker for it. He must send it you. It will amuse you.

I'm glad the boys are well, and that Herbert Asquith likes reading other people's books. That's better than having to read one's own: and it's much better to be doing something than nothing. I merely translate Giovanni Verga – Sicilian – *Mastro-don Gesualdo* and *Novelle Rusticane* – very good – to keep myself occupied. If your husband would like to read them – the translations – tell him to ask Curtis Brown.

F. greets you.

To E. H. Brewster, from Darlington, West Australia, 15 May 1922

Dear Brewster: Well! – it is even as you say: six weeks will see us through Australia, I verily believe. At least we are going on next Thursday by the P. and O. boat from Fremantle to Sydney.

We are here about 16 miles out of Perth – bush all around – marvellous air, marvellous sun and sky – strange, vast empty country – hoary unending 'bush' with a pre-primeval ghost in it – apples ripe and good, also pears. And we could have a nice little bungalow – but – But – BUT – Well, it's always an anticlimax of buts. – I just don't want to stay,

that's all. It is so democratic, it feels to me infra dig. In so free a land, it is humiliating to keep house and cook still another mutton-chop. We go east, to Sydney. And there, no doubt, I shall cable at once for more money, to cross the Pacific. – But I find we can take a boat stopping at Fiji, Pego, Honolulu – or another one stopping at Tahiti and somewhere else. I'm determined to *try* the South Sea Isles. Don't expect to catch on there either. But I love trying things and discovering how I hate them.

How I *hated* a great deal of my time in Ceylon: never felt so sick in my life. Yet it is now a very precious memory, invaluable. Not wild horses would drag me back. But neither time nor eternity will take away what I have of it: Ceylon and the East. – One day I shall go round the world again, and go from Africa to North India and Himalayas and if possible Thibet: then China and Japan. One day. Then *basta*. 'We have no abiding city here –'

I wonder where you are, you three. I haven't a notion. And where I shall be myself, a month hence, I haven't a notion. Toiling on, toiling on –

I wonder how James is, and cook, and ayah, and Banda. *Dio benedetto, che giorni!*

I wonder where you are, and how long your face is.

To Jan Juta, from R.M.S. Malwa, 20 May 1922

Dear Johnnie: I got your letter two days ago in Perth, W. Australia. Now we are rolling in the Gt Australian Bight, en route for Sydney. Ceylon was lovely to look at but not to live in. Seltzer wanted me to go to India and do a book on that with you – I didn't feel like it. Perhaps later we will. – We stayed two weeks in West Australia – weird place. Don't know how long we shall stay in Sydney – perhaps a month or two – then on into the South Seas, and so to America, to Taos. I've no idea where I shall get the money for the steamer fares, but I don't care. I find on these boats one can travel perfectly second class – nicer than first, simpler – now that there is hardly anybody coming out this way. We are less than thirty passengers second class – nice simple people. – I feel that once I have rolled out of Europe I'll go on rolling. I like it so much. But F. still hankers after 'a little 'ome of 'er own.' I, no. – But I

love straying my own way. – Australia has a marvellous sky and air and blue clarity, and a hoary sort of land beneath it, like a Sleeping Princess on whom the dust of ages has settled. Wonder if she'll ever get up. – I'm not working – don't want to – and it takes me now about two months to get a letter. I don't know where Bettina is, or I'd write to her. – America seems to have loved your pictures. Write me c/o Robert Mountsier, 417 West 118 Street, New York. – How is Alan? [Insole] – And E. Africa. – As for me, I have started rolling and can't stop yet. Downhill.

Would you have liked to do India? It's fascinating, if one can bear it, and if one avoids most of the English.

[Frieda:] Amy Lowell in raptures over your pictures – Why don't you say what your family said? Where's Alan? Love to René if you see her.

To S. S. Kotliansky, from R.M.S. Mahva, 20 May 1922

Dear Kot: Here we are in the Gt Australian Bight, rolling on again. We stayed two weeks in Western Australia: weird land, marvellous blue sky, clear air, pure and untouched. Then the endless hoary grey 'bush' – which is gum trees, rather thinly scattered, like a thin wood, with a heathy sort of undergrowth – like a moor with trees. People very friendly, but slow and as if unwilling to take the next step: as if everything was a bit too much for them. We are going now to Sydney – calling at Adelaide and Melbourne. We get to Sydney on May 28. I don't know how we shall like it – but Frieda wants to have a little house and stay a few months anyhow. She is tired of moving on. But I like it. I like the feeling of rolling on. I shall have to cable to Seltzer to give me money and he'll have to give it me. I don't care. – I think from Sydney we shall visit the South Sea Islands – think of our 'Rananim' – on the way across to San Francisco. If you were here you would understand Katherine so much better. She is *very* Australian ! or New Zealand. Wonder how she is. – I got a mail in Perth just as I left – nothing from you. Things follow after me in time. I haven't got an address – perhaps c/o Thomas Seltzer, 5 West 50th St, N. York – or else wait till I can tell you. It's a long time now to England – boat takes six weeks – fortnightly mail. – I'm not working – don't want to. How are you all?

To Baroness von Richthofen, from Wyewurk, Thirroul, New South Wales
Australia, 28 May 1922

Meine liebe Schwiegermutter: Diesmal schreibe dir auf Englisch, ich muss schnell sein. We got to Sydney on Saturday, after a fine journey. I like the P. & O. boats, with the dark servants. But that was a frightful wreck of the *Egypt* in the Bay of Biscay. We heard of it in Adelaide. Our captain of the *Malwa* changed from the *Egypt* only this very voyage. He was very upset – so was everybody. They say the Lascar servants are so bad in a wreck – rushing for the boats. But I don't believe *all* of it.

Anyway, here we are safe and sound. Sydney is a great fine town, half like London, half like America. The harbour is wonderful – a narrow gateway between two cliffs – then one sails through and is in another little sea, with many bays and gulfs. The big ferry steamers go all the time threading across the blue water, and hundreds of people always travelling.

But Sydney town costs too much, so we came down into the country. We are about fifty *kilometres* south of Sydney, on the coast. We have got a lovely little house on the edge of the low cliff just above the Pacific Ocean. – *Der grosse oder stille Ozean*, says Frieda. But it is by no means still. The heavy waves break with a great roar all the time: and it is so near. We have only our little grassy garden – then the low cliff – and then the great white rollers breaking, and the surf seeming to rush right under our feet as we sit at table. Here it is winter, but not cold. But today the sky is dark, and it makes me think of Cornwall. We have a coal fire going, and are very comfortable. Things go so quietly in Australia. It will not cost much to live here, food is quite cheap. Good meat is only fivepence or sixpence a pound – 50 *Pfg. ein Pfund*.

But it is a queer, grey, sad country – empty, and as if it would never be filled. Miles and miles of bush – forlorn and lost. It all feels like that. Yet Sydney is a huge modern city.

I don't really like it, it is so raw – so crude. The people are so crude in their feelings – and they only want to be up-to-date in the 'conveniences' – electric light and tramways and things like that. The aristocracy are the people who own big shops – and there is no respect for anything else. The working people very discontented – always threaten more strikes – always more socialism.

I shall cable to America for money, and sail in July across the Pacific

to San Francisco – via Wellington, New Zealand, Raiatonga, Tahiti, Honolulu – then to our Taos And that is the way home – coming back Next spring we will come to Germany I've got a *Hennueh* for Europe Sicily, England, Germany – *Auf Wiedersehen*

[P S] I must hurry to catch the mail which leaves here tonight – leaves Sydney tomorrow, for Europe Write to me care of Robert Mountsier, 417 West 118 Street, New York City

I shall get your letters in America *Frieda ist so glücklich mit ihrem neuen Haus – macht alles so schön*

To Else Jaffe, from Wyewirk, Thirroul, 13 June 1922

Dear Else I have been wanting to write to you The *Schwiegernutter* says that Friedel is ill with jaundice I am so sorry, and do hope it is better by now

I often think of you here, and wonder what you would think of this We're in a very nice place have got a delightful bungalow here about forty miles south of Sydney, right on the shore We live mostly with the sea – not much with the land – and not at all with the people I don't present any letters of introduction, we don't know a soul on this side of the continent which is almost a triumph in itself For the first time in my life I feel how lovely it is to know nobody in the whole country and nobody can come to the door, except the tradesmen who bring the bread and meat and so on, and who are very unobtrusive One nice thing about these countries is that nobody asks questions I suppose there have been too many questionable people here in the past But it's nice not to have to start explaining oneself, as one does in Italy

The people here are awfully nice, casually thank heaven I need go no further The township is just a scatter of bungalows, mostly of wood with corrugated iron roofs, and with some quite good shops 'stores' It lies back from the sea Nobody wants to be too near the sea here only we are on the brink About two miles inland there is a great long hill like a wall, facing the sea and running all down the coast. This is dark greyish with gum trees, and it has little coal-mines worked into it The men are mostly coal-miners, so I feel quite at home The township itself – they never say village here – is all haphazard and new, the streets unpaved, the church built of wood That part is pleasant – the newness It feels so free

And though it is midwinter, and the shortest day next week, still every day is as sunny as our own summer, and the sun is almost as hot as our June. But the nights are cold

Australia is a weird, big country It feels so empty and untrodden The minute the night begins to go down, even the towns, even Sydney, which is huge, begins to feel unreal, as if it were only a daytime imagination, and in the night it did not exist That is a queer sensation as if life here really had never *entered* in as if it were just sprinkled over, and the land lay untouched They are terribly afraid of the Japanese Practically all Australians, and especially Sydney, feel that once there was a fall in England, so that the Powells could not interfere, Japan would at once walk in and occupy the place They seriously believe this say it is even the most obvious thing for Japan to do, as a business proposition Of course Australia would never be able to defend herself It is queer to find these bogies wherever one goes But I suppose they *may* materialize

Labour is very strong and very stupid Everything except meat is exorbitantly expensive, many things twice as much as in England And Australian apples are just as cheap in London as in Australia, and sometimes cheaper It is all very irritating

This is the most democratic place I have *ever* been in And the more I see of democracy the more I dislike it It just brings everything down to the mere vulgar level of wages and prices, electric light and water closets, and nothing else You *never* knew anything so nothing, *nichts, nullus, niente*, as the life here They have good wages, they wear smart boots, and the girls all have silk stockings, they fly around on ponies and in buggies – sort of low one-horse traps – and in motorcars They are always vaguely and meaninglessly on the go And it all seems so empty, so *nothing*, it almost makes you sick They are healthy, and to my *thinking* almost imbecile That's what the life in a new country does to you it makes you so material, so *outward*, that your real inner life and your inner self dies out, and you clatter round like so many mechanical animals It is very like the Wells story – the fantastic stories I feel if I lived in Australia for ever I should never open my mouth once to say one word that meant anything Yet they are very trustful and kind and quite competent in their jobs There's no need to lock your doors, nobody will come and steal All the outside life is so *easy* But there it ends There's nothing else The best society in the country are the shop-

keepers – nobody is any better than anybody else, and it really *is* democratic. But it all feels so slovenly, slipshod, rootless, and empty, it is like a kind of dream. Yet the weird, unawakened country is wonderful and if one could have a dozen people, perhaps, and a big piece of land of one's own – But there, one can't

There is this for it, that here one doesn't feel the depression and the tension of Europe. Everything is happy-go-lucky, and one couldn't *fret* about anything if one tried. One just doesn't care. And they are all like that. *Au fond* they don't care a straw about anything except just their little egos. Nothing *really* matters. But they let the *little* things matter sufficiently to keep the whole show going. In a way it's a relief – a relief from the moral and mental and nervous tension of Europe. But to say the least, it's surprising. I never felt such a foreigner to any people in all my life as I do to these. An absolute foreigner, and I haven't one single thing to say to them.

But I am busy doing a novel with Australia for the setting – a queer show. It goes fairly quickly, so I hope to have it done by August. Then we shall sail via New Zealand and Tahiti for San Francisco, and probably spend the winter in Taos, New Mexico. That is what I think I want to do. Then the next spring come to Europe again. I feel I shall wander for the rest of my days. But I don't care.

I must say this new country has been a surprise to me. Flinders Petrie says new countries are no younger than their parent country. But they are older, more empty, and more devoid of religion or anything that makes for 'quality' in life.

I have got a copy of *Aaron's Rod* for you, but am not sure whether I may post it from here or not. Trade relations with Germany don't start till August.

Write to me care of Robert Mountsier, 417 West 118th Street, New York. I wish I had good news for you. Frieda sleeps after her bath. [P S] If a girl called Ruth Wheelock sends you a little note I gave her to introduce her to you, I think you'd like her. American, was in the consulate in Palermo – we knew her there and in Rome – both like her. She's not got any money, unless she earns some or her father gives her some.

Friedel was Elsa Jaffe's son, who later visited the Lawrences in New Mexico, the novel Lawrence was writing is *Kangaroo*, which contains full descriptions of life at 'Wyewurk'.

To E H Brewster, from Wyewurk, Thirroul, 13 June 1922

Dear Brewster I suppose this will eventually reach you Here we are in a very nice bungalow – 30/- a week – on the very edge of the sea, with a weird new ‘township’ between us and the dark wall of hills which stands up two miles inland It is weird, weird country Of course the people are all you think they are and less than that But within 1000 miles there isn’t a soul that knows us I don’t present any letter of introduction, and don’t intend to I never knew before how wonderful it was to know absolutely nobody, for a vast distance around one The tradesmen leave goods in the morning, that is all Material existence is very easy indeed, the life of the people being *absolutely* external, what else have they to do but make it so We do everything for ourselves, and not a soul can come to our door

In a way I am sorry you haven’t seen this country It is extraordinarily subtle, *unknown* country The gum trees are greyish, with pale trunks – and so often the pale, pure silver dead trees with vivid limbs then the extraordinary *delicacy* of the air and the blue sky, the weird bits of creek and marsh, dead trees, sand, and very blue hills – it reminds me of Puvis de Chavannes more than any country I have seen so apparently monotonous, yet when you look into it, such subtly different distances, in layers, and such exquisite forms – trees, flat hills – strange, standing as it were at the *back* of the vision It needs Japanese treatment – or Puvis By the way his ‘Winter’ is in Melbourne art gallery I still hated his self-conscious sentiment and rather snivelling outlook But love that detailly patterny subtle layering of distances Only not the foolish human figures – Classic remains

The Glands book came today also I’ve got the *Aaron’s Rods* from Seltzer – will send you a copy to Cook Geneva if I don’t hear from you next mail. I am writing another novel pitched here in Australia – a weird thing of a novel I am hoping to get it done by August, as it goes well so far If I do we shall sail to San Francisco via Tahiti – and go to Taos. You might write c/o Mabel Dodge Sterne, *Taos*, New Mexico We should arrive in San Francisco on Sept 4th all being well Don’t write here

It is winter here – but lovely sunny days The sun is a lovely creature here Only the nights are cold And the sea is marvellous, so big, so many colours, with huge unfolding breakers and an everlastingly folded

secret That's the charm here the folded secret This would be a lovely country if one wanted to *withdraw* from the world really It has a sustaining magic of its own Humanely speaking, of course, it just is *not*

Well I hope you and Achsah and the child are settled happily somewhere Frieda is sleeping after bathing When shall we meet next?

[P S] I should think we'll be in Europe next Spring

Have you found the tobacco shop yet? I shall be a queer old cove taking snuff by the time I get back to Europe

Achsah, the *clock* is our only time-piece, the green parrot with red beak stands like the Holy Ghost beside him, along with the red (Nuwara Eliya) candlestick, and the brass is quite dazzling We use your shell butter plate every day* and I find lovely shells here, and if only there was a jeweller he should make you hatpins and buttons out of them Frieda doesn't finish her Buddha embroidery because she housewifes Your little black embroidered *Greek* bag, given in Capri, also hangs on a nail for ornament – It's a pretty room – and big, big as Ardnaree's big room Pity you can't come to tea We bake good cakes and tarts, and eat them *all* ourselves Perhaps that's the most lovely feeling – eating all the cakes oneself

The living is quite cheap, once one is settled in, though things aren't cheap. except, of course, meat, of which you get huge joints thrown at you The apples *are* good but the orchards a disappointment as they don't let the trees grow taller than man-high, so they can pick them easily – There are also oranges and lemons, but not like Sicily

Frieda is making herself a housedress of blue and black strips flannelette – so blue! Poor Achsah

I have had moments of *Heimweh* for Europe – and for the *glamour* of Ceylon But in truth I sit easier in my skin here than anywhere The sea is extraordinary good company, especially when you have firm sands to walk on

To Catherine Carswell, from Wyewurk, Thirroul, 22 June 1922

My dear Catherine *Camomile* came last week – reached me here – the very day I sent you a copy of the American *Aaron's Rod* I have read *Camomile*, and find it good slighter than *Open the Door*, but better made Myself I like that letter-diary form And I like it because of its drift

that one simply must stand out against the social world, even if one misses 'life' Much life they have to offer! Those Indian Civil Servants are the limit you should have seen them even in Ceylon conceit and imbecility No, she was well rid of her empty hero, and all he stands for tin cans It was sometimes very amusing, and really wonderfully well written I can see touches of Don (not John, Juan, nor Giovanni, thank goodness) here and there I hope it will be a success and that it will flourish without being trodden on

If you want to know what it is to feel the 'correct' social world fizzle to nothing, you should come to Australia It is a weird place In the *established* sense, it is socially nil Happy-go-lucky, don't-you-bother, we're-in-Australia But also there seems to be no inside life of any sort just a long lapse and drift A rather fascinating indifference, a *physical* indifference to what we call soul or spirit It's really a weird show The country has an extraordinary hoary, weird attraction As you get used to it, it seems so *old*, as if it had missed all this Semite-Egyptian-Indo-European vast era of history, and was coal age, the age of great ferns and mosses It hasn't got a consciousness – just none – too far back A strange effect it has on one Often I hate it like poison, then again it fascinates me, and the spell of its indifference gets me I can't quite explain it as if one resolved back almost to the plant kingdom, before souls, spirits and minds were grown at all only quite a live, energetic body with a weird face

The house is an awfully nice bungalow with one *big* room and 3 small bedrooms, then kitchen and wash-house – and a plot of grass – and a low bushy cliff, hardly more than a bank – and the sand and the sea The Pacific is a lovely ocean, but my! how booming, crashingly noisy as a rule Today for the first time it only splashes and rushes, instead of exploding and roaring. We bathe by ourselves – and run in and stand under the showerbath to wash the *very* sea-ey water off The house costs 30/- a week, and living about as much as England only meat cheap

We think of sailing on 10th August via Wellington and Tahiti to San Francisco – land on 4th September Then go to Taos Write to me c/o Mrs Mabel Dodge Sterne, Taos, New Mexico, U S A I am doing a novel here – half done it – funny sort of novel where nothing happens and such a lot of things *should* happen. scene Australia Frieda loves it here But Australia would be a lovely country to lose the world in

altogether I'll go round it once more – the world – and if ever I get back here I'll stay I hope the boy is well, and Don flourishing, and you as happy as possible

To S S Koteliansky, from Wyewurk, Thurroul, 9 July 1922

My dear Kot I had your letter, and the Bunin book next day But not the Mrs Tolstoi reminiscences

What a pretty cover Bunin has! But the tales are not very good 'Gentleman' is much the best Some of Woolf's sentences take a bit of reading Look at the last sentence on p 71

You should have had *Sea and Sardina* and *Aaron's Rod* by now unless Martin Secker is playing me dodges and not sending out the presentation copies as I asked – I shall be able to read this famous *Ulysses* when I get to America I doubt he's a trickster

We still propose sailing on August 10th by the *Tahiti*, to San Francisco arrive Sept 4th Send me a line and tell me all the happenings I heard from a friend in Paris that the Bunin book was noticed in the *Times* What was the notice like? I had Cath Carswell's *Camomile* here slight, but good, I thought What are the notices of that? – By the way, don't you think Secker ought to try that *Shestov* again now? You press him about it, and I'll write him too It would certainly sell some now

I have nearly finished my novel here – but such a novel! Even the *Ulysseans* will spit at it

There is a great fascination in Australia But for the remains of a fighting Conscience, I would stay One can be so absolutely indifferent to the world one has been previously condemned to It is rather like falling out of a picture and finding oneself on the floor, with all the gods and men left behind in the picture If I stayed here six months I should have to stay for ever – there is something so remote and far off and utterly indifferent to our European world, in the very air I should go a bit further away from Sydney, and go 'bush' – We don't know one single soul – not a soul comes to the house And I can't tell you how I like it I could live like that for ever and drop writing even a letter sort of come undone from everything But my conscience tells me not yet So we go to the States – to stay as long as we feel like it But to England I do not want to return – Though no, I don't think you flatter me I do

think I've got more in me than all those fluttering people, good and bad, in London. But they are *antipatico*. They are distasteful to me.

Write me a line, c/o Mountsier – or else just to Taos New Mexico, U S A

Greet Grisha and Sonya and the tall Ghita, and starve Fox for one day, for my sake

Lawrence and Koteliansky had translated the title story of Ivan Bunn's *The Gentleman from San Francisco and Other Stories* (Koteliansky translated the other three with Leonard Woolf), the *Ulysseans* who would spit at *Kangaroo* are of course the admirers of Joyce

To Mary Cannan, from R M S Tahiti, 31 August 1922

My dear Mary. Well here we are after 21 days on board this ship – everybody getting very nervy and on edge. We were a day at Rarotonga and two days at Tahiti – very pretty to look at, but I didn't want to stay, not one bit. Papeete is a poor sort of place, mostly Chinese, natives in European clothes, and fat. We motored out – again beautiful to look at, but I never want to *stay* in the tropics. There is a sort of sickness about them, smell of cocoa-nut oil and sort of palm-tree, reptile nausea. But lovely flowers, especially Rarotonga. These are supposed to be the earthly paradises – these South Sea Isles. You can have 'em.

We get to San Francisco on Monday morning, and I shall be glad. We're about 60 passengers in the first saloon – mostly quite nice, but one simply aches to be alone, away from them all. Imagine 25 days confined with 60 Australians, New Zealanders, Americans, and French – never able to get away from them. You'd simply hate it. To be alone, and to be still, is always one of the greatest blessings. The more one sees of people, the more one feels it isn't worth while. Better sit quite still in one's own room, and possess one's own soul. Travel seems to me a splendid lesson in disillusion – chiefly that. We've had always beautiful weather, smooth seas, have neither of us ever felt ill – only ship-weary, one gets. At Tahiti we took on a crowd of cinema people who have been making a film *Captain Blackbird*. They are rather like successful shop-girls, and the men like any sort of men at the sea-side. Utterly undistinguished. That's how it all is – so undistinguished, so common.

I wonder how long we shall stay in America. Thank heaven Mountsier sold me a story for \$1000 so I can come on if I want. Thank heaven it

won't be New York I expect we shall stay a few days in San Francisco, and perhaps look at the Yosemite Valley But you can believe that sights don't mean much to me Thank heaven Taos is a tiny village

I feel almost sure we shall come on to England in the spring Then we shall see you So far, I like Taormina as well as anything I have seen we may go back there But after shifting so much one just longs to sit still in some remote place of one's own Nothing so uninspiring as one of these ships F sends love – shall look for a letter from you.

*To Mabel Dodge Luhan, from the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Calif,
'Monday' [4 September 1922]*

Dear Mabel Dodge I had your letter and telegram on board – sounds perfectly lovely – very many thanks The General Post Office is shut today [Labour Day] so I can't get the other letter till tomorrow And I can't telegraph you our day for arrival in Lamy because once more, like an ass, I spent all my money and arrive here with less than \$20, so must wait till Mountsier wires me some I have telegraphed to him already There is money in the bank

I think we shall leave Thursday – perhaps even Wednesday I thought of stopping off at Yosemite Valley but feel – Oh damn scenery So intend to come straight to Lamy

Shall telegraph you immediately I am fixed up – tomorrow, I fondly hope And we ought to be with you by Saturday It sounds all so delightful

Tante belle còse de noi due

*To Baroness von Richthofen, from Palace Hotel, San Francisco, 5 September
1922*

Dear Mother-in-law We arrived yesterday, the journey good all the way Now we sit in the Palace Hotel, the first hotel of San Francisco It was first a hut with a corrugated iron roof, where the ox-wagons unhitched Now a big building, with post and shops in it, like a small town in itself is expensive, but for a day or two it doesn't matter We were twenty-five days at sea and are still landsick – the floor ought to go up and down, the room ought to tremble from the engines, the water

ought to swish around but doesn't, so one is landsick The solid ground almost hurts We have many ship's friends here, are still a jolly company

I think we shall go to Taos Thursday or Friday two days by train, a thousand miles by car We have such nice letters and telegrams from Mabel Dodge and Mountsier Mabel says 'From San Francisco you are my guests, so I send you the railway tickets' – so American! Everybody is very nice All is comfortable, comfortable, comfortable – I really hate this mechanical comfort

I send you thirty dollars – I have no English cheques – till I arrive in Taos I will send you English money, with the rise of the *valùta* Does Else need any money? I don't know how much I've got, but our life in Taos will cost little – rent free and wood free Keep well, mother-in-law I wait for news from you

[From the German]

To S S Koteliansky, from Taos, New Mexico, 18 September 1922

My dear Kot I have your letter We arrived in Taos from San Francisco on the 11th – but Mabel Sterne immediately sent me motoring off to an Apache gathering 120 miles away across desert and through cañons Weird to see these Red Indians – the Apaches are not very *sympatish*, but their camp, tents, horses, lake – very picturesque This is high tableland desert country, 6000 ft up and then mountains near – Mabel Sterne, who is a rich American woman, lends us this new and very charming adobe house which she built for us because she wants me to write this country up God knows if I shall America is more or less as I expected shove or be shoved But still it has a bigness, a sense of space, and a certain sense of rough freedom, which I like I dread the petty-fogging narrowness of England Still, I think to come on in the spring It is still hot, sunny here, like summer

I am so sorry you are ill and forlorn in the cave I wish you could come out

If Secker hasn't sent you a copy of *Aaron*, it is because he is a nasty little fellow – I think the book sells pretty well here Seltzer had a 'suppression' trial – *Women in Love*, and Schmitzler and *Young Girl's Diary* – and he won with triumph So he telegraphs I believe I have got £500, in the bank, so if you want any, I hope you'll say Say if you are

hard up I have taken money from you and not felt in any way constrained, so surely you can do the same with me – I am paying back at last the little bit that Eddie Marsh and Ottoline once gave me, so long ago – If you are short of money, just say ‘yes, I am hard up’

I will write again very soon Letters should not take more than a fortnight now This is not so far away but 30 miles from the railway, over the desert

Hang on, and don’t let them get you under

The Schnitzler novel was *Casanova’s Homecoming, A Young Girl’s Diary*, translated from the German, was prefaced by Freud

To E M Forster, from Taos, 20 September 1922

Dear E M We got here last week from San Francisco – from Sydney – Found your letter Yes, I think of you – of your saying to me, on top of the downs in Sussex – ‘How do you know I’m not dead?’ Well, you can’t be dead, since here’s your script But think you *did* make a nearly deadly mistake glorifying those *business* people in *Howards End* Business is no good

Do send me anything you publish, and I’ll order Seltzer to send you two of my books which are only published here – one appearing just now

Taos is a tiny place, 30 miles from the railway, high up – 6000 ft – in the desert I feel a great stranger, but have got used to that feeling, and prefer it to feeling ‘homely’ After all, one is a stranger, nowhere so hopelessly as at home

I think we shall stay here the winter, so when you feel moved to it, write again Frieda sitting on an iron-grey pony jogging through the sagebrush still, out of her qualms, spoke of you and Brahma I didn’t care *at all* for Buddha *Sono morti della vera morte, quelle persone – Saluti buoni*

[P S.] I’ve just come back from motoring five days into the Apache country, to an Apache feast These are Red Indians – so different – yet a bit Chinesey I haven’t got the hang of them yet Here is a *pueblo* of the grain-growing Indians

Tell Leonard Woolf he might like to publish my translation of Giovanni Verga’s *Novelle Rusticane*, if he asks Curtis Brown for it

To Rachel Annand Taylor, from Las Cruces, Taos, 21 September 1922

Dear Rachel Annand Taylor Of course I remember you – and ‘Where are the knights that rode away’ – and a frail little dinner-party where the china seemed to crack if one spoke aloud Of course I remember also *Fiammetta* –

We know their roses and their rods –

Thank you anyhow for the Edinburgh prize though I realize you awarded it with misgiving You have died so many times, and each time *Fiammetta* appears a frailer, subtler flame As for me, deaths leave me only more aggressive So there you are – an *ignis fatuus* – and there am I bellowing in the mud of the marsh It gets us differently Why yes, I think I see the frail flame of your laughter at *Tortoises* In the light of that flame it is to me too a good comic

But I won’t mention the life-urge any more And I wish you safe anchorage still in the world, tenuous though the threads may be

Mrs Taylor had been instrumental in having the James Tait Black Memorial Prize awarded to Lawrence’s *The Lost Girl*, *Fiammetta* refers to her own volume, *The Hours of Fiammetta*

To E H Brewster, from Taos, 22 September 1922

Dear Earl I found your letter, and Achsah’s here Glad you liked *Aaron*

Well, we are in the Home of the Brave and the Land of the Free It’s free enough out here, if freedom means that there isn’t anything in life except moving *ad lib* on foot, horse, or motor-car, across deserts and through canyons It is just the life outside, and the outside of life Not *really* life, in my opinion

But you should see me, in your white riding breeches, a blue shirt, a cow-boy hat, and your white tie, trotting on a bay pony with an Indian, across to the Pueblo. Frieda too It is very sunny indeed The Indian Pueblo is still, earth-brown, and in a soft, sun-soaked way aboriginal I like it. But it is like looking from the top of a hill way back down to a village one has left and forgotten: a bit *écoeurant* I am of course a great stranger here And I feel there is a curious grudge, or resentment against everything almost in the very soil itself

The house is a very smart adobe cottage Mabel Sterne built for our coming built in native style

[sketch]

It is just one story high, has four rooms and a kitchen, and is furnished with a good deal of 'taste' in simple Indian or home-made furniture and Mexican or Navajo rugs nice The drawback is, of course, living under the wing of the '*padrona*' She is generous and nice – but still, I don't feel free I can't breathe my own air and go my own little way What you dislike in America seems to me really dislikeable everybody seems to be trying to enforce his, or her, *will*, and trying to see how much the other person or persons will let themselves be overcome Of course the *will* is benevolent, kind, and all that, but none the less it is other people's will being put on me like a pressure I dislike that and I despise it People must be very insufficient and weak, wanting, inside themselves, if they find it necessary to stress themselves on every occasion *Mancano troppo* They are, it seems to me, short of something vital in their own souls

I don't know how long I shall stick it probably, as a sort of lesson to myself, until the spring Then I shall come away But if I dislike it *too* much, I shall leave as soon as I decide that it is too much The sun, the free desert, the absence of Europe's stiflingness – that is good But this absurd will-pressure and the sense of a host of people, who must all have an inferiority complex somewhere, striving to make good over everybody else, this is only ignominious, it seems to me

Seltzer had a case the 'Vice' people tried to suppress *Women in Love* and other books Seltzer won completely, and is now claiming \$10,000 damages

I expect to receive copies of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* before the end of the month Of course I shall send you one

Tell me where you are now Many greetings to Achsah and the child – she will soon be a *Mademoiselle*

To Harriet Monroe, from Taos, 23 September 1922

Dear Harriet Monroe Well, here we are in the fair middle of the New World feeling a bit strange so far, but getting used to it The desert is

yellowish, and Taos mountain soft and unwilling, as I sit here and look at it Like an unwilling woman I should say, wouldn't you, the most unwilling woman in the world is Thais far more unwilling than Cassandra The one woman who *never* gives herself is your free woman, who is always giving herself America affects me like that

Alice Corbin [Henderson] came here along with us I like her very much But her mouth talks of freedom and her eyes ask only to have freedom taken away, *such* freedom The Land of the Free Thank God I am not free, any more than a rooted tree is free

I am glad you publish 'Turkey Cock' and 'Evening Land' 'Turkey Cock' is one of my favourites

When we come eastwards, I hope we shall see you Meanwhile – *Ave!*

Alice Corbin was a poet and editor connected with Harriet Monroe's magazine, *Poetry*.

To Mary Cannan, from Taos, 27 September 1922

My dear Mary Your letter of Aug 2nd came on today – why the devil Seltzer was so long forwarding it, I don't know

We got here on the 11th San Francisco was not unpleasant – in fact quite pleasant – but it made no great impression on me Here we have a very pretty 'adobe' house, just on the edge of the Indian Reservation Mabel Sterne built it for us this summer It is furnished very prettily, with Mexican rugs and blankets and mostly village-made furniture It looks very nice The big house is about 200 yards away – an adobe pile. I don't much like being on the grounds of a *padrona* but Mabel Sterne is quite generous and we do just as we please – Just behind the house is a brook with trees and in front, the *desert*, covered with grey, yellow-flowering sage bushes – and about four miles away, the mountains, standing heavy on the plain It is beautiful enough and we are 7000 ft above the sea But the sun is still very hot during the day, the nights coldish Three miles off is the *pueblo*, the Indian village. a queer place Mabel Sterne has with her one of the Indians – Toni – a big fellow – nice – they have been together several years We are kept busy – being driven out in the car over the desert to wild places – on Monday we went right into the Rocky Mountains, which are beautiful, the aspens gold as daffodils And then we are learning to ride horseback Almost every day one of

the Indians comes with the horses, and we ride over to the *pueblo*, and round the desert It is great fun, if a bit tiring – This weekend the Taos Indians have their *festa*, and the Indians come from many miles around I drove in the motor two days to the Apache country, to the Apache *festa* – So you see us really in America on the go

Whether I *really* like it is another matter It is all an experience But one's heart is never touched at all – neither by landscape, Indians, or Americans Perhaps that is better so Time, I suppose, that one left off feeling, and merely began to register – Here, I register

I have written you various letters, which I hope you got Barrie and C A – well, I suppose they must both have substitutes, and money is a fine cement Thank you so much for saying I could borrow from you Now, thank goodness, I believe I have even got £500 in hand, so am even in a position to lend, instead of borrowing

We shall probably stay in America all winter – here or elsewhere – but in the spring I want to come to England I even begin to get a bit homesick for England, though I still feel angry against it I plan to come in the month of April

I hope you enjoy your trip to Venice and Lucca Tell me what Italy is like now My heart still turns most readily to Italy – That beastly Banca di Sconto! What a mercy you were out of it as much as you were – As for Gilbert, he has lapsed into the land of ghosts, in my soul

Remember me to everybody And believe me, travel is a great weariness, as well as an excitement – F sends love

'C A' Lady Cynthia Asquith, secretary to Mary Cannan's former husband, Sir James Barrie

To Else Jaffe, from Taos, 27 September 1922

My dear Else Well, here we are in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave But both freedom and bravery need defining The Eros book came, and I shall read it as soon as we get breathing space Even though we are in the desert, in the sleepy land of the Mexican, we gasp on the breath of hurry.

We have got a very charming adobe house on the edge of the Indian Reservation – very smartly furnished with Indian village-made furniture and Mexican and Navajo rugs, and old European pottery

Behind runs a brook – in front the desert, a level little plain all grey, white-grey sage brush, in yellow flower – and from this plain rise the first Rocky Mountains, heavy and solid. We are seven thousand feet above the sea – in a light, clear air.

The sun by day is hot, night is chilly. At the foot of the sacred Taos Mountain, three miles off, the Indians have their *pueblo*, like a pile of earth-coloured cube-boxes in a heap – two piles rather, one on one side of the stream, one on the other. The stream waters the little valley, and they grow corn and maize, by irrigation. This *pueblo* owns four square miles of land. They are nearer the Aztec type of Indian – not like Apaches, whom I motored last week to see – far over these high, sage-brush deserts and through canyons.

These Indians are soft-spoken, pleasant enough – the young ones come to dance to the drum – very funny and strange. They are Catholics, but still keep the old religion, making the weather and shaping the year – all very secret and important to them. They are naturally secretive, and have their backs set against our form of civilization. Yet it rises against them. In the *pueblo* they have mowing machines and threshing machines, and American schools, and the young men no longer care so much for the sacred dances.

And after all, if we have to go ahead, we must ourselves go ahead. We can go back and pick up some threads – but these Indians are up against a dead wall, even more than we are – but a different wall.

Mabel Sterne is very nice to us – though I hate living on somebody else's property and accepting their kindnesses. She very much wants me to write about here. I don't know if I ever shall. Because though it is so open, so big, free, empty, and even aboriginal – still it has a sort of shutting-out quality, obstinate.

Everything in America goes by *will*. A great negative *will* seems to be turned against all spontaneous life – there seems to be no *feeling* at all – no genuine bowels of compassion and sympathy – all this gripped, iron, *benevolent* will, which in the end is diabolic. How can one write about it, save analytically?

Frieda, like you, always secretly hankered after America and its freedom – its very freedom *not* to feel. But now she is just beginning to taste the iron ugliness of what it means, to live by will *against* the spontaneous inner life, superimposing the individual, egoistic will over

the real genuine sacred life Of course I know you will jeer when I say there is any such thing as sacred spontaneous life, with its pride and its sacred power I know you too believe in the screwed-up human will *dominating* life But I don't And that's why I think America is neither free nor brave, but a land of tight, iron-clanking little *wills*, everybody trying to put it over everybody else, and a land of men absolutely devoid of the real courage of trust, trust in life's sacred spontaneity They can't trust life until they can *control* it So much for them – cowards! You can have the Land of the Free – as much as I know of it In the spring I want to come back to Europe

I send you ten pounds to spend for the children – since you suffer from the exchange I hope in this little tiffle you can profit by it F sends her love

[P S] If you want winter clothing, or underclothing, for the children or yourself or Alfred, write to my sister, Mrs L A Clarke, Grosvenor Rd, Ripley near Derby – tell her just what you want, and she will send it I shall pay her – I have told her you will write – so don't hesitate

To Catherine Carswell, from Taos, 29 September 1922

My dear Catherine Your letter from the Tinner's Arms came last night I always think Cornwall has a lot to give one But Zennor sounds too much changed

Taos, in its way, is rather thrilling We have got a *very* pretty adobe house, with furniture made in the village, and Mexican and Navajo rugs, and some lovely pots It stands just on the edge of the Indian reservation a brook behind, with trees in front, the so-called desert, rather like a moor but covered with whitish-grey sage-brush, flowering yellow now some 5 miles away the mountains rise On the north – we face east – Taos mountain, the sacred mt of the Indians, sits massive on the plain – some 8 miles away The *pueblo* is towards the foot of the mt, 3 miles off a big, adobe *pueblo* on each side of the brook, like two great heaps of earthen boxes, cubes There the Indians all live together. They are *pueblos* – these houses were here before the Conquest – very old and they grow grain and have cattle, on the lands bordering the brook, which they can irrigate We drive across these 'deserts' – white sage-scrub and dark green pinon scrub on the slopes On Monday we went up a canyon into the

Rockies to a deserted gold mine The aspens are yellow and lovely We have a pretty busy time, too I have already learnt to ride one of these Indian ponies, with a Mexican saddle Like it so much We gallop off to the *pueblo* or up to one of the canyons Frieda is learning too Last night the young Indians came down to dance in the studio, with two drums and we all joined in It is fun and queer The Indians are much more remote than Negroes This weekend is the great dance at the *pueblo*, and the Apaches and Navajos come in wagons and on horseback, and the Mexicans troop to Taos village Taos village is a Mexican sort of plaza – *piazza* – with trees and shops and horses tied up It lies one mile to the south of us so four miles from the *pueblo* We see little of Taos itself There are some American artists, sort of colony but not much in contact The days are hot sunshine noon very hot, especially riding home across the open Night is cold In winter it snows, because we are 7000 feet above sea-level But as yet one thinks of midsummer We are about 30 miles from the tiny railway station but we motored 100 miles from the main line.

Well, I'm afraid it will all sound very fascinating if you are just feeling cooped up in London I don't want you to feel envious Perhaps it is necessary for me to try these places, perhaps it is my destiny to know the world It only excites the outside of me The inside it leaves more isolated and stoic than ever That's how it is It is all a form of running away from oneself and the great problems all this wild west and the strange Australia But I try to keep quite clear One forms not the faintest inward attachment, especially here in America America lives by a sort of egoistic *will*, shove and be shoved Well, one can stand up to that too but one is quite, quite cold inside No illusion I will not shove, and I will not be shoved *Sono io!*

In the spring I think I want to come to England But I feel England has insulted me, and I stomach that feeling badly *Però, son sempre inglese* Remember, if you were here you'd only be hardening your heart and stiffening your neck – it is either that or be walked over, in America [P S] In my opinion a 'gentle' life with John Patrick and Don, and a gentle faith in life itself, is far better than these women in breeches and riding-boots and sombreros, and money and motor-cars and wild west It is all inwardly a hard stone and nothingness Only the desert has a fascination – to ride alone – in the sun in the for ever unpossessed country

– away from man That is a great temptation, because one rather hates mankind nowadays. But *pazienza, sempre pazienza*! I am learning Spanish slowly, too.

To Mabel Dodge Luhan (at) Taos, Autumn 1922

So you are *mise en scène* Now I want

- 1 The meeting with Maurice
- 2 John, M and You in Santa Fe
- 3 How you felt as you drove to Taos
- 4 What you *wanted* here before you came
- 5 First days at Taos
- 6 First sight of *Pueblo*
- 7 First words with Tony
- 8 Steps in developing intimacy with Tony
- 9 Expulsion of M
- 10 Fight with Tony's wife
- 11 Moving into your house

While away, if away long, *post* me the notes *Sempre pazienza*

You've got to remember also things you don't want to remember

Please write me a note about how it was when you met Maurice at Lamy, just how it felt You see this is the jumping off ground

You told me you wrote – sometimes during Maurice's 'reign,' a sort of story you thought was good I wish you could find that for me I might incorporate it, perhaps I might also, later, incorporate some poems of yours that you sent me – about Tony and being alone in a strange house at night before he came I've got that – Then, anyhow, would be your own indubitable voice heard sometimes

I don't want you to read my stuff till the end – it will spoil your view

I have done your 'train' episode and brought you to Lamy at 3 in the morning

This contains Lawrence's outline for the novel about Mrs Sterne's experiences from the time she met Maurice Sterne to her settling in at Taos and meeting Tony Luhan – a novel which was never written because Frieda ('I did not want this') continually interfered with the collaborators

Chère Jeunesse Many thanks for the Ben Hecht book I read it through But I'm sorry, it didn't thrill me a bit, neither the pictures nor the text It all seems so would-be Think of the malice, the sheer malice of a Beardsley drawing, the wit and the venom of the mockery These drawings are so completely without irony, so crass, so strained and so would-be It isn't that they've got anything to reveal at all That man's coition with a tree, for example There's nothing in it but the author's attempt to be startling Whereas if he wanted to be really wicked, he'd see that even a tree has its own daimon, and a man might lie with the daimon of a tree Beardsley saw these things But it takes imagination

The same with the text Really, Fantazius Mallare might mutilate himself, like a devotee of one of the early Christian sects, and hang his penis on his nose-end and a testicle under each ear, and definitely testify that way that he'd got such appendages, it wouldn't affect me. The word penis or testicle or vagina doesn't shock me Why should it? Surely I am a man enough to be able to think of my own organs with calm, even with indifference It isn't the names of things that bother me, nor even ideas about them I don't keep my passions, or reactions or even sensations *in my head* They stay down where they belong And really, Fantazius with his head full of copulation and committing *mental* fornication and sodomy every minute, is just as much a bore as any other tedious individual with a dominant idea One wants to say 'Ah, dirty little boy, leave yourself alone'

Which after all isn't prudery It's just because one has one's own genuine sexual experiences, and all these fingerings and naughty words and shocking little drawings only reveal the state of mind of a man who has *never* had any sincere, vital experience in sex, just as a little boy never has, and can't have had, so he's itching with a feeble curiosity and self-induced excitement Which is principally tedious because it shows a feeble, spunkless sort of state of things.

If Fantazius wasn't a frightened masturbator, he'd know that sex-contact with another individual meant a whole meeting, a contact between two alien natures, a grim *rencontre*, half battle and half delight always, and a sense of renewal and deeper being afterwards Fantazius is too feeble and weak-kneed for the fight, he runs away and chews his

fingers and tries to look important by posing as mad. Being too much of a wet-leg, as they say in England, nakedly to enter into the battle and embrace with woman.

The tragedy is, when you've got sex in your head, instead of down where it belongs, and when you have to go on copulating with your ears and your nose. It's such a confession of weakness, impotence. Poor Fantazius is sensually, if not technically, impotent, and the book should have for its sub-title *Relaxations for the Impotent*.

But there's the trouble, men have most of them got their sex in their head nowadays, and nowhere else. They start all their deeper reactions in their heads, and work themselves from the top downwards, which of course brings disgust, because you're only having yourself all the time, no matter what other individual you take as *machine-à-plaisir*, you're only taking yourself all the time.

Why don't you *jeunesse* let all the pus of festering sex out of your heads, and try to act from the original centres? The old, dark religions understood 'God enters from below,' said the Egyptians, and that's right. Why can't you darken your minds, and know that the great gods pulse in the dark, and enter you as darkness through the lower gates. Not through the head. Why don't you seek again the unknown and invisible gods who step sometimes into your arteries, and down the blood vessels to the phallos, to the vagina, and have strange meetings there? There are different dark gods, different passions. Hermes Ithyphallos has more than one road. The god of gods is unknowable, unutterable, but all the more terrible: and from the unutterable god step forth the mysteries of our prompting in different mysterious forms. call it Thoth, or Hermes, or Bacchus, or Horus, or Apollo. different promptings, different mysterious forms. But why don't you leave off your old white festerings in silence, and let a light fall over your mind and heal you? And turn again to the dark gods, which are the dark promptings and passion-motions inside you, and have reverence again and be grateful for life.

Fantazius Mallarc seems to me such a poor, impoverished, self-conscious specimen. Why should one be self-conscious and impoverished when one is young and the dark gods are at the gates?

You'll understand if you want to. Otherwise it's your own affair.

A note from Lawrence (Taos, 12 October 1922) says 'Dear Johnson, Publish the enclosed or not, as you like. Greet Bynner from me, and be greeted.' Johnson did

publish the letter, as a review of the Hecht book, in the fourth issue of *The Laughing Horse*, which had hitherto been published on the University of California campus, despite the use of blanks for the 'objectionable' words in Lawrence's letter, his contribution and Upton Sinclair's (part of *The Goose-Step*) involved the magazine in trouble, and after that it was published (irregularly) elsewhere

To Bessie Freeman, from Taos, 30 October 1922

Dear Bessie Freeman This is just a line to say how do you do, and where are you, and what are you up to We are here as usual thick in things even too thick It has been the Bursum Bill till we're sick of it I've done an article, Alice Corbin's done one, John Collier's done one The last named is still trotting on his reforming mission somewhere Zuñi way, we are supposed to go and meet him at San Domingo on Nov 5th, Sunday, where all the elders from all the *pueblos* are to meet and have a Bursum Bill pow-wow M S [Mabel Sterne] is very keen on going Your old friend of the Apache trip is *not* keen He doesn't love a motor-car Besides, it has snowed these two days, and been so cold I have almost cried I shall *not* be traileed to Santo Domingo if it's like this

Tony is home had to abandon John Colly – as John Concha invariably says, in Sante Fe, because he, Tony, had such a toothache Fortunately it was better when he got home – Put 2 + 2 together

John Evans got back from Wyoming last night, having motored 1,000,000 [sic] miles since Wednesday – in his new car He now wants to marry young Alice [Henderson] in 4 weeks' time, and take her to the Buffalo grandmother's for January 4th, when my young gentleman comes of age Whether this speed will be allowed him, remains to be seen – Alice Corbin here, and leaves tomorrow, full of admiration, etc, for Mabel, but a little worried in her maternal self, the young Alice being not yet 16 – Lee Witt didn't go home to Nina for a fortnight went instead to his Mexican woman and had influenza with her Nina infuriated, pondered a divorce He growing tenderer, said if Mrs Berry went he'd come home Mrs Berry went, he came home, cried, Nina's heart melted in her, the divorce is postponed.

No no, no more gossip We still ride: on Sunday through the snow up Glorietta very lovely too My little pony quite likes me and Gran'fer is wedded to Frieda, and nearly hangs himself upon the barbed wire when she won't ride, and we trot off alone I always think of you as my

first riding companion and my first Indian mate You'll see yourself
in my 'Pueblos and an Englishman' article if ever anybody publishes it
We never thanked you for the newspapers but we do
When shall we see you again?
Ugh, I don't like this cold weather
How is your Paul?
Many greetings from us both

Bessie Wilkerson Freeman was a friend of Mrs Sterne's from Buffalo who, with Tony Luhan, accompanied Lawrence on his first visit to the Indian dances, John Collier is the anthropologist who later became U S Commissioner of Indian Affairs, John Evans is the son of Mabel Evans Dodge Sterne, who married the daughter of the poet and editor Alice Corbin Henderson, Lee Witt was a local sawmill operator whose wife Nina was a friend of Mrs Sterne's from Buffalo

To Bessie Freeman, from Taos, 'Tuesday' [?31 October 1922]

Dear Bessie Freeman I wrote you yesterday, not knowing Mabel had telegraphed to you Today we have been up to John's ranch – about 20 miles from here It was so lonely and rather free, far more so than here Frieda wants to go and live there We'll try it first for a week, because it will be colder But I think we shall do it – and try to make a *real* life there It is much more splendid, more *real*, there, than here You must come and see how you'd like it

Mabel says you want to sell your Los Angeles home Sell it Sell it before you come here, if you can or put it in an agent's hands Then come, and let us plan a new life I was thinking you might want to take up the next 'homestead' lot to us, and have your house and Mabel would take up another lot adjoining And the rule would be, no *servants* we'd all work our own work No highbrows and weariness of stunts We might make a central farm Make it all real This is too unreal for me

There's the idea, anyhow – if it attracts you, we can talk more about it
So no more till I see you

This letter refers to the Lawrences' first visit to Mrs Sterne's son's ranch, which Mrs Sterne-Luhan later presented to them

To S S Kotelhansky, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, New Mexico
4 December 1922

My dear Kot I have been waiting for an answer from you to my last letter I asked you to send to Mountsier a copy of each of the *Signatures*; if you still had any Why this non-answering I hope you're not downright ill at last That cave! You ought to be out of it

You see we've moved. Too much Mabel Sterne at Taos This is only 17 miles away – but another world The last foothills of the Rocky Mts – forest and snow mountains behind – and below, the desert, with other mountains very far off, west It is fine We have an old 5-room log cabin – and chop down our trees and have big fires It is rough, but very agreeable Then we ride horseback when we have time I feel very different

America makes one feel hard – would make one feel bitter, if one were not too old for bitterness

I asked Seltzer to send you a copy of *England, My England*, short stories I won't send you *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, that would bore you. And you must be sick of books, anyhow

I'll send a word to Katherine, via you Perhaps Anyway greet her for me

I intend to stay here till March or April if I don't move before Seltzer is coming at Christmas to see me Oh God! – I am repeatedly invited to go East and lecture I might be a rich man But shoulder to shoulder with Gilly [Cannan? Chesterton?] and Hughie Walpole, no I won't go.

I still think to come to England in the spring What is happening in the world? We never see a newspaper – save the *Denver Post*, which is all Headlines and Murder. I know nothing What is going to happen? Anything? I dreamed that Albert Stopford came to see me and told me that something big, very big, was imminent like another war Dreams! I don't care anyhow

Do you remember the Christmas in Bucks? – a cycle seems to have revolved since then, and come back somewhat to the same place I feel a *bit* like I felt in Bucks Rananim!

Well, be well. God knows what a state you're in Are you fat, fox-like?

Many greetings to Sonia and Ghita and Grisha

My dear Mother-in-law You see, we have flown again, but not far – only twenty-five *kilometres*, and here we are in an old log-house with five rooms, very primitive, on this big ranch Behind, the Rocky Mountains, pines and snow-peaks, around us the hills – pine trees, cedars, greasewood, and a small grey bush of the desert Below, the desert, great and flat like a shadowy lake, very wide And in the distance more mountains, with small patches of snow – and the sunsets! Now you see the picture

The Hawk family live five minutes from here, then no houses for four *kilometres* Behind, no house for three hundred *kilometres* or more Few people, an empty, very beautiful country

We have hewn down a great balsam pine and cut it to pieces – like a quarry – the gold wood

We have for companions two young Danes, painters they will go into a little three-room cabin nearby Our nearest neighbour, Hawk, is a young man, thirty years old, has a hundred and fifty half-wild animals, a young wife, is nice, not rich

You have asked about Mabel Dodge American, rich, only child, from Buffalo on Lake Erie, banker, forty-two years old, has had three husbands – one Evans (dead), one Dodge (divorced), and one Maurice Sterne (a Jew, Russian, painter, young, also divorced) Now she has an Indian, Tony, a stout chap She has lived much in Europe – Paris, Nice, Florence – is a little famous in New York and little loved, very intelligent as a woman, another ‘culture-carrier,’ likes to play the patroness, hates the white world and loves the Indian out of hate, is very ‘generous,’ wants to be ‘good’ and is very wicked, has a terrible will-to-power, you know – she wants to be a witch and at the same time a Mary of Bethany at Jesus’s feet – a big, white crow, a cooing raven of ill-omen, a little buffalo

The people in America all want power, but a small, personal base power bullying They are all bullies

Listen, Germany, America is the greatest bully the world has ever seen Power is proud But bullying is democratic and base

Basta, we are still ‘friends’ with Mabel But do not take this snake to our bosom You know, these people have only money, nothing else

but money, and because all the world wants money, all the money, America has become strong, proud and over-powerful

If one would only say 'America, your money is shit, go and shit [no?] more' – then America would be a nothing
[From the German]

The 'two young Danes' were Knud Merrild and Kai Gótzsche, when the last sentence of this letter was taken over from the German, the *no* – without which the sentence has no meaning – was apparently lost. Or so it seems

To Bessie Freeman, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 15 December 1922

Dear Bessie Freeman You see we have moved Mabel was too near a neighbour We have come to the Hawks' ranch – next to John Evans' ranch – about 17 miles from Taos have an old brown log cabin, and are very comfortable We plan to stay till April, so perhaps you'll be through with your houseselling by then Perhaps it is true, you shouldn't part with your own chippendale if it's a comfort for you to have it. Perhaps we shall see you

We have no particular news are going down to Taos on the 24th, and staying a day or two with Mrs Harwood – you remember, from whose house I turned back one morning Thomas Seltzer and his wife are due to arrive in Taos on the 25th – my publisher – then we shall come on here Mabel will be full with a wedding and Christmas lot not my line at all John Evans marries the young Alice Henderson on the 20th of this month She is fifteen years old And he will be 21 in January But I don't care for him a very untrustworthy youth, seems to me I'm glad to be out of it all The young couple will live in our (Tony's) house – and proceed east to the grandmother's for his coming of age At least, such is the programme All the same to me – Dear Bessie Freeman, I must tell you I don't like Mabel very much *Elle me parait fausse La strega*

We have quite a good time here cut down a big tree and with great exertions sawed it and split it up Ah oh, it burns away so fast in all the fires. I think grudgingly when I see the red embers all my labour gone into smoke! But it was a sweet balsam pine tree, very bright in the burning. We struggle with pack-rats and pigs and cats We've got one of Lorraine's little black pups that is now growing up into a young terma-gant We go riding I on a high sorrel thoroughbred that nearly splits

me as I split my logs with wedges – In a 3-room cabin are two young Danes, painters, nice good neighbours And Mountsier is coming next week Snow is quite deep round us but no snow on the desert below The coyotes howl by the gate

You know Sarah Higgins has left Victor – pro tem at least – and gone to New York Suppose she thinks she can bring down bigger game. Doubt it She has taken the baby He is growing a beard and being a lost soul Nina Witt says she's going to England in Jan, Lee Witt having been badly defeated in politics, nose out of joint Nina to study some sort of co-ordination healing stunt under some doctor in London Wish her joy of it The Gaspards have gone, he in tears, for his lost years, apparently lost something

Did you get the copy of *England, My England* I sent you? – long ago? I know quite a lot of Spanish out of the little red book

We say we are going to *Greenland* in the summer Are we?

This is to wish you a happy Christmas, from us both

To Catherine Carswell, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 17 December 1922

My dear Catherine This is late for Christmas But I ordered you a copy of *England, My England*, which I hope you get in time

You see, we have made a little move – only 17 miles. Taos too much Mabel Sterne and suppers and motor drives and people dropping in This is, materially, very fine We have an old 5-room log cabin on this big wild ranch on the Rocky foothills – the snow mountains behind – a vast landscape below, vast, desert, and then more mountains west, far off in Arizona, a skyline Very beautiful Trees all behind – and snow The ranch people don't do much – they are educated people – more or less – only three of them now – young man and wife, and his sister – name Hawk Very nice and kind – live in house three minutes below – have about 125 head of cattle – and ranch 1500 acres – but mostly wild. The coyotes come down howling at evening We've got two young Danish artists in a tiny log cabin – they came along with us – and we all chop down trees for our burning, and go off riding together Altogether it is ideal, according to one's ideas But *innerlich*, there is nothing It seems to me, in America, for the inside life, there is just blank nothing All this outside life – and marvellous country – and it all means so little to

one I don't quite know what it is one wants because the ordinary society and 'talk' in Europe are weary enough But there is no inside life throb here – none – all empty – people inside dead, outside bustling (sometimes) Anyhow, dead and always on the move Truly, I prefer Europe Liberty – space – deadness I'm expecting Thomas Seltzer and wife for Christmas – we go to Taos – also Mountsier There will be an Indian dance at the pueblo – but the Indians are very American – no inside life Money and moving about – nothing more I suppose we'll stay another three months here – then come east – come to Europe – perhaps via Greenland I know now I don't want to live anywhere very long But I belong to Europe Though not to England I think I should like to go to Russia in the summer After America, it appeals to me No money there (they say) When you write to poor Ivy, ask her how it would be for me and Frieda to spend a few months in Russia – even a year I feel drawn that way. Am not writing here *Kangaroo* is due for February I seem to have a fair sale over here – *Women in Love* going now into 15,000 Why do they read me? But anyhow, they *do* read me – which is more than England does

Very many greetings from us both

To J M Murry, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 30 December 1922

Dear Jack I had your letter yesterday Heaven knows what we all are, and how we should feel if we met, now that we are changed We'll have to meet and see I think of coming to England in the late spring or early summer perhaps go down to Mexico City and sail from Vera Cruz. The longer I am in America, the less I want to go east, to Chicago, Boston, or New York Don't mind evading them, even if it is a mere evasion Thomas Seltzer and wife are here he's a nice tiny man, I think I trust him, really

It is good fun on this ranch – quite wild – Rocky Mts – desert with Rio Grande Canyon away spreading below – great and really beautiful landscape – looking far, far west We ride off to the Rio Grande to the hot springs, and bathe – and we chop wood and wagon it in, and all that But there's no inside to the life all outside. I don't believe there ever will be any inside to American life – they seem so dead – till they are all destroyed.

Greet Katherine and I hope she is well in Fontainebleau where the kings used to be 'In *my* country we're *all* kings and queens,' said Mrs Ashby, American woman, to the Duca's sister, in Taormina And by Jove they are – of their own muckheaps, of money, if nothing else *Mizpah!*

1923

In March, the Lawrences leave for Mexico City. During that month, the volume of three novellas, *The Ladybird*, is published in London (called *The Captain's Doll* for its New York publication, also in March). While in Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico (April-July), Lawrence works on his novel *The Plumed Serpent*. He is in New York in August when *Studies in Classic American Literature* is published. In the fall, *Kangaroo* and *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* make their appearance. At that time Lawrence (while Frieda is in Europe) goes from Los Angeles down the west coast to Mexico, working on the Australian manuscript, Mollie L. Skinner's *The House of Ellis*, which as co-author he touches up and rechristens as *The Boy in the Bush*. In November Lawrence leaves Mexico for England, where by the first week in December he is reunited with Frieda.

To Jan Juta, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, New Mexico,
'1 January 1922' [1923]

Dear Jan. I had your letter from Paris two days ago. Meant to write many times but had no address. Seltzer is here – with his wife. He is a tiny Jew, but trustworthy, seems to me. I still don't understand about English *Sea and Sardinia* – God knows what these publishers do between them. Mountsier is due to arrive here this very evening. He will bring me a statement of sales. We both get some money for *Sea and Sardinia* but not a great deal. Still, it will be worth having. I will send you a cheque the moment I know what the sales are – or what Seltzer has paid in. – The Americans are like that – ask you to send them things and then they won't use them. *They are no more sympathetic at home than they are in Europe*. It's a barren country, humanly. Taos was nice – but so much artistic small beer – paint purely in terms of dollars. We have come to this wild ranch – only about 17 miles from Taos – live in an old

5-room log cabin, and chop down trees and ride away on horseback to the Rio Grande. Quite a good life, physically. It is very splendid landscape – Rocky Mountains behind, and a vast space of desert in front, with other mountains far west. Very fine indeed, the great space to live in. But humanly nothing. There are two Danes came along with us, two painters, live in a little log cabin. We have quite good times riding and working. I don't want to write here. I think of going in a few weeks' time down into Mexico – to Mexico City – don't know how long to stay, then to Europe in the summer. But nothing certain. Luckily *Women in Love* sells well, so I am not so poor.

I knew Alan [Insole] would go flat back to the dreary middle classes. Many greetings to René from us both. I heard from Burr in Vienna. We will meet again this summer. Many many good wishes for the New Year.

To J. M. Murry, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 2 February 1923

Dear Jack, I got your note just now, via Kot, about Katherine. Yes, it is something gone out of our lives. We thought of her, I can tell you, at Wellington. Did Ottoline ever send on the card to Katherine I posted from there for her? Yes, I always knew a bond in my heart. Feel a fear where the bond is broken now. Feel as if old moorings were breaking all. What is going to happen to us all? Perhaps it is good for Katherine not to have to see the next phase. We will unite up again when I come to England. It has been a savage enough pilgrimage these last four years. Perhaps K. has taken the only way for her. We keep faith – I always feel death only strengthens that, the faith between those who have it.

Still, it makes me afraid. As if worse were coming. I feel like the Sicilians. They always cry for help from their dead. We shall have to cry to ours. We do cry.

I wrote to you to Adelphi Terrace the day after I got your letter, and asked Seltzer to send you *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. I wanted Katherine to read it.

She'll know, though. The dead don't die. They look on and help. But in America one feels as if *everything* would die, and that is terrible. I wish it needn't all have been as it has been. I do wish it.

To Curtis Brown from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 10 February 1923

I was glad to have your letter and to know that Secker is doing *Sea and Sardinia* on his own account

I was annoyed to hear from Seltzer that those Hearst people are holding back 'The Captain's Doll' at least till June I will let you know immediately they definitely fix their date

I have the *Kangaroo* contract, and if I get a satisfactory answer from you about Secker and the other books, I will sign it and send it on. Meanwhile I am annoyed to find that Mountsier, instead of sending the English copy of *Kangaroo*, on to you, gave the MS to Seldes of the *Dial*. Seldes should have posted it to you from Berlin. I hope you have it. If not write me. Write all business direct to me or Seltzer, not to Mountsier, as he is travelling about, thinks to come to Europe and won't be able to keep count of my things over here, and so won't act as my agent any longer.

I enclose the last page of *Kangaroo*, which was missing from the MS Seldes had. Don't lose it.

I was writing Harrison for a copy of the *English Review* containing the poem 'Almond Blossom,' so enclosed a couple of poems to him, told him to let you know. If you have a copy of 'Almond Blossom' handy, I wish you would mail it direct at once to Thomas Seltzer. He will then send you a complete MS of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, which I consider my best book of poems.

Yes, I hope really we can go ahead satisfactorily with Secker. I hate futile changes. But I would have no publisher rather than one who does not stand firm by me. I am coming into my own over here, it is time England accepted me too. But if they don't want to, that is their affair. I shall not disturb myself.

I think next month I shall go down into old Mexico – to Mexico City. But I will let you know. And come to England some time in the summer.

I asked the *Dial* to send you a copy of their current issue. It contains the first instalment of my article 'Indians and an Englishman'. Did Mountsier ever send you a copy of this? It might have been acceptable to several English periodicals. I think the *Dial* publishes the next – and I think the final – instalment in April. It has a different thing by me for March. You could get the complete MS from them.

[P S] Those Hearst people promised to publish 'The Captain's Doll' in January They are a nuisance

To Thomas Seltzer, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 10 February 1923

Dear Seltzer I write this with your new pen, which is a great success

We were in Taos two days came back yesterday I sent you a night letter for Judge Ford *et famille* Bet you didn't print it

I met Mountsier twice told him simply I wished to discontinue with him firstly, because he did not believe in me and what I was doing, but was antagonistic in spirit secondly, because he had so annoyed you, you didn't want to deal with him In answer to the first he said, if that was my opinion, there was no use arguing about it To which I replied, it was my opinion In answer to the latter he said various things - But altogether he gave me the impression he has a *bad conscience* about something I don't know what He hates losing the *job*, but, *au fond*, is really relieved, I think, to be released He gave me back some MS and Huebsch contracts, and is to send me a letter saying what he thinks he ought to get, in the way of continuing of commissions to him He may not stay long in Taos Then I shall ask him back for all papers and MSS of mine I asked him to write everybody concerned and say he had ceased to be my agent.

The two points of importance seem the Huebsch notices and the Kennerley business both in the hands of the lawyer Stern The Huebsch notices must be served in presence of *witness* seven years after date of *publication of book* Notice for *Rainbow* is already served (no reply from Huebsch) And then the Kennerley case, the lawyer says, cannot come to *court for two years* - and Stern is 'pessimistic' Mountsier advises that I continue this business *with Stern personally* What do you say?

I have your letter of Feb 1st I had your telegram about Mountsier yesterday, saying you will wire again

I think it is very annoying, the *Hearst* delay I wanted those three stories out this spring And it will be a blow to Secker Pity nothing can be done Magazines should have a date limit

I was annoyed to learn from Mountsier that Seldes had the English copy of *Kangaroo*, had carted it off to Berlin, Curtis Brown hasn't got

it yet I have asked Curtis Brown to communicate direct with me and you about it Whatever Seldes decides, I don't really want the *Dial* to print a *bit* of the book

We won't worry about Mountsier any more He has a bad will, I have done with him, save for winding-up trifles Enough

I am anxious to hear from you about the order in which the new books are to appear Am really sorry *The Captain's Doll* is held up I don't want you to get a book ready for publication without letting Curtis Brown know He sent me a very favourable contract for *Kangaroo*, from Secker But I said I wouldn't sign it till Secker satisfied me about *Fantasia*, *Psychoanalysis*, *Studies*, and *England*, *My England* Secker agrees to pay 15% up to 2000, then 20% on the next 3000, and after that, 25% But I won't sign till I am satisfied about those other books

I think to go to Mexico City about middle of next month Don't bother about the Melville books or the Bernal Díaz The former I can get in England, the latter in Mexico But I should be glad if you could send me Terry's *Guide to Mexico*, as I asked We'd probably be in New York by end of May again, stay till July Tell Adele Syold [Seltzer] the house sounds attractive It would be fun

I think when you get used to it you'll like Merrild's *Kangaroo* jacket I didn't like it at first now think perhaps it's the best I do want them to have a few dollars to be able to go on their way with Otherwise I must give them, and it's so much better for their pride if they can earn them Gotzsche was so pleased when he heard Adele Syold liked the drawing. We wonder what she'd think of the portrait – Did you see this month's *Dial*?

Tell me soon about *Birds, Beasts* format and everything

I've got to fill up income-tax papers – have asked Mountsier to let me know what I've earned exactly Hope he will do so

Let's settle as much business as possible before I go to Mexico And if possible, do let me see an exact MS of *Birds Beasts* I have that book at heart

[P S.] I am thinking perhaps it would be better to close my account with the Charleroi Savings and Trust Co, and you open another account for me in a New York bank What do you think?

I found the 'Almond Blossom' poem Enclose it here So the MS of *Birds, Beasts* can be complete

Justice John Ford of the New York Supreme Court, who had found his daughter reading *Women in Love*, persuaded John S. Sumner and his Society for the Suppression of Vice to go after the book, which they did, losing the case in September when Magistrate George W. Simpson found that Lawrence was seriously attempting to 'discover the motivating power of life', 'the Hearst delay' refers to the failure of *Cosmopolitan* to publish 'The Captain's Doll' after buying it.

To S. S. Koteliansky, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 12 February 1923

My dear Kot Your letter just come with Murry's enclosed – Yes, I feel with you about that institution – There is no easy way out – no way of ecstasy and uplifting – it's just a bitter fight through thorns – and one must fight, or die, like Katherine. It is terrible to live and see life after life collapse, and more and more ruin pile up – I feel bitter in America – it makes one suffer, this continent, a nasty, too-much suffering.

I did write to Murry at once. And from New Zealand I sent K. a post card care of Ottoline.

I ordered you *Fantasia*

I hope you are well

To Gilbert Seldes, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 25 February 1923

Dear Gilbert Seldes Your letter from Semmering last evening. We were in Austria in 1921. 'The Captain's Doll' ends in Zell-am-See. I often think of Austria.

Let Curtis Brown have *Kangaroo* as soon as you can, will you? (Not *The K*.) I don't really mind if you mention it before it is published. It is usually publishers who have feelings about these things.

No, I am not disappointed in America. I said I was coming to Europe this spring. But I don't want to. We leave in a fortnight for Old Mexico. Perhaps I shall come back here. If you write, address me c/o Thomas Seltzer, 5 West 50th St.

But I feel about U S A, as I vaguely felt a long time ago, that there is a vast unreal, intermediary thing intervening between the real thing which was Europe and the next real thing, which will probably be in America, but which isn't yet, at all. Seems to me a vast death-happening must come first. But probably it is here, in America (I don't say just U S A), that the quick will keep alive and come through.

I got proofs of the Prof [Stuart] Sherman criticism along with your letter Hope it will amuse you
[P S] If you go to Vienna, look up Elizabeth Humes at the office of the American Commercial Commission I'm sure you'd like her My wife and I like her very much

*To Baroness von Richthofen, from Hotel Monte Carlo, Mexico City,
27 April 1923*

My dear Mother-in-law We are still here, still making excursions We can't make up our minds to go away Tomorrow I go to Guadalajara and the Chapala Lake There you have the Pacific breeze again, straight from the Pacific One doesn't want to come back to Europe All is stupid, evilly stupid and no end to it You must be terribly tired of this German tragedy – all without meaning, without direction, idea, or spirit Only money-greed and impudence One can't do anything, nothing at all, except get bored and wicked Here in Mexico there's also Bolshevism and Fascism and revolutions and all the rest of it But I don't care I don't listen And the Indians remain outside Revolutions come and revolutions go but they remain the same They haven't the machinery of our consciousness, they are like black water, over which go our dirty motorboats, with stunk and noise – the water gets a little dirty but does not really change

I send you ten pounds and five for Else I hope it arrives soon A Hamburg-America boat goes every month from Vera Cruz to Hamburg It must be lovely spring in Germany If only men were not so stupid and evil, I would so love to be in Ebersteinburg when the chestnuts are in bloom. Have you seen 'The Captain's Doll'? It ought to amuse you A thousand greetings.

[From the German]

To Louis N Feipel, from Zaragoza 4, Chapala, Mexico, 9 May 1923

Dear Mr Feipel Thank you for your rather scaring lists of errors in *The Captain's Doll* and *Fantasia* I am afraid a great deal is my own fault – hyphen or no hyphen is one to me However, I will try to mend my ways, especially as far as orthographic inconsistency goes, remembering

your eye is on every dot And when I get a chance I'll correct every error that appears on your list

Meanwhile many thanks for your research
[P.S] Oh, in excuse, I've had no proofs of the books printed in America, except the story 'Ladybird'

To Mrs Bessie Freeman, from Zaragoza 4, Chapala, 11 May 1923

Dear Bessie Freeman Your letter about Mabel No, it is worse than Gibbon The submerged Continent of Atlantis

I suppose you'll pay next time you go

We've got a house here – very nice – green trees – a Mexican Isabel to look after us – a big lake of Chapala outside – a little village Chapala – but at the same side a little lake-side resort for Guadalajara, which is about 35 miles away

It isn't too hot If you feel like coming down, come down I won't offer you this house, because Isabel would by no means come up to your standards, even if *you* did But there is a pleasant hotel, 4 pesos a day for a short time, 3 pesos a day if you stay a month And a peso is about 49 cents American Cheap enough

Don't know how long we shall stay – a month or two At the moment Witter Bynner is here in the hotel, with Willard Johnson Very nice

So come if you feel like it – either by sea over Manzanillo, or El Paso and Irapuato

To J M Murry, from Zaragoza 4, Chapala, 26 May 1923

Dear Jack Your letters of May 6 and May 9 I knew your wire must have cost a lot – hope you had my letter or used *Fantasia* anyhow

Don't know why I find it so hard to come to England but I do And when I meet Englishmen out here they make me sick But they're the wrong sort anyhow

I wanted to do a novel I sort of wanted to do a novel here. I could never begin in Mexico [City] But I have begun here, in Chapala It's a big lake 90 miles long, 20 miles across queer – I hope my novel will go all right If it does, I ought to finish it – in its first rough form – by the end of June Then *seriously* I want to come to Europe via New York

stay there perhaps two weeks be in London by early August I really think I shall manage this It was, I suppose, that undigested novel kept me back till now But I won't any more say finally that I will do a thing

^a I am having the first slight scene of my novel – the beginning of a bull-fight in Mexico City – typed now, and will send it in two days' time It is complete in itself Use it or not as you like Curtis Brown is my agent, settle with him

About magazines, it is for you to judge I had the one prospectus you sent When the rest come, I will post them to people in America I like the idea of a shilling monthly But it's no good my saying how I shall feel about it till I come

It isn't that I am so very keen on leading a remote country life And I loathe the 'playboy' attitude of life Oh God, there are so many play-boys, not only of the Western World And I detest 'having a good time' But when I think of England, willy-nilly my gorge rises in a sort of profound mistrust I suppose there's nothing to do but to come to England and get it over

Ask Curtis Brown to let you see the MS of *Novelle Rusticane* – by Giovanni Verga They are sketches of Sicily I translated them and a novel, *Mastro – don Gesualdo*, because I admire Verga so greatly I'll send you the tiny story, 'Cavalleria Rusticana' – or 'La Lupa' if you like also Verga Seltzer is publishing *Mastro-don Gesualdo* in the autumn – and I think Blackwell is doing it in England

A man wanted me to have a banana hacienda with him here in Mexico I suppose, anyhow, I'd better see England again first And I feel, perhaps I've no business trying to bury myself in out-of-the-way places

No, I think in the long run perhaps 'The Ladybird' has more the quick of a new thing than the other two stories 'The Fox' belongs more to the old world

Frieda wants to come to England much more than I do She has Devonshire on her mind

To Baroness von Richthofen, from Zaragoza 4, Chapala, 31 May 1923

My dear Mother-in-law You will think we are never coming back to Europe But it isn't so

But I always had the idea of writing a novel here in America In the U S I could do nothing But I think here it will go well I have already written ten chapters and if the Lord helps me I shall have finished the first full sketch by the end of June And then we will come home at once

I must go by way of New York because of business and because it is shorter and cheaper But in July New York is very hot, and the nastiest heat, they say Still, we won't stay more than a fortnight, from there to England and from England to Germany – very likely in September my birthday month that I like so much

Today is Corpus Christi and they have a procession But there are no lovely birches as in Ebersteinburg two years ago They only carry little palms into the churches, and palms aren't beautiful like our trees, and this eternal sun is not as joyous as our sun It is always shining and is a little mechanical

But Mexico is very interesting a foreign people They are mostly pure Indians, dark like the people in Ceylon but much stronger The men have the strongest backbones in the world, I believe They are half civilized, half wild If they only had a new faith they might be a new, young, beautiful people But as Christians they don't get any further, are melancholy inside, live without hope, are suddenly wicked, and don't like to work But they are also good, can be gentle and honest, are very quiet, and are not at all greedy for money, and to me that is marvellous, they care so little for possessions, here in America where the whites care for nothing else But not the *peon* He has not this fever to possess that is a real *Weltschmerz* with us

And now you know where we are and how it is with us I'll send you a beautiful *serape* – blanket – for your birthday *Auf Wiedersehen*

[From the German]

To Frederick Carter, from *Zaragoza 4, Chapala*, 18 June 1923

Dear Mr Carter I have read the Dragon – and a tough Dragon he is Nearly too much for my brain Why did you make him so severely astrological and zodiacal? The side bits are so fascinating I'm not sure even now if the Apocalypse is primarily Zodiacal It's a revelation of

Initiation experience, and the clue is in the microcosm, in the human body itself, I believe, and the Zodiac is only used from the table of the Zodiacal Man, and the Man in the Zodiac has his clue in the man of flesh and blood. I believe pretty well all you say. But you're examining and describing the cart, and from it postulating the horse. The subtle thing is the relation between the microcosm and the macrocosm. Get that relation – the Zodiac man to me – and you've got a straight clue to Apocalypse – The ancients thought in images. But their own great immediate sensations and emotional experiences, how far did they know them as experiences within the physique, particular local movements of the physical psyche? I believe, very exactly. I believe the image for passionate desire was as much the liver, as, say, the Mound of the Sun. I believe they were dominantly physical – *particularly* the real ancients, Egyptians and Persians. John may have been more like Boehme. But his imagery started primarily from the physical psyche, the organic and the nervous and cerebral psyche, and expanded into the stars. That I believe. He was seeking to project the spinal chord into the Galactic Way. The Seals are ganglia of nerve-consciousness, projected into zodiacal signs and star-constellations. The Dragon is the Will and Desire. The riders are the energetic messages, releases of consciousness and energy, resultant on the conquest by mind and will of one after the other of the primary affective centres. The serpent girdle below the paps is the division of the diaphragm into upper and lower man. The revelation is a conquest, one by one, of the lower affective centres by the mind, and the New Jerusalem is the mind enthroned.

Of course, all the *other* things are true. what happens in the microcosm happens in the macrocosm. But the clue is in the physical psyche of man as understood in the time of St John – I believe you'd find the going simpler if you accepted that. The movement is back and forth. I don't know the values well enough of the Zodiac symbols. Why don't you do that? Establish the human, psychic, physiological, chemical, and astronomical values of each zodiac sign? You see why, in my reading, he reverses the order of the signs because the conquest is of the lower by the upper – the upward movement.

[Lawrence drew a sketch on the left side of his letter.]

These four winds of the spirit are the four great centres of inspiration – Leo being the solar plexus – the sympathetic ganglia – Sagittarius the

deepest, most secret, and most potent The Scorpion of the lower psyche becomes the Eagle of the upper –

The clue is that the upper centies conquer the lower – but in reality Leo conquers Virgo, Cancer – Libia, Gemini – Scorpio, and Taurus – Sagittarius Aries (the hind brain) – Capricorn and Aquarius – that is the rough progression but I don't know the values well enough to follow exactly It may be Seals are sympathetic ganglia and vials are the corresponding voluntary ganglia, of the spine or vice versa, I can't tell from your book, and haven't got a Bible The balance of the seven is as far as I can see

Leo	Virgo	Gemini	} Libra	Taurus
		Cancer		

ARIES

Scorpio

Sagittarius, which lies outside the sealed body, is the first and last
I wonder if this means anything to you

But if only I knew enough – or anything at all about Astrology – I know nothing – I'd try fitting the astrological meanings to the natural centres of the physical psyche, and see if the order didn't come that way

If I come to England we'll talk about it But I may not come I don't know why I don't want to come I don't Anyhow I shall go to New York, and that is nearer

You'd never get an ordinary publisher to publish this text It is *absolutely* unintelligible to the ordinary reader And yet there *is* something great and liberating behind it all makes life seem noble again Oh I do hope your big MS is more human It doesn't matter much after all whether the first horseman is Leo or Sagittarius or any other Zodiacal sign It's a question of what the sign means after that, humanly If through the Zodiac we can get at the human meaning, good If not, no good Why can't you help one to the unravelling of the human-physical experience of the Revelation

Because, for my part, I should like to see the end of this Return The end of the Little Creation of the Logos A fresh start, in the first great direction, with the polarity downwards, as it was in the great pre-Greek æons, all Egypt and Chaldea Greece changed the direction, the Latins

went it full tilt The great *down* direction, away from mind, to power,
that was old Egypt The sceptre, not the logos

Do excuse this if it seems impertinent to you Hope we shall meet
Write me care Thomas Seltzer Expect to be in New York by July 21
at latest

Frederick Carter, mystic English painter, had sent Lawrence the manuscript of
his book, *The Dragon of the Alchemists* (1926), Lawrence's intended introduction for
a later book of Carter's became his own posthumous volume, *Apocalypse* (1931)

To S S Koteliarsky, from Zaragoza 4, Chapala, 22 June 1923

My dear Kot The Dostoevsky and Tolstoy books have come and many
thanks What a dismal time Dostoevsky brought upon himself

The *Adelphi* also came, and oh dear, I was badly disappointed It
seemed to me so weak, apologetic, knock-kneed, with really nothing to
justify its existence A sort of beggar's whine through it all Mr Wells's
parsnips floating in warm butter Mr Joiner screamingly ridiculous

No really! Is this the best possible in England?

We are going to New York in July – care Thomas Seltzer God knows
if I shall be able to bring myself across the Atlantic Probably I shall come
back to Mexico But I will let you know

One's got to *hut*, nowadays, not apologise

How can I write to Murry?

What do you think yourself?

Write to New York

*To Knud Merrild, from Zaragoza 4, Chapala, 'Wednesday' [Postmark 27
June 1923]*

Dear Merrild We were away two days travelling on the lake and
looking at *haciendas* One could easily get a little place But now they
are expecting more revolution, and it is so risky. Besides, why should
one work to build a place and make it nice, only to have it destroyed

So, for the present at least, I give it up It's no good Mankind is too
unkind

We shall leave next Monday for Mexico City – and probably shall
be in New York by July 15th I don't expect to care for the east don't
intend to stay more than a month Then to England It is no good, I

know I am European, so I may as well go back and try it once more

You had a bad time chasing round, Gotzsche told me Perhaps now you will be able to make some money I hope so

But I really hope that before long we may meet again, all of us, and try to make a life in common once more If I can't stand Europe we'll come back to Mexico and spit on our hands and stick knives and revolvers in our belts – one really has to – and have a place here But if Europe is at all possible, much better there Because the Mexicans are rather American in that, that they would rather pull life down than let it grow up And I am tired of that I am tired of sensational, unmanly people I want men with some honourable manhood in them, not this spiteful babyishness and playboy stupidity and mere greediness of most people We will go on looking and preparing, you and Gotzsche and us, till we can really make a life that is not killed off as it was in Del Monte Even if you have to go round the world before we start, still we can wait and prepare The 'world' has no life to offer Seeing things doesn't amount to much We have to be a few men with honour and fearlessness, and make a life together There is nothing else, believe me

Tell Gotzsche I will write to him I will settle the book-covers when I get to New York, never fear I had a nice letter from Gotzsche's father
Auf Wiedersehen

To Frederick Carter [from Dover, New Jersey] 26 July 1923

Dear Mr Carter We are here near New York – in the country – The U S tries me

I shall look for the MS It interests me very much. If *only* it would be intelligible to the general public, Seltzer would do it But as it stands, it would be useless to try to do it through a general publisher You'd *have* to go to the people who do Meade – in England – or the Theosophists, as you say

After all, we shall never again know the heavens as we know the clock And after all, the sum of all your work would be to translate so that the thing lives again It's life that matters – and the big thing we've lost out of life needs to be recovered, livingly I know all scientists and technical people have no patience with me think I'm a fool not to be taken seriously except as a fiction-writer Yet I know that no knowledge

is knowledge unless it has its direct emotional-passional reference
Scientific truth is an illusion And your macrocosm, perhaps, is only the
skeleton of the old macrocosm, with the blood gone out I don't believe
the ancients were so *abstract* about it, *ever*

We intend to come to England in August, and then if you don't come
south I will come to Liverpool or somewhere there to talk this book –
or this matter – over a bit, if you wish My address in England Care
Curtis Brown 6 Henrietta St, Covent Garden W C 2

To J M Murry, from [c/o Seltzer] 5 W 50th St, New York, 7 August 1923

Dear Jack No, I don't feel we are enemies why that? I was disappointed
with the apologetic kind of appeal in the *Adelphi* but you most ob-
viously aren't my enemy in it And anyhow you make a success of the
thing so what does it matter what I say?

I suppose I'll come back one day and stand on the old ground But, as
you say, not yet

I wanted to send you that bull-fight beginning but Seltzer didn't
want it published, either here or in England, apart from the novel I've
been very busy doing proofs here of *Kangaroo*, my novel and *Birds*,
Beasts and Flowers poems and *Mastro-don Gesualdo*, the Verga novel I
haven't arranged for the publication of any Verga in England – Am
glad you like 'St Joseph's Ass' – I'll try and send you something for
October – now I shall have a breathing space

Frieda intends to come to England thinks to sail on the *Orbita*,
Royal Mail Steam Packet Line, from New York, the 18th of this month –
to Southampton I wish you'd look after her a bit would it be a nuisance?
She will be alone I ought to come – but I can't She thinks to stay in
Mary Cannan's flat at 49 Queen's Gardens, W 2 – if Mary continues in
Worcestershire – F wants to see her children And you know, wrong or
not, I can't stomach the chasing of those Weekley children. So I think
I shall go to the mountains of southern California and perhaps down into
Sonora I don't care at all for these eastern states – and New York just
means nothing to me At the moment this so-called white civilisation
makes me sicker than ever. I feel nothing but recoil from it Now I've
reached the Atlantic, and see Liberty clenching her fist in the harbour, I
only want to go west, to the mountains and desert again So there I am.

If you want a poem for the *Adelphi*, and Secker isn't ready with the publication of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, ask Curtis Brown for the MS – or for a copy of the proofs I expect Seltzer will have the book out about 20th Sept Mary Cannan is at present at Holme Lea, Cheltenham Rd, Broadway, Worcestershire I asked her to let Kot know about her flat, if she'll be in it or not, and about the key

I'll send you a copy of *Mastro-don Gesualdo* when it's out

*To Baroness von Richthofen, from [c/o Seltzer] 5 West 50th Street, New York,
7 August 1923*

My dear Mother-in-law We are still here in America – I find my soul doesn't want to come to Europe, it is like Balaam's ass and can't come any further I am not coming, but Frieda is Very likely she will come by the S S *Orbita*, on the eighteenth, from New York, for Southampton, England She will be in London on the twenty-fifth, stays there a fortnight, then to Baden I remain on this side go to California, Los Angeles, where we have friends, and if it is nice there, Frieda can come there in October I don't know why I can't go to England Such a deadness comes over me, if I only think of it, that I think it is better if I stay here, till my feeling has changed

I don't like New York – a big, stupid town, without background, without a voice But here in the country it is green and still But I like Mexico better. With my heart I'd like to come – also with my feet and eyes But my soul can't Farewell Later on, the ass will be able to come
[From the German]

*To E H Brewster, from [c/o Seltzer] 5 W 50th St, New York,
14 August 1923*

Dear Earl I can't write letters no good The day of my letters is over – Frieda is sailing on Saturday by the *Orbita* to Southampton I'm not going I think I shall go to Los Angeles, and get a boat and sail to the Islands meet Frieda somewhere at the end of October

America makes me feel I haven't a word to say about anything. Not that I dislike it so badly – but it seems unreal and makes me feel more remote

I don't think I will come to New Haven now We'll meet somewhere else, when the wheel has spun a little further

Tell Achsah I'm glad she enjoys herself F sends many greetings

To Mrs Bessie Freeman, from Los Angeles Limited, 'Tuesday'

[28 August 1923]

Dear Bessie Freeman Thank you so much for the four full days in Buffalo I feel I had there a fuller glimpse into the real old U S than ever before I was really interested, and the real Buffalos at home were much nicer than I had expected, knowing only those other two Buffalos at Taos Only Sarah M depressed me the dead weight of her and now, I also feel a bit sorry for her – Why doesn't somebody write your *Cranford*? Buffalo is a sort of Cranford

It rained and fogged in Chicago, and muddy-flowing people oozed thick in the canyon-beds of the streets Yet it seemed to me more alive and more real than New York

You were very kind to me and I am very grateful It's another little page in my history – *Au revoir – à bientôt*

[P S] Tell Margaret your sister that above all things she is to find her own peace within – at all costs to the outside circumstances

To M. L. Skinner, from the Miramar, Santa Monica, Calif, 2 September 1923

Dear Miss Skinner I have read *The House of Ellis* carefully- such good stuff in it but without unity or harmony I'm afraid as it stands you'd never find a publisher Yet I hate to think of it all wasted I like the quality of so much of it But you have no constructive power – If you like I will take it and re-cast it, and make a book of it In which case we should have to appear as collaborators, or assume a pseudonym – If you give me a free hand, I'll see if I can't make a complete book out of it If you'd rather your work remained untouched, I will show it to another publisher but I am afraid there isn't much chance You have a real gift – there is real quality in these scenes. But without form, like the world before creation

I am in California – but don't suppose I shall stay long Write me *care* Thomas Seltzer, 5 West 50th St, New York

If I get this book done, we'll publish it in the spring And if you agree to my re-casting this then I wish you would take up that former novel of yours, about the girl and the convict – and break off where the three run away – keep the first part, and continue as a love story or romance, where the love of the girl is divided between the Irish convict and the young gentleman – make it a tragedy if you like – but let the theme be the conflict between the two *kinds* of love in the heart of the girl her love for Peter (was that the young man's name?) – and her love for the Irish ex-convict See if you can't carry that out – Because of course, as you have it, the convict is the more attractive of the two men, but the less amenable – Only all that adventure in the N W. is not very convincing Keep the story near Perth – or Albany, if you can

If you see Mr Siebenhaar tell him I have hopes of *Max Havelaar* for the spring of next year too

Best wishes to you all at Leithdale

Lawrence made a very few alterations and *The House of Ellis* was published as *The Boy in the Bush*

To S S Kotelhansk, from Los Angeles, Calif, 17 September 1923

My dear Kot Your letter came on here Thank you so much for promising to look after Frieda I hope she landed comfortably and is having a nice time

I sent your word to Seltzer, about the *Adelphi* But he's not very good at doing extraneous jobs like that

Here I've been in California eighteen days The time slips by quickly – It is a loose, easy, rather foolish world here But also, a great deal of falseness is also left out – It's not so bad, in some ways – But I think I shall go down to Mexico about this day week. I shall look once more for a little ranch We might all meet there one day Who knows And it's not far from the Pacific, whoever wants to sail that sea

I am sending F. two books one is merely a copy of *Studies in Classic American Literature*, the other a novel by Will [Levington] Comfort, a man here. If Frieda is away, don't bother to send them on If Seltzer didn't send you a copy of *Studies*, and if F doesn't want this copy, take it. I ordered a copy sent to you

It seems hard to me to imagine England It's not very real to me But

I shall come back one day – if only for a time When I am more decided
about this side of the world and this Pacific seaboard

Am waiting for news from you all Grusse

To J M Murry, from Los Angeles, 17 September 1923

Dear Jack I had your letter here – also the *Adelphi* I like your little
attack on Mr [Raymond] Mortimer very amusing Do attack them Go
for them amusingly like this Satirise them to death That's your
job

And gradually the *Adelphi* will get a concrete fortress-value, by slow
building Till now it has been a bit vague Build a new place of skulls, the
skulls of the imbecile enemy That's *very* necessary

What made you put 'da' in Verga's name? Alas, he is just Giovanni
Verga Let's hope nobody notices it

I hope you got a copy of *Studies in Classic American Literature* I think
it will amuse you Also *Kangaroo* and *Birds, Beasts* I asked Seltzer to
send you on an article I posted him, which the N Y. *Nation* wanted –
to send it you immediately it was typed – 'The Proper Study' I'm
afraid I wrote it more with the *Adelphi* in mind than the *Nation* I begin
to see the *Adelphi* building up like a little fortress – That lady into fox
stuff is pretty piffle – just playboy stuff

One has to be an absolute individual, separate as a seed fallen out of the
pod Then a *volte-face*, and a new start Takes some risking This class-
iosity is bunkum, but still more, *cowardice* *Son todos acobardados*

I think, this day week, I shall go down to Mexico Perhaps I shall find
a little ranch there Put a new peg in the world, a new navel, a new
centre *Esperamos!* We're hardly beginning yet

America's awfully foolish and empty But perhaps, if it went through
a great convulsion, it would be the place.

Write care Seltzer Wonder how Frieda likes London *Saluti!*

To J M Murry, from Los Angeles, 24 September 1923

Dear Jack. I am setting off tomorrow with a Danish friend, down the
west coast of Mexico, to look again for a place to live I hope I shall find
it If I do you must come – You will have seen Frieda quite often. I'm

afraid Europe won't make her any the happier. I expect she'll be setting off again for here, by the time you get this

California is a queer place – in a way, it has turned its back on the world, and looks into the void Pacific. It is absolutely selfish, very empty, but not false, and at least, not full of false effort. I don't want to live here, but a stay here rather amuses me. It's sort of crazy-sensible. Just the moment hardly as far ahead as *carpe diem*. I'll send you an address as soon as I get one. I'm glad to be going south. America exhausts the springs of one's soul – I suppose that's what it exists for. It lives to see all real spontaneity expire. But anyway it doesn't grind on an old nerve as Europe seems to – *Grusse!*

To Knud Merrild, from Navojoa, Sonora, Mexico, 5 October 1923

Dear Merrild. Well here we are, still grilling in the sun of Navojoa. We came down yesterday from Minas Nuevas, over a road *much* worse than any Del Monte roads, and forty miles of it. I am bruised wherever I look – A circus follows us down the coast, and the lions roar all night. The turkeys put their heads through the door – the doors are just wooden gates – and gobble in the bedroom at dawn. The people in the street linger to look in and see how you're sleeping. The horse-riding lady from the circus has the next room, and stalks about with yards of bushy hair sticking out, rather fat inside a violent dressing-gown. The hotel, being a hollow square, is as public as the street. But we are going on today to Mazatlán, the port. On the whole, the west coast is a little *too* wild – nothing but wildness, as Goetzsche says. One wants a bit of hopefulness. These wild lost places seem so hopeless. But a man said he'd give me six or eight acres of land near Guaymas, near the sea, in a very wild, very strange and beautiful country, if I'd only build a house on the place. Queer country, with clouds of wild duck, and geese, and queer flocks of pelicans. But one feels so out of the world, like living on Mars. As if the human race wasn't real – I don't know what effect it would have on one in the end. – G. is getting very red in the face with this fierce sun. He looks at these broken, lost, hopeless little towns in silent disgust. He speaks not one word of Spanish, and is altogether an onlooker.

I think from Mazatlán we shall take the steamer down to Manzanillo,

and from Manzanillo go to Guadalajara I wish you would forward the letters there c/o Dr G Purnell, Galeana #150, *Guadalajara*, Mexico We may be there in a week's time

At Minas Nuevas we did nothing but drink beer and whiskey cocktails Los Angeles seems in another life-time I feel as if I should wander over the brink of existence

Remember me to the Boterns and send their address and I will write them a letter and return *Mogens* Also greetings to Mrs Mott and Mr Mott I hope they are flourishing Write to Guad

[P S] If you see Johnson tell him I will write him I ordered a book for him and Mrs Johnson – hope they came

Tell the Bee I hope she's busy laying up honey of wisdom

Once we are in Guadalajara, then the best way for F to come will be by sea to Vera Cruz from N York, or straight down by Laredo This railway has 100 mile gap near Tepic – of which you must ride 9 hrs on horse Otherwise you take the steamer for a day, and get round that way The best way down from *Los Angeles*, once we are south of Tepic, is to take the steamer direct to Manzanillo, then it's only about eight hours in the train to Guadalajara

When I look at the ranches, I doubt very much whether I shall ever try to live on one forever and a day But very nice to stay the winter

We went to a big wild cattle *hacienda* – they are strange, desolate, brutal places beautiful enough, but weird and brutal I doubt if one could bear it or if one *wants* to bear it

I shall be glad to get some news You write to Frieda, care Thomas Seltzer, 5 W 50th St – I don't know where she is And send me the letters

Hope things are going well with you

Mogens· a book by the Danish author J P Jakobsen

To Witter Bynner, from Navojoa, 5 October 1923

Dear Bynner Here I am wandering slowly and hotly with Gotzsche down this west coast. Where F is I don't know

This West is much wilder, emptier, more hopeless than Chapala It makes one feel the door is shut on one There is a blazing sun, a vast hot

sky, big lonely inhuman green hills and mountains, a flat blazing *littoral* with a few palms, sometimes a dark blue sea which is not quite of this earth – then little towns that seem to be slipping down an abyss – and the door of life shut on it all, only the sun burning, the clouds of birds passing, the *zopilotes* like flies, the lost lonely palm-trees, the deep dust of the roads, the donkeys moving in a gold-dust-cloud In the mountains, lost, motionless silver-mines Alamos, a once lovely little town, lost, and slipping down the gulf in the mountains, forty miles up the awfullest road I've ever been bruised along But somehow or other you get there And more wonderful, you get *out* again – There seems a sentence of extinction written over it all – In the middle of the little covered market at Alamos, between the meat and the vegetables, a dead dog lay stretched as if asleep The meat vendor said to the vegetable man 'You'd better throw it out' The veg-man looked at the dead dog and saw no reason for throwing it out So no doubt it still lies there We went also to *haciendas* – a cattle *hacienda* wild, weird, brutal, with a devastating brutality Many of the *haciendas* are in the hands of Chinese, who run about like vermin down this coast

So there we are I think, when we get to Mazatlán, we shall take the boat down to Manzanillo, and so to Guadalajara It is better there At least there is not a dead dog in mid-market

Write me a line care Dr Purnell – I am a bad correspondent .

To Mabel Luhan, from Hotel García, Guadalajara, Jalisco, 17 October 1923

Dear Mabel I got your letter here today – when I arrived from Tepic Yes, I was pretty angry But now let us forget it At least I will forget, forget the bad part Because also I have some beautiful memories of Taos That, perhaps, is what makes the sting burn longer – As for reviling you, when I am angry, I say what I feel. I hope you do the same. When John Evans went round saying, 'Mother had to ask the Lawrences to get out,' then I felt there was nothing to do but to throw the knife back But now, enough If it's *got* to be a battle of wills, I'll fight the devil himself, as long as the necessity lasts But it's not my idea of life

There, there's an end to the enmity, anyhow

Frieda is in England, and wants me to go over there But I don't want to, she'd better come here

You have striven so hard, and so long, to *compel* life Can't you now slowly change, and let life slowly drift into you Surely it is even a greater mystery and preoccupation even than willing, to let the invisible life steal into you and slowly possess you Not people, or things, or action, or even consciousness but the slow invasion of you by the vast invisible god that lives in the ether Once you know that, you will never feel 'out of work,' as you say And it's only a change of direction Instead of projecting your will into the ether of the invisible God, let the invisible God interpenetrate into you - After all, it's not a mere question of washing dishes It's the soul's own mystery And one can make a great, great change in all one's flow of life and living, from the power of output to the mystery of intake, without changing one's house or one's husband 'Then shall thy peace be as a river' And when it comes, like a river, then you won't feel out of work or unliving

People tell me you are divorcing Tony, and there is another young man, and so on Probably it is not true I hope it's not I don't think it is Tony always has my respect and affection And when I say in my book 'one cannot go back,' it is true, one cannot But your marriage with Tony may even yet be the rounding of a great curve, since certainly he doesn't merely draw you back, but himself advances perhaps more than you advance, in the essential 'onwards'

[P S] We rode over the mountains from Tepic and down the *barranca* and to Matzalán, and I thought very much of how you and Tony taught F and me to ride on Granfer and my little Zegua For that and many things like that, believe me, I am grateful

*To Catherine Carswell, from Hotel García ('Thinking of Holly Bush House'),
Guadalajara, 17 October 1923*

Dear Catherine I had your note and am glad you liked *Kangaroo* I always order you a copy of all my books from Secker If you don't get all, it's his fault

Frieda says she likes England now, and it is my place, and I must come back I wonder. We rode two days down the mountains, and got to Etzatlán Mexico has a certain mystery of beauty for me, as if the gods were here Now, in this October, the days are so pure and lovely, like an enchantment, as if some dark-faced gods were still young I wish it

could be that I *could* start a little centie – a ranch – where we could have our little adobe houses and make a life, and you could come with Don and John Patrick It is always what I work for But it must come from the inside, not from the will And when it will be it will be, I suppose It is queer, all the way down the Pacific coast, I kept thinking Best go back to England And then, once across the *barranca* from Ixtlán, it was here again, where the gods may sometimes be awful, but they are young, here in Mexico, in Jalisco, that I wanted to be And there is room – room for all of us if it could but be

But let us watch, things, when they come, come suddenly It may be my destiny is in Europe *Quién sabe?* If it is, I'll come back *Hasta el día!*

To Willard Johnson, from Hotel García, Guadalajara, 18 October 1923

Dear Spoodle We got here yesterday, a bit weary, after that trip from Tepic Rode all day on mule over the mountains to La Quemada, Monday, and got there at night, to find railway washed out, no more trains, road also under water Rose at 5 o next day, once more muled it for six painful hours to Etzatlán, where, thank goodness, yesterday came a train My thighs still feel stiff and heavy, but I liked it really The country is very lovely, full of flowers, flocks of birds, blue sky, a sort of spring-autumn Had supper at club with Dr P [Dr Purnell] and Id [Idella Purnell] the latter having bobbed her hair very short, looks little Otherwise all same club just the same Dr Walker, the big dentist, the little Chink, fried chicken Yessir – idem Idella bemoaning your absence quite cold about my coming, because I'm not you Glad I'm not, in that respect Frieda seems to be loving England – wants me to go back – says my place is there – etc etc. I don't know Now I'm here I feel like staying the winter at least The country is quite lovely in the autumn I don't care much for the hotel It's depressing Don't suppose I shall stay long Gótzsche just came in to say he had to sit in a chair, the bed-bugs were so fierce. Scott is a Jonah Had a letter from Mabel – a flag of peace *Bueno, que sea paz* Let it be peace It may be she is another woman *Quién sabe?* as you so sagely remark I asked Seltzer to send you both *Kangaroo*. But he's a bit arbitrary, and sends if he thinks fit If the spirit condescends to move me, I'll do you a sketch At present most of my

consciousness is in my legs, and the rest, I suppose, is still in the mule saddle But I'd like to go on a ranch somewhere here for the winter More mule As for Ouet, he'll have to wait for the same spirit Are you jealous of Clarence's curls, of his comings-on, or only of his tabernacle in Mabel's alfalfa field? Spoodle, *querido*, you must have several souls one for Idella, *par example*, *y otra para la pobre Margarita* – and who knows how many more, for how many more *señoritas*? I shall call you Spoodle *Almadísimo*, the most be-souled If you really want to go to New York, ask Seltzer flat out if he can give you a bit of work Ask him gently, and tell him you don't want *much* money – *Hasta otra vez*

To J M Murry, from Hotel García, Guadalajara, 25 October 1923

Dear Jack I had your letter from Switzerland yesterday From Frieda not a word – suppose Germany swallowed her

Yes, I think I shall come back now I think I shall be back by the beginning of December Work a while with you on the *Adelphi* Then perhaps we'll set off to India *Quién sabe?*

Anyhow, though England may lead the world again, as you say, she's got to find a way first She's got to pick up a lost trail And the end of the lost trail is here in Mexico *Aquí está Yo lo digo*

The Englishman, *per se*, is not enough He has to modify himself to a distant end He has to balance with something that is not himself *Con esto que aquí está*

But I will come back – I won't say home, it isn't home – for a time When a rope is broken, it's no use tying a knot in one end You have to tie both ends together England is only one end of the broken rope *Hay otro* There's another There's another end to the outreach. One hand in space is not enough It needs the other hand from the opposite end of space, to clasp and form the bridge The dark hand and the white

Pero todavía no No alcanzan Todavía no alcanzan No tocan Si debe esperar

'Learn to labour and to wait'

Muy bien. Vengo y espero

Vengo y espero

[P S] I got *Dove's Nest* here Thank you very much Poor Katherine, she is delicate and touching – but not *great*! Why say *great*?

To M L Skinner, from Hotel García, Guadalajara, 1 November 1923

Dear Miss Skinner I have been busy over your novel, as I travelled The only thing was to write it all out again, following your MS. almost exactly, but giving a unity, a rhythm, and a little more psychic development than you had done I have come now to Book IV The end will have to be different, a good deal different

Of course I don't know how you feel about this I hope to hear from you soon But I think, now, the novel will be a good one I have a very high regard for it myself The title, I thought, might be *The Boy in the Bush* There have been so many Houses in print

If possible, I should like to hear from you in time to arrange for publication in England and in America simultaneously in early April As soon as ever I can, I will have a typescript copy sent to you, with your own MS Your hero Jack is not quite so absolutely blameless an angel, according to me You left the character psychologically at a standstill all the way same boy at the beginning and the end I have tried, taking your inner cue, to make a rather daring development, psychologically You may disapprove

But I think it makes a very, very interesting book If you like, we will appear as collaborators – let the book come out in our joint names Or we can have a single *nom de plume* – and we can go halves in English and American royalties All, of course, if you approve Then of course I've got the publishers to consider They will insist on their point of view

I wanted my wife to come and spend the winter in Mexico But she has gone to London and won't come back She says England is best So I shall have to go there Write to me, care Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, Covent Garden, W C 2

My best wishes to you I will order you a copy of *Kangaroo*

To Mabel Luhan, from Hotel García, Guadalajara, 8 November 1923

Dear Mabel I had your letter from California yesterday Don't trouble any more Let the past die and be forgotten

Don't trouble about the Indians You can't 'save' them and politics, no matter *what* politics, will only destroy them I have said many times that you would destroy the Indians In your lust even for a Saviour's power, you would just destroy them The same with [John] Collier He

will destroy them. It is his saviour's will to set the claws of his own White egoistic *benevolent* volition into them. Somewhere, the Indians know that you and Collier would, with your salvationist but poisonous white consciousness, destroy them. Remember, Jesus, and The Good, in our sense, in our mystic sense, not just the practical Jesus, and The Good as you see it, are poison for the Indians. One feels it intensely here in Mexico. Their great saviour Juárez did more to destroy them than all the centuries of Viceroy. Juárez was a pure Indian – This is really a land of Indians, not merely a *pueblo*.

I tell you, leave the Indians to their own dark destiny. And leave *yourself* to the same.

I shall not *write* that third book, at least not for many years. It's got to be lived out, not thought out.

I also fight to put something through. But it is a long, slow, dark, almost invisible fight. Yet, little by little, I win. And unless there comes death, or the unforeseen bad, I shall win.

One day I will come to you and take your submission, when you are ready. Life made you what you are. I understood so much when I was in Buffalo and saw your mother. But life put into you also the germ of something which still you are not, and which you *cannot* be, of yourself, and if you go on in the same way. People, lawyers, politics, enemies, backbiters, fiends and pseudo friends, my dear, it is all Chumera and nothing. I will take a submission from you one day, since it is still yours to give. But apparently, not yet – I was your enemy. But even saying things against you – and I only said, with emphasis and in many ways, that your will was evil masquerading as good, and I should still say that of your will, even as an enemy I never really forsook you. There, perhaps I have said too much. But don't think, even so, you can make a fool of me.

Frieda and everybody insist on my going to England. And I, I shall give in once more, in the long fight. I may as well go and settle finally with England. But I shall not stay long. A short time only. And directly or indirectly I shall come back here, this side, Mexico. I fight against the other side. Europe and the White and U.S. Before very long I hope to come and see you again. I'll let you know when I go.

To Frieda, from Hotel García, Guadalajara, 10 November 1923

We keep on trying for ships, but nothing so far We should like to sail from Manzanillo through the Panama Canal it still may be possible to find a tramp steamer If not, we shall go to Mexico City and get the first regular boat that goes out of Vera Cruz, if that infernal port is open if not, Tampico I'm not keen on going to Tampico, because of the fever And I feel I simply can't look at the U S A again, just yet – The quickest steamers are the Dutch – and the Hamburg Amerika – they take three weeks to Southampton or Plymouth

Mexico is still very attractive and a very good place to live in it is not tame Sometimes here in Guadalajara one sees the wild Quichelote Indians, with their bows and arrows and hardly any clothing They look so queer, like animals from another world, in the Plaza listening to the band – We've had several thunder showers, but the sky is blue and bright again I like the plain round Guadalajara, with the mountains here and there around I like it better than the lake The lake is too shut in – The *barranca* also is very impressive – you never saw that – I still wish I was staying the winter on a ranch somewhere not far from this city I still don't believe in Europe, England, efforts, restfulness, adelphis [*sic*] or any of that The egg is addled But I'll come back to say how do you do! to it all I am glad if you have a good time with your flat and your children Don't bother about money – why should you When I come we'll make a regular arrangement for you to have an income if you wish I told you the bank was to transfer another £100 to you – I wonder if Seltzer is in England I haven't heard a word from him or Adele for three weeks, so know no news – The Australian novel is very nearly done. – *Tanti saluti*

[P S] Enclose note from Mabel Luhan – she says she still has hopes we might live in contact *Quién sabe! Mañana es otro día*

This letter, which is catalogued among the letters to Koteliansky in the British Museum, was certainly written by Lawrence to Frieda, it makes an interesting contrast with the letter Lawrence wrote to his mother-in-law on the same day, in which he said, 'The courageous old one understands me better than the young one,' and so on – an interesting point fully developed in the letter to 'the old one' (q v.)

10 November 1923

My dear Mother-in-law I had the two letters from Frieda at Baden, with the *billet-doux* from you Yes, mother-in-law, I believe one has to be seventy before one is full of courage The young are always half-hearted Frieda also makes a long, sad nose and says she is writing to the moon – Guadalajara is no moon-town, and I am completely on the earth, with solid feet

But I am coming back, am only waiting for a ship I shall be in England in December And in the spring, when the primroses are out, I shall be in Baden Time goes by faster and faster Frieda sent me Hartmann von Richthofen's letter It was nice But the women have more courage these days than the men – also a letter from Nusch, a little sad but lively I hope to see her also in the spring One must spit on one's hands and take firm hold Don't you think so?

I was at the *barranca*, a big, big ravine, and bathed in the hot springs – came home and found the whole of Germany in my room

I like it here I don't know how, but it gives me strength, this black country It is full of man's strength, perhaps not woman's strength, but it is good, like the old German beer-for-the-heroes, for me Oh, mother-in-law, you are nice and old, and understand, as the first maiden understood, that a man must be more than nice and good, and that heroes are worth more than saints Frieda doesn't understand that a man must be a hero these days and not only a husband husband also but more I must go up and down through the world, I must balance Germany against Mexico and Mexico against Germany. I do not come for peace The devil, the holy devil, has peace round his neck I know it well, the courageous old one understands me better than the young one, or at least something in me she understands better Frieda must always think and write and say and ponder *how* she loves me It is stupid I am no Jesus that lies on his mother's lap I go my way through the world, and if Frieda finds it such hard work to love me, then, dear God, let her love rest, give it holidays Oh, mother-in-law, you understand, as my mother finally understood, that a man doesn't want, doesn't ask for love from his wife, but for strength, strength, strength To fight, to fight, to fight, and to fight again. And one needs courage and strength and weapons

And the stupid woman keeps on saying love, love, love, and writes of love To the devil with love! Give me strength, battle-strength, weapon-strength, fighting-strength, give me this, you woman!

England is so quiet writes Frieda Shame on you that you ask for peace today I don't want peace I go around the world fighting Pfui! Pfui! In the grave I find my peace First let me fight and win through Yes, yes, mother-in-law, make me an oak wreath and bring the town music under the window, when the half-hero returns
(From the German)

To Mabel Dodge Luhan, from Hotel Monte Carlo, Mexico City, 20 November 1923

Dear Mabel I am just packing, to leave in the morning – your letter is here – Yes, let us keep an invisible thread between us Blessed are the pure in heart – And change – you will change, I am changing Sometimes I too feel as if I should depart from this life and this world One has had enough But one must live through to win through, I know that – Don't think of the *world* any more Leave that to me, I am more cunning, and being alone, one must be a serpent as far as the world is concerned As for the fight – subtly and eternally I fight, till something breaks in me You needn't fight – Yes, I am glad if you will stand behind me, and I know it I need someone to stand behind me, badly – I don't want much to go to England – but suppose it is the next move in the battle which never ends and in which I never win – But yes, I won with you – Don't talk to the world keep still towards people, or be very wary And back me up, in silence And leave the world to me And know that with the world I must go as the serpent – if I am open they will destroy me The serpent of the Sun

I don't think I shall stay long in Europe Though I *might* come west via India But I feel I belong here – We might meet down here. This is the Indian *source* this Aztec and Maya

Send me some strength then on my way My need is perhaps greater than yours Give me your strength, and I'll fight a way through – little by little Don't you see I find it very hard.

[P S] I sent you the address care S Koteliansky, 5 Acacia Rd, London N W 8

To Witter Bynner, from 110 Heath St, Hampstead, N W 3, 7 December 1923

Dear Bynner Here I am London – gloom – yellow air – bad cold – bed – old house – Morris wall-paper – visitors – English voices – tea in old cups – poor D H L perfectly miserable, as if he was in his tomb

You don't need his advice, so take it *Never* come to Europe any more

In a fortnight I intend to go to Paris – then to Spain – and in the early spring I hope to be back on the western continent I wish I was in Santa Fe at this moment As it is, for my sins, and Frieda's, I am in London I only hope Mexico will stop revolting – *De profundis*

To J. M. Murry [with the present of a Phoenix seal] Christmas, 1923

Jack Will the bird perish,
Shall the bird rise?

To the old raven, in the act of becoming a young Phoenix

To Mabel Luhan, from 110 Heath St, Hampstead, 27 December 1923

Dear Mabel Your letters come on safely I think I have them all Write whenever you feel like it – I am glad to know you are with me It is hateful here in England, so dark and stifling, and everyone and everything trying to drag one back They have no life of their own, and they want to drag one away from the life one would make I feel the English much more my enemies than the Americans I would really rather be in America But anyhow or anywhere it is an awful great struggle to keep one's spark alight and perhaps kindle something new There doesn't seem really to be anybody – I'm afraid I don't know much about Wobblies or I W W 's, about whom you ask me I don't know much about societies and groups anywhere mistrust them when I do know hem

I am due to go to the Midlands to my people, but don't bring myself to set out I don't want to go It's all the dead hand of the past, over here, infinitely heavy, and deadly determined to put one down It won't succeed, but it's like struggling with the stone lid of the tomb

I wonder why Seltzer has not written to me – for about six weeks I have nothing from him I wonder if something has gone wrong with

him or his business. Hope not, that would dish me in another direction.

When I can *really* break the clutch of the dead hand over here, so that its grip is broken in the world forever, I think I shall go to Paris. And I really hope to be in America by March. Apparently Murry does want to come, but I don't altogether trust him. Can't rely on him *at all*.

Remember I am depending on your spirit at the back of me, over there, no matter what there is over here. I am glad when I hear you feel relieved of the old tension, and happy apart from taking thought. That is how it should be. Perhaps it is because you are learning to *give* your life into the creative future. For a woman, the greatest joy, I think, is to give her spirit and know it is not in vain, that the gift is needed. Which it is.

I shall tell you when we move. I wish it might be soon. How much I would rather be in Taos than here.

Remember me to Tony.

1924

After visits to France and Germany, the Lawrences in March return to the United States via New York. After arriving at Taos they become property owners when they are presented with the Flying Heart ranch in the Sangre de Cristo mountains, the ranch, setting of the last part of *St Mavr*, is later renamed Lobo by Lawrence, and then again Kiowa. In August, *The Boy in the Bush* is published ('by D H Lawrence and M L Skinner'). In the following month, Maurice Magnus's posthumous *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* appears with a long introduction by Lawrence that brings on the wrath of Norman Douglas (and his pamphlet, *D H Lawrence and Maurice Magnus: A Plea for Better Manners*). In November the Lawrences move to Oaxaca, Mexico, where they stay at Avenida Piño Suarez until the following February, Lawrence continues to work on *The Plumed Serpent*.

To Willard Johnson, from 110 Heath St, Hampstead, London, N W 3,
9 January 1924

Dear Spoodle Yesterday came the Horse [*The Laughing Horse*] capering a trifle woodenly, and today a fall of snow. Enough bright white snow on the ground to make a bit of daylight. I've been here exactly a month, in London, and day has never broken all the time. A dull, heavy, mortified half-light that seems to take the place of day in London in winter. I can't stand it.

However, with a bit of snow-brightness in the air, and a bit of a rather wooden neigh from the Horse in my ears, I pick up and write you a London letter.

Dear old Azure Horse, Turquoise Horse, Hobby Horse, Trojan Horse with a few scared heroes in your belly. Horse, laughing your Horse Laugh, you do actually ramp in with a bit of horse sense. I'm all for horse sense, oh Horse! Come down to it, and it's the Centaur. Good

old Horse, be patted, and be persuaded to grin and to be a Centaur, getting your own back

Even if you're only a Hobby Horse, with a wooden head and a Spoodle on your broom-stick flanks, you're welcome just now Very welcome Here's an apple Be tempted, like Adam, and take it And for the sake of all horses, be braver than Adam, who only bit a bite out and dropped the main Eat up the whole gaudy apple, oh Horse Let's have the Centaur back

Dear old Horse, you'd never be azure or turquoise here in London Oh, London is awful so dark, so damp, so yellow-grey, so mouldering piecemeal With crowds of people going about in a mouldering, damp, half-visible sort of way, as if they were all mouldering bits of rag that had fallen from an old garment Horse, Horse, be as hobby as you like, but let me get on your back and ride away again to New Mexico I don't care how frozen it is, how grey the desert, how cold the air, in Taos, in Lobo, in Santa Fe It isn't choky, it is bright day at daytime, and bright dark night at night And one isn't wrapped like a mummy in winding-sheet after winding-sheet of yellow, damp, unclean, cloyed, ancient, breathed-to-death so-called air Oh Horse, Horse, Horse, when you kick your heels you shatter an enclosure every time And over here the Horse is dead he'll kick his heels no more I don't know whether it's the pale Galilean who has triumphed, or a paleness paler than the pallor even of Jesus But a yellow and jaundiced paleness has triumphed over here, the turquoise Horse has been long dead, and churned into sausages I find it unbearable

Let the Horse laugh I'm all for a horse that laughs Though I don't care for him when he merely sniggers

I'm all for a horse It's not even the Houyhnhnms They aren't blue enough for me It's a turquoise Centaur who laughs, who laughs longest and laughs last I believe in him I believe he's there, over the desert in the Southwest I believe if you'll cajole him with a bit of proper corn, he'll come down to Santa Fe and bite your noses off and then laugh at you again

Two-legged man is no good If he's going to stand steady, he must stand on four feet Like the Centaur When Jesus was born, the spirits wailed round the Mediterranean *Pan is dead Great Pan is dead* And at the Renaissance the Centaur gave a final groan, and expired At least, I

seem to remember him lamenting and about to expire, in the Uffizi

It would be a terrible thing if the horse in us died for ever, as he seems to have died in Europe. How awful it would be, if at this present moment I sat in the yellow mummy-s swathings of London atmosphere—the snow is melting—inside the dreadful mummy sarcophagus of Europe, and didn't know that the blue horse was still kicking his heels and making a few sparks fly, across the tops of the Rockies. It would be a truly sad case for me.

As it is, I say to myself, Bah! In Lobo, in Taos, in Santa Fe the Turquoise Horse is waving snow out of his tail, and trotting gaily to the blue mountains of the far distance. And in Mexico his mane is bright yellow on his blue body, so streaming with sun, and he's lashing out again like the devil, till his hoofs are red. Good old Horse!

But talking seriously, Spoodle, man must be Centaur. This two-legged forked radish is going flabby.

The Centaur's lament! Not at all. The Laugh of the Turquoise Man-Horse. Let the forked radish do the lamenting.

In modern symbolism, the Horse is supposed to stand for the passions. Passions be blowed. What does the Centaur stand for, Chiron or any other of that quondam four-footed gentry? Sense! Horse-sense! Sound, powerful, four-footed *sense*, that's what the Horse stands for. Horse-sense, I tell you. That's the Centaur. That's the blue Horse of the ancient Mediterranean, before the pale Galilean or the extra-pale German or Nordic gentleman conquered. First of all, Sense, Good Sense, Sound Sense, Horse Sense. And then, a laugh, a loud, sensible Horse Laugh. After that, these same passions, glossy and dangerous in the flanks. And after these again, hoofs, irresistible, splintering hoofs, that can kick the walls of the world down.

Horse-sense, Horse-laughter, Horse-passion, Horse-hoofs. ask the Indians if it is not so.

Tell me the Horse is dead? Tell me the Centaur has died out? It may easily be so, in Europe here, since the Renaissance. But in the wide blue skies of the Southwest, and far-away south over Mexico over the grey deserts and the red deserts beneath the Rockies and the Sierra Madre, down the canyons and across the *mesas* and along the depths of the *barrancas* goes the Turquoise Horse, uneasy, bethinking himself, and

just on the point of bursting into a loud laugh, after all, laughing longest and laughing last

Ask the Indians, if there isn't a little blue foal born every year, in the *pueblos*, out of the old dark earth-coloured mottled mare Tell me the Centaur can't beget Centaurs? – Ask the Indian, ask the Navajo, ask the Mexican under his big hat

It's no good I've GOT to ride on a laughing horse The forked radish has ceased to perambulate I've *got* to ride a laughing horse And I whistle for him, call him, spread corn for him, and hold out an apple to him, here in England No go! No good! No answer! The poor devil's dead and churned into Cambridge sausages Flabby flaccid forked radishes, sausages, pairs of sausages in forked skins these seem to drift about in the soup of the London air There's no answer

There's no blue cave to stable the Turquoise Horse, here There's no dark earth-coloured mare to bear his foals There's no far-away blue distance for him to roam across He's dead

And yet I've *got* to ride, centaur, on a blue stallion

So, thanks be to the oldest of gods, comes a wooden little Laughing Horse sliding down from the blue air of the Rockies, riding on his hobby stick like a rocket, summoning me to mount and away

Hurray! Hup-a-la! Up we go! Like a witch on a broom-stick, riding west

To Mabel Luhan, from 110 Heath St, Hampstead, 9 January 1924

Dear Mabel You certainly are an egoist, and your letters are egoistic, as you say Soon you must learn to forget yourself You must learn *not to care*, not to think, and simply to laugh *Poco á poco*

I have heard enough about that place at Fontainebleau where Katherine Mansfield died, to know it is a rotten, false, self-conscious place of people playing a sickly stunt One doesn't wonder about it *at all*. One knows Now call into action your common horse-sense, of which you have your share, as I have mine, and use that Don't go back on your common horse-sense It is the centaur's way of knowledge And if we come back into our own, we'll prance in as centaurs, sensible, a bit fierce, and amused I am sure seriousness is a disease, today It's an awful disease in Murry So long as there's a bit of a laugh going, things are all

right As soon as this infernal seriousness, like a greasy sea, heaves up, everything is lost And it was so with us at Taos If only we'd kept up an *honest* laugh Not a dishonest laugh but an honest laugh then the vileness of 1923 need not have been Now it takes far more courage to dare not to care, and to dare to have a bit of a laugh at *everything*, than to wallow in the deepest seas of seriousness The thing I admire most about you is your dauntlessness Be dauntless in this, then Not any forced will of your own, nor any forced submission, but a certain *real* trust, and the courage *not to care*, and the power to laugh a bit Do this and we'll have a good time among ourselves One's got to put a new ripple in the ether And one can do it only by *not* caring about any of the old things, by going beyond them all with amusement and a bit of jolliness, and having a bit of stark trust inside oneself Stark trust in a Lord we have no name for, and also stark trust in one another Instead of a recklessness of defiance and mistrust, a recklessness of trust, like a naked knife

I find that here in London they all *instinctively* hate me much more so than in America But that too, in the end, only makes me laugh My gods, like the Great God Pan, have a bit of a natural grin on their face *Nous nous entendons*

I am still planning to come west at the end of February or in March, with Frieda, Murry and Brett I hope you are looking forward to it. But on your honour, Mabel, no seriousness The seriousness of the Great God Pan, who grins a bit, and when he gets driven too hard, goes fierce You are one of the very few people in the world at the moment who are capable of this this fierce recklessness, based on trust, like the recklessness of Pan, trusting deep down to the springs of nature, the sources and then the laughter

The old communion was in seriousness and earnestness The new is in fierceness, daring, knife-like trust, and laughter *Bien entendu*

To M L Skinner, from care Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 13 January 1924

Dear Miss Skinner I am back as you see in London Two of your letters have followed me here – also Lord Strathspey's fume against *Kangaroo* Amusing The reviews were very good here, especially in *The Times*

I have got the complete typescript of *The Boy in the Bush* now, and am going through it. It's awfully good, I like it immensely. I hope in about four days' time to post you the third of the typed copies. Will you go through it at once, and let me have *by return* any suggestions you can make. Be quick, and you'll be in time for the proofs, I hope. Seltzer wants to do the book in New York in April.

But friends of mine here – John Middleton Murry, and others – want to set up as publishers, and would like to kick off with *The Boy in the Bush*. They might be ready for May. But I like to have the publication simultaneous in New York and London. If I don't keep *The Boy* for Murry, I shall let Secker have it, as he does my other books – Curtis Brown, whose address I give, will draw up an agreement and send a copy to you to be signed. My idea is to publish under both our names and go halves in the royalties. The preliminary expenses – such as this typing – are mine. Of course publishers are glad to get the MS – they pay us, not we them. But I don't think I'll ask for advance on royalties, unless you wish it. If you *do* wish it, write to Curtis Brown, and say you would like an advance of £25 or £30. Otherwise we get an account at the end of six months, and the money three months later.

I don't care for England – so dark, so wet, so dismal. I think we shall go to Paris next week, and in March back to America. You might, if you have time, send me a letter c/o Curtis Brown and another c/o Seltzer, 5 W 50th St, New York, simultaneously.

I think very often of you and Miss Beakbane – I'd forgotten her *name*, but not her face – and of your brother out there in W Australia. I am sure I shall see you again. Hope Letty goes well. Always write *what you want* to write. Did you mean a biography, or a novel, of the noble Lord [Forrest]?

My wife will write to you.

Lord Strathspey was a New Zealand sportsman, Miss Beakbane was Miss Skinner's associate in managing the guest house in Darlington, Australia, where the Lawrences stayed. Lord Forrest was an explorer and statesman about whom Miss Skinner contemplated writing a book.

To Mabel Lohan, from 110 Heath St, Hampstead, 22 January 1924

Dear Mabel. We are leaving for Paris in the morning – stay there about a fortnight, then a while in Germany – and by early March I still hope

to be in New York, and in New Mexico by end of that month

I think I have had most of your letters – but none yet to say you have heard from me And I sent a line as soon as I got here Let us know your plans

London, England wearies me inexpressibly I cannot tell you how this winter in England wearies me, and the people But it will finish

Let's try and be really sensible when we meet again – and laugh and send most things to the devil None of the strain of insistence Why insist

Yes, I liked 'Fairytale' And your poems do amuse me But I am not going to think of you as a writer I'm not going to think of you even as as a knower You know and write whatever you feel like, of course But the essential you, for me, doesn't know and could never write the Eve who is Voiceless like the serpent, yet communicates

But let us above all things be able to laugh and not care, and not scheme and insist, and not, in a tight way, exclude One can ignore so much, and it is so good The last days of life are for living, not for knowing or insisting

Let's have an open, careless heart

'Fairytale' verse Mrs Luhan had written and sent to Lawrence

*To S S Koteliarsky, from Hôtel de Versailles, 60 Bvd Montparnasse, Paris,
'Thursday' [?31 January 1924]*

My dear Kot I send back the proofs

I haven't heard from you or Murry, only a letter from Brett to say there is great gloom Why be gloomy! Did the man not offer the money for the publishing scheme? You've still got [Sydney] Schiff

I read his book – quite good in a rather awful way Gives one a sense of depravity not faced out, back of it all

Paris is rather nice – the French aren't at all villains, as far as I see them I must say I like them They are *sympatico* I feel much better since I am here and away from London I can't tell you how I loathe London and those six weeks

Don't worry about things All there is to do is to go ahead as far as you can with what you want to do, and not trouble further

We think of going to Baden-Baden next Wednesday – the 6th – stay

about two weeks Then I'm not sure If I can get out of going to New York so soon, I think we shall go to Arles and Avignon for a few weeks, come to London about 25 March, and sail at end of month But I'm not sure of anything

I was trying to write a couple of stories, keep myself going

Paris quite cold, but better than London cleaner, not quite so dark

Thank you so much for sending that history book to my niece I'll pay when I come back

Do you want the Schiff book again?

I still have no word from Seltzer Have you?

Greet Sonia and Grisha

Sydney Schiff wrote novels under the name of Stephen Hudson, Lawrence may be referring here to *Tony* (1924)

To J M Murry, from Hôtel de Versailles, Paris, 2 February 1924

Keep myself amused here dodging round a bit and trying to write a story Went to Malmaison yesterday N and Josephine were a bit common Today we're going to Fontainebleau Think to leave for Baden-Baden on 6th or 7th Tell Brett I had her letter and will buy the little pants Paris is still rather *simpatico* to me, the light is paler than London, but as for sun?

To S S Kotelhansky, from Hôtel de Versailles, Paris, 'Tuesday night'
[?5 February 1924]

Dear Kot We go in the morning We met Locke-Ellis tonight I don't like him I think he doesn't like you I said two words to him only about the publishing scheme – then felt a certain contempt for him Don't ask him again Better Schiff But think of something else

A postcard from Cath Carswell that there is a registered parcel for me from Seltzer It may be *Memoir of Maurice Magnus* I asked her to open it and see, and if it is, to ring you up and you or Murry would call for it You won't mind, will you

That Locke-Ellis is one of those birds I don't like

Vivian Locke-Ellis, who had put up £400 to start the *Adelphi*, was involved with Kotelhansky, Murry, and Schiff in their publishing scheme, Lawrence's *Magnus Memoir* became the introduction to Magnus's *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*

To J M Murry, from Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, Germany,
7 February 1924

Dear Jack We've just got here – all snow on the Black Forest, but down in here only wet

Europe gives me a *Wehmut*, I tell you

We stay here two weeks – then back via Paris I learnt in New York that the income-tax must be paid by March 15th, and I still *have no word* from that miserable Seltzer

I don't know if you really want to go to Taos Mabel Luhan writes she is arranging for it You seemed to me really very unsure You resent, *au fond*, my going away from Europe *C'est mon affaire Je m'en vais* But you, in this interval, decide for yourself, and purely for yourself Don't think you are doing something for me I don't want that Move for yourself alone Decide for yourself, in your backbone I don't really want any allegiance or anything of that sort I don't want any pact I won't have anything of that sort If you want to go to America, *bien* Go without making me responsible

But if you want to go with Frieda and me and Brett – *encore bien*! One can but try, and I'm willing But a man like you, if he does anything in the name of, or for the sake of, or because of somebody else, is bound to turn like a crazy snake and bite himself and everybody, on account of it

Let us clear away all nonsense I don't *need* you That is not true I need nobody Neither do you need me If you pretend to need me, you will hate me for it

Your articles in the *Adelphi* always annoy me Why care so much about your own fishiness or fleshiness? Why make it so important? Can't you focus yourself outside yourself? Not for ever focused on yourself, *ad nauseam*?

I met Locke-Ellis Didn't like him

You know I don't care a single straw what you think of me Realise that, once and for all But when you get to twisting, I dislike you And I very much dislike any attempt at an intimacy like the one you had with Locke-Ellis and others When you start that, I feel only For God's sake, let me get clear of him

I don't care what you think of me, I don't care what you say of me, I don't even care what you do against me, as a writer – Trust yourself,

then you can expect me to trust you – Leave off being emotional Leave off twisting Leave off having any emotion at all You haven't any genuine ones, except a certain anger Cut all that would-be sympathetic stuff out Then know what you're after

I tell you, if you want to go to America as an unemotional man making an adventure, *bien, allons!* If you want to twist yourself into more knots, don't go with me That's all I never had much patience, and I've none now

To Mabel Luhan, from Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, 7 February 1924

Dear Mabel We have just come here I find two letters from you

It would be good if we could make a bit of life at Taos The only thing is to try I think it would be a good idea to run the big house as a guest-house But henceforth in the world I count on nothing Things will have to happen in their own way No good trying to *make* anything Yet of course one has to provide for the hour, even if one looks no further So I think it quite a good idea to make the big house a guest-house, and the rest of us dispose ourselves in the others Frieda must write to you too Which house would you choose for yourself?

We are due to stay here two weeks then we go back to Paris and London It may be necessary for me to be in New York by March 10th, to pay my income tax If Seltzer will see that it is paid for me, we may not come until beginning of April If we come early, we might come on to Mill Valley *Quién sabe!*

Your long letter about extroverts and introverts! You know those classifications mean so little to me No classification whatever means much to me But it seems to me, the life that rises from the blood itself is the life that is living, while the life that rises from the nerves and the brain is the life that is death – As for washing windows – we called at that Fontainebleau place The Russian there believes entirely in going against the grain He would make you wash windows and scrub floors eight hours a day, and the viler your temper the better he would find it for you Get your energy out of reaction and out of resentment The fine fury of resentment His idea

But as for me, I am no curer At least I am not extrovert enough for that Please yourself whether you wash windows or whether you don't

Myself, I don't care much for washing dishes or windows any more But, in these cities, I would be very glad to be cutting down a tree and sawing it up, or cutting the ice in the stream, as in those months at Del Monte with the Danes

I am awfully sorry about Granfer And my little Zegua – what a tartar she'll be by the time I see her again!

If being an introvert means always drawing in, in, in to yourself, and not going bravely out, and giving yourself, then for God's sake wash windows also and go out to them, if only savagely

Que vamos hacer? Quién sabe!

To S S Koteliansky, from Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden,
9 February [1924]

Dear Kot I had a letter from Murry He says he is putting £500 and you £200 to this publishing scheme As soon as I can get to America and can see what I've got I will let you have the other £300 Meanwhile nothing from Seltzer, and the latest I learned in Paris was that income tax must be paid by March 15th

Murry seems to have got another man up his sleeve It means he'll fasten on to somebody else, and not come to Taos Thank God for that I don't want him, flatly You keep him in London and do businesses with him

Germany is queer – seems to be turning – as if she would make a great change, and become manly again, and a bit dangerous in a manly way I hope so Though everything is poorer, terrible poverty, even no tram-cars running, because they can't afford the fares, and the town dark at night, still there is a certain healthiness, more than in France, far more than in England, the old fierceness coming back

We think of going to Munich for a few days

If Murry talks to you about America at all, dissuade him from going, at least with me

Greet Sonia and Grisha and Ghita

[Frieda] Lawrence quite cheerful here with my mother and sister!
Good wishes for your happiness!! F

To Mabel Luhan, from Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, 9 February
[1924]

Dear Mabel Now don't you keep on going on to me about introverts and extroverts and insides and outsides It's all in the head, and no good will come out of the head I can feel you going like a terrible clockwork when you write those letters

And wash just a few windows and dishes, till you can do it rhythmically and with a grace It's good for you But no need to condemn yourself to any of those things Only don't condemn yourself further to head-work It's just *futile* You must learn to abstain from that vice of 'knowing,' when knowing is mere nothingness, not even an end in itself, because there's no end to it, like a bottomless pit which swallows every human relation Worse than sensation

I read *Demian* in German when it first came out, and have almost forgotten it But the first part interested me The last part I thought *sau dumm* with its Mother Eva who didn't know whether she was wife or mother or what

Germany is queer, though Just changing, making a great change Very interesting Things might happen here, and people might be as one wants people to be

We are going to Munich for a few days

I rather hope Murry won't come to Taos Don't trust him very well

To Mabel Dodge Luhan, from Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, 10
February 1924

Dear Mabel I will answer your introvert extrovert question, since evidently it is a problem to you

One must be both No doubt every individual is predominantly one But we keep our sanity by being both A *pure* extrovert is insane and a destructive influence So is a pure introvert, like Lenin or Karl Marx or most Americans You are too much an introvert Then learn, and humbly learn to be sufficiently an extrovert, so that you may have a balance Otherwise it's all no good You've got to curb your introverted pride, first and foremost One's pride should be in one's *wholeness*, not in an intensification of one's own partiality You pride

yourself on your intense power of *drawing-in* to yourself But in the end, this power is *your* destruction If you want to destroy yourself in this way, well and good If you don't, you must quite humbly learn to go forth and give Give even to the window that you polish Give it its polish *Serve* with the spirit and create or make with the body Even make the window shine

In all the four modes you've got to learn to serve, instead of to demand and command and absorb Tony's very helplessness made you serve him But it is not only weakness you must serve You should learn to be glad to serve strength The new joy of that Much deeper

Don't you see, a pure introvert becomes at last purely conceited, out of gear with everything, and putting everything out of gear Even Gandhi is that It is all very well for bringing about a débâcle If you want to bring about all the débâcle possible, be a pure introvert, like Gandhi or St Francis – Otherwise, learn the error and the hatefulness of pure introversion Even repent

There is necessary a balance But you have gone so far to one side, it is *really* easier for you to go over the edge than to return Collier is utterly out of balance The Santa Fe crowd is perhaps seeking a little balance, in its own way Learn to modify yourself

Of course a pure extrovert is as hateful as a pure introvert Their purity is their horror Like Lenin and maybe Ramsay MacDonald [P S] The great sin is the trying to destroy the living balance The Holy Ghost is the Balancer And the sin against him is unpardonable, because, once finally destroy the balance, and your soul is broken, your being is inchoate

If you can't handle the dishes gently and delicately when you wash up, more shame on you If you see the ultimate depravity of a cup and saucer, it lies in yourself

The Fontainebleau place practises these things, but all by *will* and force, releasing energy by friction you'd be *forced* to scrub floors In my idea, you must *choose*, with your whole soul's consent, to do what you're going to do

To Mabel Luhan, from Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, 19 February
[1924]

Dear Mabel I can't answer about those diagrams and Jung introvert stuff – it really means nothing to me I don't really like the mental excitation of it all Nor the sort of excitation that comes out of [Jaume] de Angulo's letter, and that business of Clarence [Thompson] and the puppy and the 'anima' It all seems to me a false working-up, and an inducement to hysteria and insanity I know what lies back of it all the same indecent desire to have everything in the *will* and the *head* Life itself comes from elsewhere

As for inviting de Angulo to Taos, do as you like It doesn't matter much, either way

The little story of Tony is nice but the load is more difficult than snow and ham

That *Men, Beasts and Gods* seems to me a good deal faked Anyhow that oriental stuff is a fraud The middle of Asia there is the old evil destructive centre, now about to rouse again and work on us – particularly Europe

But we have no real faith unless we can see through all that stuff, and then ignore it Also all this poking and prying into the Indians is a form of indecency

I feel very unsure about everything, – Taos and everything Everything seems to take the wrong direction Why do you send me those clock-face diagrams and ask me to draw you? Can't you see the effect that has on me – makes me just completely sceptical – However, one just fatalistically makes a move – like Tony's going east

By the middle of March, I expect we shall be in New York – then we'll decide the next move Frieda wants to come to Taos
[P S [I read *Arabia Deserta* long ago, but shall like to read it again

To Baroness von Richthofen, from Hôtel de Versailles, 60 Boulevard
Montparnasse, Paris, 'Saturday' [?23 February 1924]

Dearest *Mutchen*. We are sitting in bed, have had our coffee, the clock says 8 30, and we see the people and the carriages pass on the boulevard outside in the morning sun The old men and women shake their carpets

on their balconies in the tall house opposite, cleaning haird Paris is still Paris

We went to Versailles yesterday It is stupid, so very big and flat, much too big for the landscape. No, such hugeness is merely blown up frog, that wants to make himself larger than nature and naturally he goes pop! *Le Roi Soleil* was like that – a very artificial light Frieda was terribly disappointed in *Le Petit Trianon* of Marie Antoinette – a doll's palace and a doll's Swiss village from the stage Poor Marie Antoinette, she wanted to be so simple and become a peasant, with her toy Swiss village and her niece, a little ordinary, Austrian, blond face Finally she became too simple, without a head

On the great canal a few people skated, a very few people, little and cold and without fun, between those well-combed trees that stand there like hair with an elegant parting And these are the great Man is stupid Naturally the frog goes pop!

Frieda has bought two hats and is proud of them

Tomorrow we go to Chartres to see the cathedral And that is our last outing Tuesday we go to London

Now, mother-in-law, you know all we are doing and can travel along with us Such is life We can go together in spite of separation and you can travel, travel in spite of old age – Salutations, Madame

[From the German]

To M L Skinner, from Garland's Hotel, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, London,
S W 1, 3 March 1924

Dear Miss Skinner · *The Boy in the Bush* is in the printer's hands, both here and in New York After all Martin Secker is publishing it here and I am signing a contract for it, drawn up by Curtis Brown The contract is made between me and the publisher, and I sign on your behalf and Curtis Brown has an order to pay you one-half of all receipts in England and America, after, of course, his 10% agent's fee has been deducted. It is possible Martin Secker will pay about £100 in advance of royalties – in which case Curtis Brown will at once send you a cheque for £50 or thereabouts I will have all statements of sales made to you as well as to me Statements are made on June 30th and December 31st, and payments are made on 1st Oct and 1st May, each year. Curtis Brown is very strict

in business, so you will be quite safe Write to him and ask anything you want to know

My wife and I are sailing in two days' time on the *Aquitama* to New York Address me there, always, c/o Curtis Brown – 116 West 39th St, New York City You see the agency operates in both cities

I am very anxious the book should be a success, and that you should get some money as well as fame Also I hope you are pleased with it You may quarrel a bit with the last two chapters But after all, if a man really has cared, and cares, for two women, why should he suddenly shelve either of them? It seems to me more immoral to drop all connection with one of them, than to wish to have the two

Write to me in New York I expect we shall go to New Mexico, and then down to Old Mexico But letters will come on

The book, unfortunately, has been delayed here, and Secker will probably not have it out till early June Seltzer in America will probably be sooner – May, or even end of April We shall see You can write to Curtis Brown both in London and New York (in New York the manager is Mr Barmby) for all information I will see you get six presentation copies from Secker, and six from Seltzer

I hope now I have thought of everything

I am not sorry to go back to America Europe seems to me weary and wearying

Best wishes to you My wife sends her regards and remembrances One day we shall meet again, and laugh things over, I know.

[Frieda] Soon I will write you a really long letter! Meanwhile all good luck to the boy!

To Witter Bynner, from Garland's Hotel, London, 3 March 1924

Dear Bynner We had your letter yesterday, wondered often where you were – No news from Spoodle yet

We sail on Wednesday on the *Aquitama* for New York arrive about March 12th We shall stay a week or so – then come on to New Mexico. Seltzer has been behaving queerly I must see to him. Dorothy Brett is coming with us – she is deaf – and a painter – and daughter of Viscount Esher I think we shall stay a while in Taos I want to go back to Mexico – particularly I want to go to Oaxaca What do you think of that?

We look forward to seeing you, and to making plans Thankful to be leaving Europe – were in Paris and Germany – *Au revoir*

To Mark Gertler, from R M S Aquitania, 10 March [1924]

Dear Gertler We come to New York tomorrow morning – a very quick run It was quite warm till yesterday – we were in the Gulf Stream Now we are off America there is a strong north wind, the sea smoking its spray, and dark grey waves, and this big ship rolling But it doesn't upset us, except Frieda a bit The unending motion irritates her I rather like it Brett of course is very happy and pleased with herself Suddenly I saw her wearing a little blue brooch I recognised as having given to Ottoline years ago – a chalcedony stone She says Ottoline flung it at her at the time of the row I always liked that soft blue stone Queer how things come back to you

The boat is very comfortable – only rather too big – like living in a Town Hall. We have a little *Daily Mail* printed on board, but not much in it One might suggest to Kot running an 'important' daily on a liner It would *command* attention everybody reads our *D M* down to the advertisements of hotels all over America What an opportunity of making oneself heard! An opportunity wasted – I left Kot with a sore head but better that than a sore heart and spirit It's no good, the Old Jehovah does *not* rule the world any more He's quit Send a line to Taos, New Mexico – I expect we'll be there in ten days' time, or thereabouts There's luncheon gong, thank God! Clocks go *back* an hour each day, and the mornings are endless Remember me to Milne and Waterton

Tuesday afternoon – Here we are in New York, in half a blizzard, snow and rain on a wild wind Seltzer with us – not very reassuring – his business in low water Brett only bewildered now

New York looks horrible this weather. Send a line – just Taos New Mexico U S A.

To J M Murry, from R M S Aquitania, Monday, 10 March 1924

Dear Jack We come to New York tomorrow The sea is swinging and smoking now, in a cold wind since we came out of the Gulf Stream.

But it has been a pleasant voyage, and we have missed none of the meals The boat is very comfortable, only too big – like being in a town Very quick though – we make about 580 or 585 sea miles a day very good going Brett is very happy – insatiably curious – teas with doctor, etc Frieda doesn't really like the sea – the motion I like to feel myself travelling And it's good to get away from the doom of Europe I'll add a word in New York

Tuesday afternoon Landed at last, and got all the things through customs – such a fuss! Don't come in by New York if you can go to Galveston And little ships are humanly much nicer than big ones The passport officials looked askance at Brett travelling alone – called her 'this girl' I got so mad Then they soon slowed down, quieted-up sharp The customs people were very nice – but oh, so long We struggled up to 100th St buried in luggage, in a taxi, in half a blizzard, snow and rain on a gale of N E wind New York looking vile Seltzer was at the wharf, though I hadn't told him I was coming He'd got it from Curtis Brown He looks very diminished, and him so small already Apparently his business has gone very badly this winter, and he has sleepless nights So, it seems, might I My money is at present in thin air, but I believe it will materialise bit by bit Damn it all and damn everything But I don't care terribly – Brett just bewildered

Write to Taos, New Mexico, U S A

We'll go next week When you come, don't declare anything on your customs declaration paper – put 'Personal Effects and Clothing' – no more Brett went and put 'paints, artists' materials, *Banjolette*', and I had to wangle out of paying duty But the customs people are nice enough

To J M Murry, from 219 West 100th St, New York, 14 March 1924

Dear Jack Seltzer says he sent to you Magnus' own MS of Foreign Legion, *Diegs* Will you please turn it over to Martin Secker – he may publish it

I don't care much for the Seltzer outlook His business is on the wane – Mrs Seltzer's poison streak Curtis Brown's man here seems a very decent sort, no fool his name is Barmby, A W, if ever you want him. c/o Curtis Brown, Ltd 116 W 39th St

I think we shall go on Monday to Chicago, and Taos Brett's money from Windsor is not here but she will have enough She and Frieda are in the Seltzer's flat, I am in an hotel The snow has gone again, it is bright, strong sunshine, but frozen still I haven't much respect for New York but a machine is perhaps less distressing than a dying animal London Brett is quite calm, not much impressed, but feels an adventuress New York jeers at us all, and we look down our noses
[P S] I cashed your cheque at 4 29

To S S Koteliansky, from 219 West 100th St, New York, 14 March 1924

My dear Kot We landed here in a gale, and snow, cold and horrible But today there is brilliant sunshine New York looks as ever stiff, machine-made, and against nature Still it is more stimulating than Europe It is so mechanical, there is not the sense of death And another destiny – Brett so far is very nice self-contained and detached, which is the best – Seltzer and Mrs Seltzer are not so nice She is the bad influence He says he lost \$7000 last year And simply no money in the bank, for me I don't like the look of their business at all – But Curtis Brown's man here seems very decent and reliable a north of England man He'll attend to the thing for me

We shall leave next week for Taos, as soon as this is a bit straightened out – My dear Kot, it's no good thinking of business unless you will go at it like a lion, a serpent, and a condor You're well out of publishing The world is a very vast machine, that grinds the bones of the good man gladly, if he's fool enough to let it.

To M L Skinner, from Taos, New Mexico, 4 April 1924

Dear Miss Skinner Your letter about *The Boy* MS has come here I have written to Secker and Seltzer to make the alterations you wish, if it is not too late Also I tell them they may leave out both chapters at the end, if they wish But here, if the book is set up, the publishers will not agree unless they wish to of their own account We shall see I asked them both to write you what they are doing. The book should be out end of May It is between-seasons, but I think perhaps it is just as well Book trade alas is very bad I have arranged with Curtis Brown's re-

presentative in New York to conduct all my business this side He is A W Barmby, Curtis Brown Ltd 116 West Thirty-ninth St, New York Write to him for anything you want to know And I will see he sends you your half of the royalties, and the statements, as they come due

I think myself *The Boy* is a fine book It runs on to its inevitable conclusions But I know the world doesn't like the inevitable – Anyhow I am glad you like it on the whole I wanted you to say just what you felt – and I do understand your feeling about the things you would like modified It is a pity we were so far apart, that we could not have worked a bit together – Now, the next phase is in the hands of the public

I had a letter also today from Mrs Throssell I hope you will get to know her

✓ We are here again at the foot of the Rockies on the desert, among the Indians – 7000 feet up I am glad to be away again The winter in Europe wearied me inexpressibly There seems a dead hand over the old world

Tell me what you are doing about a new book

Many greetings from my wife and me

To Harriet Monroe, from Taos, 8 April 1924

Dear Harriet Monroe Probably it's a long while since we were in Chicago – it seems only yesterday It was awfully nice to see you and know you – I shall never forget the afternoon, that lake with a stripe of snow like a skunk's nose It was best before the other people came – but I liked the young man and his wife very much and Mrs Freer

✱ We find Taos very pleasant again – very beautiful – and the raging spirits somewhat soothed My wife just calming down after the depressing swirl of Europe and Miss Brett blissfully happy on an old horse Both sending you warm regards I must say I am glad to be out here in the Southwest of America – there is the pristine something, unbroken, unbreakable, and not to be got under even by us awful whites with our machines – for which I thank whatever gods there be If you come this way, come and see us You can always have lots of room to yourself Don't forget.

Many greetings to you

To Curtis Brown, from Taos, 10 April 1924

Dear Curtis Brown This just come from Secker It's another of my literary mixups Magnus was a man I knew in Italy He committed suicide in Malta, after borrowing money from a nice and not rich Maltese whom I knew Magnus left various MSS of not much value one about his experiences in the Foreign Legion In order to get some money back for Michael Borg, the Maltese, I wrote a long memoir of Magnus to go before the *Legion* book I wanted very much to recover for Borg the eighty-odd pounds Magnus borrowed

Magnus left a wife – but the MS I think legally belongs to Michael Borg Anyhow, there is that debt, which I know of personally

Would you write and ask Michael Borg, 34 Fuori la Mina, Valletta, Malta, if he will accept the 50 per cent – or what he wants?

Ask Secker to let you see the MS if you are at all interested It is interesting

Ask Secker please to change Magnus' name – have already suggested it to him and to change all names – I have no idea where Mrs Magnus is I only know she had repudiated her husband before he died, and refused to pay any of his debts.

I don't know what to answer Secker about percentage, and especially about the American side Will you settle it all? I suppose there won't be a great sale for the book, and I don't mind taking the 10 per cent up to 2000 You judge if it is right But we must let Seltzer know Seltzer, by the way, had the MS for nearly two years – and it was by the merest odd chance I said to Murry – who was reading it out of curiosity – *send it in to Secker* You see, Secker knew all the Florence and Capri part of it.

I asked Barmby to cable the acceptance of *Boy in Bush* Secker will make Miss Skinner's alteration – I asked him to as far as he likes

Secker can leave out anything he likes from my MS of Magnus, or from Magnus' own

Seltzer writing me – very hurt I hope you don't hate all this trouble. [P P S] I am writing Michael Borg now Also to Secker to deal entirely with you.

I wrote my sister-in-law in Munich to find me illustrations for *Movements in European History* and to Vere Collins, at the Oxford Press, to inform her of what he wants They can communicate direct Seltzer

writes he would like to publish the new illustrated edition in America, when it is ready

I want you to let Barmby know at once about this Magnus thing, so he can settle as you think best with Seltzer

I shan't get my Mexican novel finished this year – shall stay the summer here, I think

To Mabel Luhan, from Lobo, New Mexico, 'Monday' [?12 May 1924]

Dear Mabel Geronimo came up in a carriage – *milordo*¹ – so the coachman will bring you this note I do wish I'd thought to ask you if we could have the adobe tools for a week – we ought to begin 'dobyng' in the morning, and we want to begin cementing the chimney now, but no trowels or tools

Later we shall want whitewash – or alabastine or whatever it is – and white and turquoise paint – and brushes

And a packet of tin-tacks and another pound of putty hinges for cupboards and screws These things whenever anything is coming up, on wheels

Thundering like the devil, and fierce rain Good you're in shelter Ponies neighing, trees hissing, Pablo scuttling

Candido is very nice – he enjoys doing things We chinked the end room this morning, it is all ready to plaster Now we want to build chimney – going to get sand as soon as rain holds off

My article – 'Pan in America' – will, I think, have to have two parts I'll see if I can finish first half this evening, and send it to Spoodle to type, if he comes

Remember the address is Del Monte Ranch, Valdez, N M Was that what you gave the postwoman? We've had no mail

Hope you're feeling better, and *very* comfortable, by way of contrast

A rat and chipmunk and squirrel-enlivened night

[P.S.] And the loan of the little grindstone

I wish Contentos was sold – he spoils the other horses and he'll never be good to ride any more

Monday Evening

Like a fool, I let the man go without this letter Send it to post

Ask Tony if anyone in the *pueblo* will let me have a sack of fine

straw – almost chaff – for plaster. But don't bother about this – I'll manage with the rough, unless the other turns up easily

More rain – but hot again.

Been a very busy day – very satisfactory

Mrs Luhan had given her son's ranch, the Flying Heart, to Frieda, Lawrence changed the name to Lobo (from Lobo Mountain), and later to Kiowa, they were receiving their mail at nearby Del Monte ranch, as to the reference to the horse Contentos, Mrs Luhan noted, in *Lorenzo in Taos* (1932) 'Poor Contentos! Poor Lorenzo! After these years Contentos is still alive, but blind and old, and Lorenzo is dead!'

To J M Murry, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, New Mexico, 16 May 1924

Dear Jack We learn from Brett that you are marrying a girl called Violet le Maistie, on the 20th of this month – and I see by the calendar it is already the 16th. If you can settle down with her and be happy I am sure it is the best for you. Better, as you say, than wild-geese-chasing in other continents. I hope you will have a nice place in Dorset, and make friends with your own destiny. I'm sure you can, if you will, take the rest of your life peacefully, with a wife, a home, and probably children. Anyhow, that's what I wish you – an acquiescent, peaceful happiness.

We are out on Frieda's ranch, with three Indians and a Mexican carpenter, building up the log cabin – the 3-room one. It has been neglected for some years. You would like making adobe and so on, and the camp at evening – but I think you'd not feel comfortable in your skin, for long, away from England. It's much better as it is, I'm sure of that. I think by the end of next week the houses will be done. There's a two-room cabin where Mabel can come when she likes, and a one-roomer for Brett. We've got four horses in the clearing – and spring is just here – the wild gooseberries all in flower, and an occasional humming-bird, many blue-jays. But the vibration is so different. England is as unreal as a book one read long ago, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, or something of that. Often, too, it is trying – one has to bear up hard against it. Then the altitude, about 8600 ft, tells on one for a time. The sun is setting, the pines are red, the Indians are just starting drumming. All good luck to you.

To Catherine Carswell, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 18 May 1924

My dear Catherine We have often spoken of you lately I wonder what you are doing We had your letter about your cottage and Don's job That was mean, to take the job back again You *do* have bad luck

Did I tell you Mabel Luhan gave Frieda that little ranch – about 160 acres – up here in the skirts of the mountains? We have been up there the last fortnight working like the devil, with 3 Indians and a Mexican carpenter, building up the 3-room log cabin, which was falling down We've done all the building, save the chimney – and we've made the adobe bricks for that I hope in the coming week to finish everything, shingling the roofs of the other cabins too There are two log cabins, a 3-roomer for us, a 2-roomer Mabel can have when she comes, a little one-roomer for Brett – and a nice log hay-house and corral We have four horses in the clearing It is very wild, with the pine-trees coming down the mountain – and the altitude, 8600 ft., takes a bit of getting used to But it is also very fine – Now it is our own, so we can invite you to come I hope you'll scrape the money together and come for a whole summer, perhaps next year, and try it Anyway it would make a break, and there is something in looking out on to a new landscape altogether – I think we shall stay till October, then go down to Mexico, where I must work at my novel At present I don't write – don't want to – don't care Things are all far away I haven't seen a newspaper for two months, and can't bear to think of one The world is as it is I am as I am We don't fit very well – I never forget that fatal evening at the Café Royal That is what coming home means to me Never again, pray the Lord

We rode down here, Brett and I Frieda lazy, came in the car The spring down in the valley is so lovely, the wild plum everywhere white like snow, the cottonwood trees all tender plummy green, like happy ghosts, and the alfalfa fields a heavy dense green Such a change, in two weeks The apple orchards suddenly in bloom Only the grey desert the same – Now there is a thunder-storm and I think of my adobes out there at the ranch We ride back tomorrow – One doesn't talk any more about being happy – that is child's talk But I do like having the big, unbroken spaces round me There is something savage, unbreakable in the spirit of peace out here – the Indians drumming and yelling at our camp-fire at evening – But they'll be wiped out too, I expect –

schools and education will finish them But not before the world falls

Remember me to Don Save up – and enjoy your cottage meanwhile

‘That fatal evening at the Café Royal’ the ‘last supper’ described by Mrs Carswell and others, at which the recruits for Taos assembled during Lawrence’s visit to London, Lawrence got drunk, and various ‘disciples’ pledged themselves to join him in the New Mexican ‘experiment’, but none of them did except Dorothy Brett

To Mabel Luhan, from Lobo, ‘Thursday’ [? Spring 1924]

Dear Mabel Your letter about ‘flow’ Anyhow, how can one *make* a flow, unless it comes? To me it seems you always want to force it, with your will You can’t just let it be You want evident signs, and obvious tokens, and all that On Saturday evening, you can’t just let one be still and let the flow be still You want to ‘do things’ to me, and have me ‘do things’ to you That isn’t flow I only wanted to sit still and be still on Saturday evening Must I then exert myself to dance or to provide entertainment I never ask you to exert yourself I wish to heaven you would be quiet and let the hours slip by But you say it’s not your nature You’ll say it is your nature to ‘do things’ to people, and have them ‘do things’ to you That wears me Even you apply your *will* to your affection and your flow And once my own *will* is aroused, it’s worse than most people’s But I do assert that, primarily, I *don’t* exert any will over people And I *hate* the electric atmosphere of wills You’ll say it’s because I just want my own will to predominate It’s not even that It’s that I want my will only to be a servant to the ‘flow,’ the lion that attends Una, the virgin, or the angel with the bright sword, at the gate That is all I want my will to be Not a rampaging Lucifer. But in you, even your affection is a subordinate part of your everlasting will, that which is strong in you.

If the problem is beyond solving, it is Who knows But there’s the problem How not to arouse these bristling wills of ours – they’re in all of us the same – and admit a natural flow The moment *one* exerts a will, the whole thing rouses in all the rest of us And hell to pay.

And of course it’s so much easier to flow when one is *alone*, and the others are just thought about As soon as two are together, it requires a great effort not to fall into a combat of wills Even wrestling with one’s material

As for the apple-blossom picture, the symbolism, the meaning, doesn't get me, so why should I bother about it
[P S] I know that the only way to life at all, is to accept the invisible flow And the flow should be manifold, different sorts, not exclusive As soon as you try to make the flow *exclusive*, you've cut its root. Only one has to guard against false flow – which is *will* in disguise – like Lee Witt or Bynner Even with Brett, if you'd take your will off her, she'd be all right But you won't – It's no good *insisting* on 'flow' The minute anybody *insists*, on anything, the flow is gone And I *know* when the real flow is gone there is nothing left worth having And perhaps I have a fatal little germ of hopelessness Because, of course, your letter stops Frieda's flow, and her will starts up in a fury – as yours about Brett And what then? Then my will is up in arms, and it's only a fight – useless all round

To Frederick Carter, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 3 June 1924

Dear Carter Your letter this evening I was glad to hear the *Beacon* news – never heard of the periodical The *Adelphi* does one no good.

I got an agent in New York to tackle my publisher, and the thing will be straightened out – but will take about a year It wasn't nice

My wife has got a little ranch up here – about 150 acres, in the mountain foot-slopes, mostly pine trees, but two clearings – not much water, though We are about two miles up from Del Monte Ranch, get our mail there It's a lonely spot here – beautiful scenery – altitude 8500 ft We have two little log houses and a tiny cabin We have been a month working like niggers, building up the one house, which was falling down, and shingling the others We had four Indians working on the job, and a Mexican carpenter The last Indians went down to Taos – 17 miles – today, and we are alone, save for a friend, Dorothy Brett, who paints – and is a daughter of Viscount Esher – We have five horses – ride down to Del Monte for milk and butter I've just been having a struggle with three of the horses – they've gone wild, demons Wish there was another man here to help, these times It's a pity you haven't some money, to come and try the life here You could have one of the houses, and Mrs Carter could start a little farm Everything is all right, except the ditch to bring the water here from the canyon But the winter

is long and cold and lonely – we were at Del Monte last winter – We have a spring, but it doesn't give enough water to irrigate – I should rather like to see Mrs Carter tackle the place – As for myself, I am a wandering soul I want to go down to Old Mexico at the end of September, and my wife will go with me It means abandoning this place, which is a pity We should probably come back next April ✓

I haven't been doing much work since last autumn The winter, and the visit to Europe, was curiously disheartening Takes one some time to get over it

As for the war, it changed me for ever And after the war pushed the change further

Shall be glad to see the *Beacon* There is nothing new of mine – save a Pan story in that anthology of stories, *The New Decameron* – and a story to come in the *Smart Set*

Warm regards to Mrs Carter, also to you

To Martin Secker, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 11 June 1924

Dear Secker I had your letter – am expecting the proofs of the Magnus book

Do a little thing for me, will you? Order *Punch*, for six months, to Mr F W. Gillett, at this address And order a couple of periodicals for me – not *highbrow*, not *London Mercury*, the best of the popular magazines, like the *Strand*, or *Hutchinson's*, or the *Bystander* I haven't seen one for years, and I think it would be good for me to know *what* popularity is. Order them for six months, will you, and send me the bill I'll send you a cheque.

And if you have anything on your list, old or new, that you think we should like, send us something There is nothing to read up here

It's suddenly midsummer and blazing hot I like it I think Frieda would like to turn me into a western farmer. *Mais non! Grusse!*

To E M Forster, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa [?Summer 1924]

Don't forget you are due to send me your novel. I want to read it Saw Murry's *Bou-oum* crit – but even that is better than his *maow* – anyhow,

damn the universe and its echo – *je m'en fiche* – *On peut toujours s'en fiche, même de l'univers*

The novel was *A Passage to India*

To Baroness von Richthofen from Del Monte Ranch, 28 June 1924

Dearest Mother-in-Law It's so long since I wrote you, but we had much to do here and my desire for writing is weak I don't know why, but words and speech bore me a little We know so well without saying anything I know you, you know me, so I need no longer speak on paper

You know, Frieda is quite proud of her ranch and her horse Azul, that's the one with two wives – my Poppy, who is very shy but beautiful, sorrel and quick, and then old Bessy, Brett's horse Bessy is also red, or sorrel

Every evening we go down to Del Monte, only three and a half kilometres, through woods and over the Lobo brook You know, this place is called Lobo, which means 'wolf' in Spanish

Frieda is always talking to her Azul 'Yes, Azul, you're a good boy! Yes, my Azul, go on, go on, then! Yes! Are you afraid, silly horse! It's only a stone, a great white stone, why are you afraid then?' That's how she is always talking to him, because she is a little afraid herself.

There is always something to do here I've written two stones Right now we're building a roof over the little veranda before the kitchen door, with eight small pillars of pinewood and boards on top – very nice It's nearly finished You know, we've also got an Indian oven made of adobe It stands outside, not far from the kitchen door, built like a beehive

Last week came Francisca, the Indian servant at Del Monte We baked bread and roasted chickens in the oven – very good We can bake twenty loaves of bread in half an hour in it

Five minutes' walk from here are the tents and beds of the Indians, still standing Frieda and I slept there once, under the big stars that hang low on the mountains here Morning comes and a beautiful grey squirrel runs up the balsam pine and scolds us No one else in the world, only the great desert below, to the west We don't go much to Taos and Mabel does not come often We have our own life The Brett is a little simple but harmless, and likes to help Else writes Friedel is coming to

America He will likely come here I think Else may also come, she has a desire for America All right, but life in America is empty and stupid, more empty and stupid than with us I mean the city and village life But here, where one is alone with trees and mountains and chipmunks and desert, one gets something out of the air, something wild and untamed, cruel and proud, beautiful and sometimes evil – that is really America But not the America of the whites

Here comes your birthday again, you old Valkyrie, so you leap on the horse of your spirit from one year's peak to the next, and look always further into the future I send you a cheque How gladly would I be with you, to drink your health in good Moselle Here there is no wine and the 'prosit' cannot sound through the pines But next year we will drink together to your birthday

Auf Wiedersehen

[P S] I forgot, we have two small Bibles – sons, two little dogs from our Pips They are six weeks old, named Roland and Oliver, and are gay, small, and fat, and lift their paws like Chinese lions

[From the German]

To E D McDonald, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 3 July 1924

Dear Professor McDonald I have your letter and the Cabell bibliography It's not exactly cold I feel, but a bit bewildered But if people want bibliographies, and if you are willing to take all those pains, *bueno!* I'll help as much as I can But I'm not much good.

I will write you a little introduction, but tell me what kind of thing you would like me to say I don't really care a snap about first editions, or whether e's are upside down or not So I also have nothing really to say, in that line Only I don't feel like saying it in as many words as Cabell does haven't got the style.

But it *looks* a nice little book affects me a bit as tables of logarithms used to and I got a certain thrill out of them

[P S.] Can I say how Mitchell Kennerley never gave me a sou for *Sons and Lovers* in America? – I would like to get back at him and surely a bibliophile would like to know that his Kennerley copy was a swindle.

Edward D McDonald was at this time preparing the first of his two fine bibliographies of Lawrence

To Rolf Gardmer, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 4 July 1924

Dear Mr Gardiner I had your letter only last night Duckworth's knew I was in America Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, always has my address

I would have done a notice of *Harbottle*, but now it is too late Anyhow, I hope the book comes along It will interest me

Myself, I am sick of the farce of cosmic unity, or world unison It may exist in the abstract – but not elsewhere And we may all find some abstract ground to agree on But as soon as it comes to experience, to passion, to desire, to feeling, we are different And the great racial differences are insuperable We may agree about abstract, yet practical ideas, like honesty, speaking the truth, and so on And there it ends The spirit of place ultimately always triumphs An American of pure English descent is different in all his reactions from an Englishman

To tell the truth, I am sick to death of the Jewish monotheistic string It has become monomaniac I prefer the pagan many gods, and the animistic vision Here on this ranch at the foot of the Rockies, looking west over the desert, one just *knows* that all our Pale-face and Hebraic monotheistic insistence is a dead letter – the soul won't answer any more Here, where we have the camp just above the cabin, under the hanging stars, and we sit with the Indians round the fire, and they sing till late into the night, and sometimes we all dance the Indian tread-dance – then what is it to me, world unison and peace and all that? I am essentially a fighter – to wish me peace is bad luck – except the fighter's peace And I have known many things, that may never be unified Ceylon, the Buddha temples, Australian bush, Mexico and Teotihuacán, Sicily, London, New York, Paris, Munich – don't talk to me of unison No more unison among man than among the wild animals – coyotes and chipmunks and porcupines and deer and rattlesnakes They all live in these hills – in the unison of avoiding one another As for *willing* the world into shape – better chaos a thousand times than any 'perfect' world Why, you can't even have a 'perfect' camp on a Bucks common – Blarney!

To me, chaos doesn't matter so much as abstract, which is mechanical, order To me it is life to feel the white ideas and the 'oneness' crumbling into a thousand pieces, and all sorts of wonder coming through It is

painful – much more painful, and endured inwardly, than K K tests
But there is it I hate ‘oneness,’ it’s a mania

And what do I care, really, about all that stuff? I am glad if White Fox and his K K’ers have a good time *Chacun à son goût* – and let him keep it I have mine, and it’s different I know there has to be a return to the older vision of life But not for the sake of unison And not done from the *will* It needs some welling up of religious sources that have been shut down in us a great *yielding*, rather than an act of will a yielding to the darker, older unknown, and a reconciliation, Nothing bossy. Yet the natural mystery of power

Anyhow, don’t bother Accept what seems good to you, reject what seems repulsive, and don’t feel condemned or over-implicated To hell with stunts – when they cease to amuse

Harbottle was by John Hargrave, founder of the Kibbo Kift (the K K mentioned above), later the Social Credit party, the Green shirts

To M L Skinner, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 8 July 1924

Dear Miss Skinner I was very much surprised to get your shipboard letter, and to know that by now you will be in London I hope you will have a good time and that you won’t be disappointed at waiting until September 1st for *The Boy* Secker sent me his advertisement leaflet too bad that he leaves you out so much it is not *my* wish, not a bit just a publisher’s attempt to use a known name and suppress an unknown one I hope *Lettie* meets with a warm reception What do you say you’ll call it? *Black Swans* sounds nice, to me

I am sorry we shan’t be seeing you. We are here on this ranch, which now belongs to my wife – it is fine and wild. But I want to go down Old Mexico in the autumn, to finish a novel I began there

I have written you several letters since we have been back in America they take so long Also Seltzer is supposed to have sent you a hundred dollars advance on royalties, for *The Boy* As soon as I had your letter, I wrote and asked him, if he had not sent the cheque to Australia, to send it to you in London Anyhow I hope it will turn up – If you need a few pounds, tell Curtis Brown, and they can always get you £25 or £30 advance from Martin Secker

Be sure and let me know how you find London, and how Lettie is
received I shall be very interested to read her again
I think *The Boy* will be translated at once into German
All good wishes to you from my wife and me

To E H Brewster, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 15 July 1924

Dear Earl We had your letter, and Achsah's Capri seems so far away –
so dim I suppose it is the effect of this region

Frieda is the proud owner of a little ranch here at the foot of the
Rockies, among the trees, two miles above Del Monte We look far
out over the desert – far beyond Taos, which lies below, 17 miles away
We had four Indians and a Mexican, to build up the rather dilapidated
log cabins – now all is more or less ship-shape – and F and I live in the
3-room cabin – nice big rooms – a friend, Dorothy Brett, a painter, who
came with us from London – is in a tiny one-room cabin, and there is a
2-room cabin for visitors – when we get any We have each our own
horse, and ride down to Del Monte Ranch every day for mail and milk
It's our nearest point to the road – I myself find a good deal of satis-
faction living like this alone in this unbroken country, which still
retains its aboriginal quality – and in doing for myself all I need – the
women doing the women's part – that is, Frieda does it But I make
shelves and cupboards, and mend fences, bake bread in the Indian oven
outside, and catch the horses – I doubt if you would really like it One
has to be so much harder, and more cut off, out here Either one stands
on one's own feet, and holds one's own on the face of the land, or one is
mysteriously pushed out – America has really just the opposite vibration
from Asia – here one *must* act, or wither and in Asia, it seems to me, one
must meditate I prefer this, because it is harder – But I think action –
continual rushing round in motor-cars etc – can be much more silly
than meditation

I want to go down to Mexico City early in October. F. loves it here,
but I hanker rather for old Mexico And I have a novel half finished
down there, which I want to get done this winter Perhaps next year
we may come round via China to India – have a standing invitation to
friends in Darjeeling, far north, in the Himalayas. I shall let you know –

Meanwhile many greetings across the world, to you three We shall meet again – perhaps next year So *arrivederci*

To Martin Secker, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 23 July 1924

Dear Secker: Am reading *Passage to India* It's good, but makes one wish a bomb would fall and end everything Life is more interesting in its undercurrents than in its obvious, and E M does see people, people and nothing but people *ad nauseam*

I hope all goes well F will be writing again Thank you very much for all the trouble you took for me

To E D McDonald, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 31 July 1924

Dear Mr McDonald I'm sure you know more about my published works than I know myself – *The White Peacock* was my first book and those 'Still Afternoon' poems in the *English Review*, my first appearance in 'good black print' There was a youthful story in the bad grey print of a provincial newspaper – under a *nom de plume* But thank God that has gone to glory in the absolute sense

The list of books horrifies me by its length I'm sure they are all there (no, there's the history I remember later) I believe *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd* appeared first in New York – Duckworth bought sheets from Kennerley and Seltzer's *The Captain's Doll*, did it synchronise with Secker's *England, My England*?

In the magazine stuff, there is the *Adelphi*, with several things *Hutchinson's* once, I believe, the *Strand* and *Vanity Fair* and Harriett Monroe's *Poetry* – something in the *Athenaeum* – London – in 1919 and the *Saturday Westminster* earlier than that. – Then there are the stories in *The New Decameron* anthology, and in another anthology done by – I forget his name – Cournos John Cournos. – Also, you may like to know, – I forgot this too – The Oxford University Press has published a little textbook by me *Movements in European History* under the *nom de plume* Lawrence H Davison I believe they think of reprinting it, with pictures And I believe it was published in 1920 – It's a book I like, myself

This is all I remember at the moment Do write to me for anything you want
P S] There's an essay with a drawing of mine in this month's *Theatre Arts Monthly*, N Y

To Carlo Linati, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 8 August 1924

Dear Signor Linati Your letter reached me here I am asking Martin Secker and Thomas Seltzer, my publishers, to send you the books you want

I have lived a few years in Italy, and loved the country very much I used to think the *Corriere della Sera* about the best paper in Europe All the things that *The Times* smothered over, it said fairly plainly There is, indeed, a certain kind of Italian honesty which I like very much better than the English and American brand

I shall be interested to see your article When you write, will you tell me if there are any good Italian books published lately?

Did you take *Lady Into Fox* seriously? I thought it a rather childish *jeu d'esprit* for the grown-up nursery – Do you know E M Forster's work? he has just published *A Passage to India* I think he is about the best of my contemporaries in England

To Rolf Gardiner, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 9 August 1924

Dear Rolf Gardiner I thought *Harbottle* poor stuff snivelling self-pity, exasperatedly smashing a few cheap parlour ornaments, but leaving the house standing stuffy, suburban, sterile, smug, a nice little upholstered nest of essential cowardice White Fox, forsooth! White rat!

Bah! If ever you edit another paper, take up a hatchet, not a dummy teat of commiseration What we need is to smash a few big holes in European suburbanity, let in a little real fresh air Oh, words are action good enough, if they're the right words But all this blasted snivel of hopelessness and self-pity and 'stars' – and 'Wind among the trees' and 'camp-fires' – and witanagemotery – It's courage we want, fresh air, and not suffused sentiments Even the stars are stale, that way If one is going to act, in words, one should go armed to the teeth, and fire carefully

at the suburbanians – like Wells, White Fox, Barrie, Jack Squire – even Murry – all the lot Piff! and down they go!

If it's going to be Youth, then let it be Youth on the waipath, not wandervogeling and piping imitation nature tunes to the taste of a cake of milk chocolate, and pitying itself and 'all other unfortunates' To the rubbish heap with all unfortunates A great *merde!* to all latter-day Joan-of-Arcism God, God, God, if there *be* any Youth in Europe, let them rally and kick the bottom of all this elderly bunk Not snivel or feel helpless What's the good being hopeless, so long as one has a hob-nailed boot to kick with? *Down with the Poor in Spirit!* A wai! But the Subtlest, most intimate warfare Smashing the face of what one *knows* is rotten

Murry said to me last year 'Come, only come, and do what you like with the *Adelphi*' I came in December He went green at my first article, and – wouldn't print it *No, Lorenzo, you'll only make enemies* – As if that weren't what I want I hate this slime of all the world's my friend, my half-friend, anyway I'm not going to make an enemy of him

Well, here's to you and your bygone Youth

To M L Skinner, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 10 August 1924

Dear Miss Skinner I had a copy of *The Boy* from Secker looks very nice Seltzer will distribute for you six complimentary copies in America – or anywhere – if you send him addresses. We did the American jacket between us – rather nice. –

I want to hear more of your London experiences, and how 'Letty' is looking –

Seltzer wrote that he sent you some time ago a cheque for \$100 00 to Australia Hope you get it safely – And I hope you'll shortly get £10 from Curtis Brown for German translation of *The Boy* It's already being done.

Let me know how you have fared, and if you had a good time.

Just back from the Snake Dance

One wonders what one came for – what all those people went for The Hopi country is hideous – a clayey pale-grey desert with death-grey *mesas* sticking up like broken pieces of ancient dry grey bread And the hell of a lumpy trail for forty miles Yet car after car lurched and bobbed and ducked across the dismalness, on Sunday afternoon

The Hopi country is some forty miles across, and three stale *mesas* jut up in its desert The dance was on the last *mesa*, and on the furthest brim of the last *mesa*, in Hotevilla The various Hopi villages are like broken edges of bread crust, utterly grey and arid, on top of these *mesas* and so you pass them first Walpi then unseen Chimopova then Oraibi on the last *mesa* and beyond Oraibi, on the same *mesa*, but on a still higher level of grey rag-rock, and away at the western bum, is Hotevilla

The *pueblos* of little grey houses are largely in ruin, dry raggy bits of disheartening ruin One wonders what dire necessity or what Cain-like stubbornness drove the Hopis to these dismal grey heights and extremities Anyhow, once they got there, there was evidently no going back But the *pueblos* are mostly ruin And even then, very small.

Hotevilla is a scrap of a place with a plaza no bigger than a fair-sized back-yard and the chief house on the square a ruin. But into this plaza finally three thousand onlookers piled A mile from the village was improvised the official camping ground, like a corral with hundreds of black motor cars Across the death-grey desert, bump and lurch, came strings of more black cars, like a funeral *cortège* Till everybody had come – about three thousand bodies

And all these bodies piled in the oblong plaza, on the roofs, in the ruined windows, and thick around on the sandy floor, under the old walls. a great crowd There were Americans of all sorts, wild west and tame west, American women in pants, an extraordinary assortment of female breeches and at least two women in skirts, relics of the last era There were Navajo women in full skirts and velvet bodices, there were Hopi women in bright shawls. a negress in a low-cut black blouse and a black sailor hat various half-breeds and all the men to match The ruined house had two wide square window-holes in the one was

forced an apparently naked young lady with a little black hat on. She laid her naked handsome arm like a white anaconda along the sill, and posed as Queen Semiramis seated and waiting. Behind her, the heads of various Americans to match perhaps movie people. In the next window-hole, a poppy-show of Indian women in coloured shawls and glistening long black fringe above their conventionally demure eyes. Two windows to the west!

And what had they all come to see? – come so far, over so weary a way, to camp uncomfortably? To see a little bit of a snake dance in a plaza no bigger than a back-yard? Light grey-daubed antelope priests (so called) and a dozen black-daubed snake-priests (so called). No drums, no pageantry. A hollow muttering. And then one of the snake-priests hopping slowly round with the neck of a pale, bird-like snake nipped between his teeth, while six elder priests dusted the six younger, snake-adorned priests with prayer feathers on the shoulders, hopping behind like a children's game. Like a children's game – Old Roger is dead and is low in his grave! After a few little rounds, the man set his snake on the sand, and away it steered towards the massed spectators sitting around and after it came a snake priest with a snake stick, picked it up with a flourish from the shrinking crowd, and handed it to an antelope priest in the background. The six young men renewed their snake as the eagle his youth – sometimes the youngest, a boy of fourteen or so, had a rattlesnake ornamentally dropping from his teeth, sometimes a racer, a thin whip snake, sometimes a heavier bull-snake, which wrapped its long end round his knee like a garter – till he calmly undid it. More snakes, till the priests at the back had little armfuls, like armfuls of silk stockings that they were going to hang on the line to dry.

When all the snakes had had their little ride in a man's mouth, and had made their little excursion towards the crowd, they were all gathered, like a real lot of wet silk stockings – say forty – or thirty – and let to wriggle all together for a minute in meal, corn-meal, that the women of the *pueblo* had laid down on the sand of the plaza. Then, hey presto! – they were snatched up like fallen washing, and the two priests ran away with them westward, down the *mesa*, to set them free among the rocks, at the snake-shrine (so called).

And it was over. Navajos began to ride to the sunset, black motor-cars began to scuttle with their backs to the light. It was over.

And what had we come to see, all of us? Men with snakes in their mouths, like a circus? Nice clean snakes, all washed and cold-creamed by the priests (so called) Like wet pale silk stockings Snakes with little bird-like heads, that bit nobody, but looked more harmless than doves? And funny men with blackened faces and whitened jaws, like a corpse band?

A show? But it was a tiny little show, for all that distance

Just a show! The Southwest is the great playground of the white American The desert isn't good for anything else But it does make a fine national playground And the Indian, with his long hair and his bits of pottery and blankets and clumsy home-made trinkets, he's a wonderful live toy to play with More fun than keeping rabbits, and just as harmless Wonderful, really, hopping round with a snake in his mouth Lots of fun! Oh, the wild west is lots of fun the Land of Enchantment Like being right inside the circus-ring lots of sand, and painted savages jabbering, and snakes and all that Come on, boys! Lots of fun! The great Southwest, the national circus-ground Come on, boys, we've every bit as much right to it as anybody else Lots of fun!

As for the hopping Indian with his queer muttering gibberish and his dangling snake – why, he sure is cute! He says he's dancing to make his corn grow What price irrigation, Jimmy? He says the snakes are emissaries to his rain god, to tell him to send rain to the corn on the Hopi Reservation, so the Hopis will have lots of corn-meal What price a spell of work on the railway, Jimmy? Get all the corn-meal you want with two dollars a day, anyhow

But oh, dry up! Let every man have his own religion And if there wasn't any snake dance we couldn't come to see it Miss lots of fun Good old Hopi, he sure is cute with a rattler between his teeth You sure should see him, boy If you don't, you miss a lot.

*To Clarence Thompson, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, ²Wednesday,
27 August 1924*

Dear Clarence We had a telegram from Frieda's nephew Friedel Jaffe, who has just arrived in New York from Munich to go to an American University He is a nice boy of 21. Would you care to see him and tell him about Taos (not beneath the surface) and about the

ranch Frieda would like it if you would. He is c/o The Institute of International Education – 522 Fifth Avenue – New York

I guess you are on your way back east I am so tired after that Hopi trip, I don't know what to do with myself – No sign, thank heaven, from below – I burned that hideous Indian doll – seriously set fire to her She was too ugly

I forgot to pay you for the curtain stuff – remembered only the bed and pillars Probably this ten dollars is too little

I asked Seltzer to send you *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia*

Good luck to you and your new work I feel it's a new phase altogether The old idols put in the kitchen stove, like that doll – Let me know how you get on

To Mrs Margaret Needham, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 31 August 1924

My dear Peg· We got back from the Hopi country last Monday – I'll probably write an article on the dances But how I hate long distance trips in motor car – so tiring! We went about a thousand miles altogether

You ask me what we grow on the ranch· Nothing This is a big clearing, on which the old owners used to grow alfalfa, and we call it the alfalfa field (it's a sort of clover, alfalfa, blue, grown tall and thick) Forty years ago a man came out looking for gold, and staked here There was some gold in the mountains Then he got poor, and a man called McClure had the place He had 500 white goats here, raised alfalfa, and let his goats feed wild in the mountains But the water supply is too bad, and we are too far from anywhere So he gave up Mabel Luhan bought the place for \$1200 six years ago, and let it go to rack and ruin Now she traded it to Frieda for the MS of *Sons and Lovers* Every one is very mad with me for giving that MS The ranch was only worth about \$1000, and the MS of *Sons and Lovers* worth three or four thousand – so everybody says But I don't care

I'll draw you a little plan of the place

[Sketch]

We have only one little spring of water, pure water – that will fill a pail in about 3 minutes it runs the same summer and winter If we want to grow anything, we must water, irrigate McClure used to bring the

water in a made ditch, over deep places by wooden channel [tunnel?] bridges, for nearly 3 miles from the Gallina Canyon. Then, from the Hondo canyon, he brought it down two miles. It's very difficult, though, in a dry country with dry gravelly soil. You can't bring much flow, so far – and in summer very often none. So we leave the ranch quite wild – only there's abundant feed for the five horses. And if we wanted to take the trouble, we could bring the water here as McClure did, and have a little farm – There's quite a lot of land, really – I'd say 180 acres, but it takes a terrible long time to go around the fence, through the wild forest – We got lots of wild strawberries – and we still get gallons of wild raspberries, up our own little canyon, where no soul ever goes. If we ride two miles, we can get no farther. Beyond, all savage, unbroken mountains.

We get our things from Taos – 17 miles – either by wagon or when someone is coming in a car. Our road is no road – a breaking through the forest – but people come to see us. Every evening, just after tea, we saddle up and ride down to Del Monte Ranch for the milk, butter, eggs, and letters. The old trail passes their gate, and the mailman, on horseback, leaves all the mail in a box nailed on a tree. Usually we get back just at dusk. Yesterday we rode down to San Cristóbal, where there is a cross-roads, a blacksmith, and a tiny village with no shop no anything, save the blacksmith – only a handful of Mexicans who speak Spanish – we went to get Frieda's grey horse – the Azul – shod. They call him in Spanish *el Azul* – the Blue. During the day there's always plenty to do – chopping wood, carrying water – and our own work. Sometimes we all paint pictures. Next week the Indian Geronimo is coming up to help me mend the corral, and build a porch over my door, and fix the spring for the winter, with a big trough where horses can drink. I want a Mexican to come and live here while we are away, to keep the place from going wild, squirrels and bushy-tailed pack-rats from coming in, and to see the water doesn't freeze for the horses. It gets very cold, and snow often knee deep. Sometimes, for a day or two, no getting away from the ranch.

There, I hope that's all you want to know.

I hope your exam went well. – As for Wembley, I don't want to go there. But London can be fascinating.

So glad you like your new house. We had the photographs. I must send you some photographs of here.

I haven't heard from your Aunt Ada and Ripley for so long Is anything wrong there? – Love to you all

To M L Skinner, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 13 September 1924

Dear Molly Skinner Your letter from Stouport [?] today – I saw the *Times* review it's too bad they leave you out and it's not my fault, I assure you I do hope *Black Swans* is going well Get the opinion of somebody competent Write to Mrs Catherine Carswell 110 Heath St, Hampstead N W 3 She is our very good friend, and wrote two good novels She is in the country – but write to her and meet her She can help you probably She understands publishers and so on – Do you take notice what cowardly reviewers say about me – *quelle canaille*! If I'd listened to reviewers I shouldn't exist – We are all well – leave for Mexico proper in October – Didn't you get a good cheque from Curtis Brown? Secker said he paid one in I think if you press Curtis Brown, he will get you an *advance* from Secker Do it And I hope you have Seltzer's \$100 00 Best wishes to you from us both

To J M Murry, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 13 September 1924

Dear Jack If you do a review of *The Boy in the Bush*, please praise Molly Skinner, say the *material* is hers, I only re-cast it – she's down because people seem to want to tell her she shouldn't exist in the connection, and it's not fair I wrote to your Milne at the British Museum to ask if he could suggest illustrations for the new edition of *Movements in European History*, for the Oxford Press They pester me – and what can I do out here? I feel it was rather cheek to bother Milne – but ask him if he minds, and let me know, will you It's a lovely autumn here – so beautiful and far Pity you couldn't *step* over. We are going down to Mexico in October – I suppose Brett too The birds are all coming down from the mountains – I feel like going south too – always want to go south. But I think Frieda rather hates leaving her ranch Brett shoots rabbits – cotton-tails they call them here

To Mabel Luhan, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 14 September 1924

Dear Mabel I had your letter about Bill last night I knew it was very much as he said that there was a fatal disconnection, and that it was passing beyond your control I am glad you are going to put yourself into a doctor's hands Because you have now to submit to authority, and to a certain measure of control from outside And except to an authority like a recognized doctor's, you would never have submitted

The thing to do is to try, try, try to discipline and control yourself And to remember that, even if all the people in the world go negative and futile, and you yourself have stuck to something which is more than all people or any people, the real thing which is beyond anybody's malevolent reach, then you yourself will never feel negative nor empty One should discipline oneself never to do things which one's own self disapproves of – and then one can't go to pieces But it will be hard for you to get over your disintegrative reaction towards people and circumstances – everything As you say, you went that way so long ago

We shall be going down to Mexico in October My chest and throat stay sore, I want to go south I don't want to go east for the winter no For this winter you must fight this thing out more or less by yourself It is your job

I don't know if this will reach you – but send it to the club on chance

To Mabel Luhan, from Kiowa, 'Friday Evening' [?22 September 1924]

Dear Mabel I found your letter this evening and here's the answer

1 Yes, one has to smash up one's old self and get a new one *with* a new skin (slow work)

2 One must kick bunk when one sees it hence one must be a destructive force You have hurt yourself, often, by letting the bunk get by and *then* kicking at random, and getting the victims below the belt You *must* discriminate sufficiently and say That's *bunk*! Kick it! – not kick in the wrong place

3 One does talk too much – and one shouldn't I speak for myself as well – Though I don't think it matters terribly, unless one deliberately makes bad mischief – which happened this summer, in *talk*.

4. About Tony – I'm afraid you and Clarence *caused* him to take a

violent prejudice against me, that time. I really have nothing against him except that it is foolish even at the worst to be swayed too much. – About his relation to you, yours to him, I would never venture *seriously* to judge (You really shouldn't mind the things one says casually – only the things one says really, having considered) I do think you have a terrible lot of the collective self in you I do think this helps to split you rather badly in your *private* self. I do think there is a good deal of subtle feminine soit of *épatez le bourgeois* in you sometimes crude I think this encroaches into your better relations, with men especially – that is, with Tony. It's a very difficult and tiresome thing, the mass self and perhaps far stronger than you allow Always allow for it in yourself then you can get your own [feel ?] of your *own* self, and make your *real* decision Do, do be careful of your mass self be very careful to preserve your real, private feelings from your mass feelings In this instance, your mass feelings will ruin you if you let them – And don't, through a sort of feminine egotism, want Tony to live too much through you You know how bad that is – It is a pity you ever made Tony jealous of me it caused a bad confusion in his feelings, which he won't easily be able to straighten out Because, as you know, he was not naturally jealous of me his *instinct* knew better

5 I wish there could be a change I wish that old built-up self in you, and in the whole world, could give place to a new, alive self But it's difficult, and *slow* And perhaps the only thing that will really help one through a great change is discipline, one's own deep, self-discovered discipline, the first 'angel with a sword'

To your P S – You need have no split between Tony and me never. if you stick to what is *real* in your feelings in each direction Your real feelings in the two directions won't cause any hisharmony – But *don't* try to transfer to Tony feelings that don't belong to him admit all the limitations, simply And never again try to transfer to me admit the limitations here too

Try, above all things, to be still and to contain yourself You always want to rush into action Realize that a certain kind of stillness is the most perfect form of action, like a seed can wait One's action ought to come out of an achieved stillness not be a mere rushing on.

To Curtis Brown, from Taos, 30 September 1924

Dear Curtis Brown I am sending you today the MS of the novelette 'St Mawr' which I have finished this summer It works out more than 60,000 words, I believe With 'The Woman Who Rode Away' and another story of out here that I am doing, called 'The Princess,' it will make a book If anyone wants to do 'St Mawr' serially, they can cut it all they like, so long as the book form is complete If you think it better, 'St Mawr' can be called 'Two Ladies and a Horse'

The Oxford Press apparently are going ahead with *Movements in European History* in the illustrated edition They asked me for an Epilogue Here it is. Will you hand it over to them? And perhaps you had better make a new contract for this edition, what do you think? I am writing them direct about the illustrations

We think to leave in a fortnight's time Write to me either c/o The British Consulate, 1 Av Madero, Mexico, D F, or else via Barnby All Mexican letters come through New York I am so bothered about Seltzer, who doesn't pay me Otherwise all well

To E H and A Brewster, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 30 September 1924

Dear Earl and Achsah I haven't heard from you did you get my letter? - I ordered for you from Secker a copy of *Boy in the Bush* and of *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* Did you get them?

A very young couple - Ted Gillett and his wife Bobbie - our only neighbours out here - Mr Hawk, Bobbie's father, owns the Del Monte Ranch, where we ride for milk and mail - are coming to Europe - rather shyly - and may land in Naples If they do, will you look after them, for my sake? They have been very good to us Pilot them into a pleasant *not* expensive hotel and help them to have a nice time - please

We intend to go down to Mexico in a fortnight's time - but letters to the above address will follow us straight down Write to us And you must come really and see us out here - it's such lovely country - or in Mexico

To J M Murry, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 3 October 1924

Dear Jack We had your letter I am glad you have a good time on the Dorset coast, with Violet But don't you become the 'mossy stone' – unless, of course, you want to And perhaps you will find fulfilment in a baby Myself, I am not for postponing to the next generation – and so *ad infinitum* Frieda says every woman hopes her BABY will become the Messiah It takes a man, not a baby I'm afraid there'll be no more Son Saviours One was almost too much, in my opinion

I'm glad you like the Hopi Dance article All races have one root, once one gets there Many stems from one root the stems never to commingle or 'understand' one another I agree Foister doesn't 'understand' his Hindu And India to him is just negative because he doesn't go down to the root to meet it But the *Passage to India* interested me very much At least the repudiation of our white bunk is genuine, sincere, and pretty thorough, it seems to me Negative, yes But King Charles *must* have his head off Homage to the headsman

We are leaving here next week There was a flurry of wild snow in the air yesterday, and the nights are icy But now, at ten o'clock in the morning, to look across the desert at the mountains you'd think June morning was shining Frieda is washing the porch Brett is probably stalking a rabbit with a 22-gun I am looking out of the kitchen door at the far blue mountains, and the gap, the tiny gate that leads down into the canyon and away to Santa Fe And in ten days' time we shall be going south – to Mexico The high thin air gets my chest, bronchially It's *very* good to the lungs, but fierce for tender bronchi

We shall never 'drop in on one another' again, the ways go wide apart. Sometimes I regret that you didn't take me at what I am, last Christmas and come here and take a different footing But apparently you did what was in you and I what is in me, I do it As for Kot, there is just nothing to say It is absurd, but there it is The ultimate son of Moses pining for heavy tablets I believe the old Moses wouldn't have valued the famous tablets if they hadn't been ponderous, and millstones round everybody's neck It's just Hebraic And now the tablets are to be *papier mâché* *Pfui! carito!* it's all bunk heavy, uninspired bunk *Che lo sia!* – Kangaroo was never Kot Frieda was on the wrong track And now Kot is sodden *Despedida, despedida Erán fuentes de dolores* –

The country here is very lovely at the moment. Aspens high on the mountains like a fleece of gold. *Ubi est ille Jason?* The scrub oak is dark red, and the wild birds are coming down to the desert. It is time to go south – Did I tell you my father died on Sept. 10th, the day before my birthday? – The autumn always gets me badly, as it breaks into colours. I want to go south, where there is no autumn, where the cold doesn't crouch over one like a snow-leopard waiting to pounce. The heart of the North is dead, and the fingers of cold are corpse fingers. There is no more hope northwards, and the salt of its inspiration is the tingling of the viaticum on the tongue.

Sounds as if I was imitating an Ossianic lament.

You can get me in Mexico c/o The British Consulate, Av. Madero I, Mexico, D.F.

But I want to go south again to Oaxaca, to the Zapotecas and the Maya. *Quién sabe, si se puede!* Adios!

To Clarence Thompson, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 5 October 1924

Dear Clarence. We are in the throes of packing up, to go down to Mexico. I expect to leave this ranch on Saturday – stay two days at Taos – then go on to El Paso. I will send you an address from Mexico – or c/o The British Consulate, 1 Av. Madero, Mexico D.F. will always find me.

We went down to Taos for two days, for the San Geronimo *fiesta*. I know that it is no use keeping up strained or violent relationships. In myself I remain the same. But, for the rest, one must free oneself from any violent feelings in these matters, and go one's way quietly, and free, beyond it all.

We have built a porch over my door, and used two of your twisted pillars. They look very nice. Frieda is reserving the other two for a room she wants to build for herself.

By now you will have begun your work. I hope you will like it and that it will satisfy you. The best thing is to work and to have peace with oneself, and within oneself. Enough of frictional reactions.

I am glad to go away, too. To go right away and forget, and perhaps get a bit of a new beat in my heart, in Mexico. One gets badly hurt. But so long as one is not damaged, it doesn't matter much.

We stayed the two nights in your house – dismal it felt, too. And with Mabel's permission we brought away your paint-brushes and materials. Frieda has already painted a picture with them.

Au revoir! Clarence. The thing to do is to surmount the whole misery, and be beyond it and at peace.

F says she wants to write and thank you for your effort on her nephew's behalf.

To Curtis Brown, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 8 October 1924.

Dear Curtis Brown. We are packing up to leave here on Saturday – 11th. I suppose we shall stay a day or two in Taos, then on to Mexico City. It is time to go. Last evening came a deep six inches of snow, that is thawing slowly today. It is very early, and summer will more or less come back, but it is the first real stroke from the paw of winter. Besides, I want to go. I always do want to go south, though here is lovely.

I sent you last week the typescript of 'St Mawr' – a long novelette. This weekend I will send you 'The Princess'. It is being typed now. I guess it is 15,000 words. With 'The Woman Who Rode Away' and 'St Mawr' it will easily make a book of three novelettes. But not gay, alas.

I enclose herewith the agreements with the Deutsche Verlagsanstalt. Keep my copy for me.

I'm glad you saw Seltzer. I'm sure he's in a bad way, poor devil – though he did help to bring it on himself, trying to be a big publisher when God cut him out a little one, if not tiny.

I wonder if you had a nice time in America. *Innerlich*, one usually has a tough time here, I think, though *ausserlich*, it's all right.

I liked Barnaby, your N. Y. manager, very much, and all your people in London are awfully nice. But I do wonder how you make such big outfits pay. I'm afraid I don't help much, that way.

To Catherine Carswell, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 8 October 1924.

Dear Catherine. A long time since I wrote you, because I lost your address. Anyhow, I'm glad you are in the country with a place of your own.

We are packing up to leave here. Last night came the first snow – six

deep inches Today it's thawing dismally It's very early for snow And no doubt the Indian summer will come back But it's a blow The horses have come up, very miserable, want to be ridden Well, I shall have to ride down for the milk

If the roads are passable, we shall go down to Taos on Saturday, stay a day or two, then go down to Mexico City My spirit always wants to go south Perhaps one feels a bit of hope down there Anyhow, the White civilisation makes me feel worse every day Brett will go down with us But if we take a house, she must take a little place of her own Not be too close Here she has a little one-room cabin to herself There is a 2-room guest-house and still, a third sort of little log-barn we can make into a house It's so much easier that way

The summer has gone It was very beautiful up here We worked hard, and spent very little money And we had the place all to ourselves, and our horses the same It was good to be alone and responsible But also it is very *hard* living up against these savage Rockies The savage things are a bit gruesome, and they try to down one – But far better they than the white disintegration – I did a long novelette – about 60,000 words – about 2 women and a horse– 'St Mawr' But it may be called 'Two Women and a Horse' And two shorter novelettes, about 15,000 words 'The Woman Who Rode Away' and 'The Princess' 'St Mawr' ends here. They are all about this country more or less I believe *Hutchinson's* [magazine] are doing 'The Woman Who Rode Away' (but cut down) They are all sad After all, they're true to what is

Seltzer still hovers on the brink of bankruptcy, and keeps me on the edge of the same But by being careful we manage to have two thousand dollars to go to Mexico with

I don't suppose we shall be back till end of April Snow melts so late I wonder if you'll be able to get over I believe it would be just as cheap to come Hamburg-America line Plymouth to Vera Cruz-Mexico Maybe cheaper But we'll see

I loathe winter They gas about the Nordic races, over here, but I believe they're dead, dead, dead I hate all that comes from the north

Poor Don, hope he has work, and that John Patrick flourishes I ordered *Boy in the Bush* for you from Secker, also *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* I hope you had both

The house is half dismantled we are fastening the place up and

leaving it The snow is dropping wet off the pine trees, the desert seems decomposing in the distance – ugh! I must catch Aaron, my black horse, and ride down in the slush under these snow-dripping trees Ugh! – But it's all in a lifetime

F sends her love, with many good wishes from us both

To J M Murry, from Hotel Monte Carlo, Av Uruguay, Mexico, D F
24 October 1924

Had quite a good journey down here – found your letter saying you may lecture in America *When?* I think we shall go down to Oaxaca, in the south, in about a fortnight – perhaps stay the winter there Things are still unsettled – mistrust – and no business doing – a depression in the city Somerset Maugham is here – suppose we'll see him

To Mrs Zelia Nuttall, from Hotel Monte Carlo, Mexico D F, 24 Oct 1924
Dear Mrs Nuttall. My wife and I and a friend, Dorothy Brett, Lord Esher's daughter – are here again for a little while We may go down to Oaxaca for the winter But should like to see you again before we go Will you lunch with us in town, at Sanbonis or where you like? Or shall we come to tea in Coyoacán?

Greetings from my wife and myself

Zelia Nuttall was an American writer and archeologist whom Lawrence portrayed as Mrs Morris in *The Plumed Serpent*

To Willard Johnson, from Monte Carlo Hotel, Mexico, D F, 'Saturday'
[?25 October 1924]

Dear Spoodle I suddenly remember I promised Mr Hawk at Del Monte Ranch, Valdez, a typewriter ribbon for Smith Premier typewriter and I clean forgot it If you find one in Santa Fe, do please send it him with my compliments, and tell me how much it is

Mrs Nuttall came to lunch today – full of news about the murdered Mrs Evans, etc They expect more messes here – not revolutions, because nobody has any money to make one But the place feels depressed Willie Maugham telegraphed me he's gone to Cuernavaca, 'to work' Damn

his eyes and his work Garnio is in Yucatan with the Carnegie Institute excavators – at Chicken Ita – digging up the dead instead of looking after the living Have just written to Genaro Estrada, of the P E N club here Will let you know what he's like when I've seen him But expect nothing of this lousy city – I feel they're all a bit of a fraud, with their self-seeking bolshevism The Brit Consul very attentive – the Vice – has a brother a priest in the Chapter at Oaxaca I think we shall go down there in a week's time D V and all well They say the next revolution begins on *Monday* We lunch tomorrow in Coyoacan, and dine in Tlalpam Good for us But I *really* feel cynical about these 'patriots' and 'socialists' down here It's a mess Tuberoses on the table very strong-smelling F got a sneezing cold Making after-dinner tea, with ess. peppermint, on the spirit-lamp Bought Mrs Nuttall a door-knob to match, in the Volador Very nice *serapes* around very nice 16 pesos Bought none yet, but have my eye on a fine white one, with brown markings This city no go For \$50 got 101 50 pesos – *Vale!*

To Witter Bynner, from Hotel Monte Carlo, Mexico, D F, 29 October 1924

Dear Bynner Your letter to Frieda today about the deed I think it's there all right, among the other deeds in the green iron trunk down at Del Monte, and I've written to Mr Hawk asking him to send it you at once, registered, to Box 1061

So you may buy that bit of land? *À la guerre comme à la guerre*

We've both had terrible colds like the one I had in Puebla And if it's merely Mexico City, it's *not* worth coming for Chilly, reeking with influenza, and in bad spirits, the town I think we go down to Oaxaca on Monday Somerset Maugham left for Cuernavaca the day we got in, but apparently he too is no loss Disagreeable, with no fun left in him, and terrified for fear he won't be able to do his next great book, with a vivid Mexican background, before Christmas A narrow-gutted 'artist' with a stutter

We lunched with the venerable Mrs Nuttall who has been nine months in California without, apparently, bringing forth But she was nice, and gave us lots of flowers Dinner at Coyoacán, and drank absinthe, gin, pouilly, chablis, beaune, port and whisky from beginning to end of an evening, and was not comforted Genaro Estrada of the

PEN Club called on me – fat and bourgeois but nice, and I'm in for a supper at the Oriental Café on Friday evening to meet the PENS Don't like the thought of it one bit

Want to get away into the country and be by myself

Hope Spoodle is FINE !

Give many salutes to Mrs Hughes from us

Let me know if you get the deed all right, then if you *do* it

Mr Maugham, discussing these remarks about him in a letter to the editor, says that Lawrence's anger with him was 'silly', because Mr Maugham stammers worse than usual over the telephone, he had asked his secretary to invite Lawrence to drive out to Mrs Nuttall's

To Luis Quintanilla, from Hotel Francia, Oaxaca, Mexico, 'Tuesday'

[?11 November 1924]

Dear Quintanilla We got here all right Sunday night – a very amusing journey, by the Ferrocarril Mexicano to Esperanza, then a wild little railway (2 hrs) to Tehuacan slept the night there in a very nice Hotel Mexico, came on on Sunday, a wild queer lovely journey in a steep gorge Oaxaca is a very quiet little town, with small but proud Indians – Zapotecas The climate is perfect – cotton dresses, yet not too hot It is very peaceful, and has a remote beauty of its own The Hotel Francia very pleasant – such good amusing food – 4 pesos a day for everything We want to go out to Mitla and Tula and Ejutla – but will wait a bit, and if you come we'll all go together There are two rivers, but I've only seen one, with naked Indians soaping their heads in mid-stream I shall bathe There are no Fifis nor Lagartijos – and the Indians go about in white cotton, they don't make them wear proper trousers as in most towns I think we shall move soon into a house with a patio, – stay here ten days or so more – and Miss Brett stay in the Hotel

The advantages of Chapala are, of course, the Lake, bathing and the short journey But this isn't touristy at all – quite, quite real, and lovely country around, where we can ride A man has already promised to lend me a good Texas saddle And we can go down to Ejutla and look at silvermines, with this same man

Only, once more Chapala is much more a proper holiday resort.

The journey costs 12 00 to Esperanza, 2 70 thence to Tehuacán, and

then 12 50 on to Oaxaca Leave Mexico [City] 8 05 a m – leave Esperanza 2 30 p m. arr Tehuacán 6 30 Leave Tehuacán 10 30 a m arrive Oaxaca about 7 0 p m Very nice people on the train, and wonderful scenery, really

But if you want to feel you are on a regular holiday go to Chapala I'd hate you to come here and feel disappointed

Many greetings to you both, and to JANE, from us all

To William Hawk, from Hotel Francia, Oaxaca, 14 November 1924

Dear William Your letter came today Thank you so much for riding round and looking after the place When I think of it, I wish I was back

We got down here on Sunday night it takes two days from Mexico City, though it's not so very far Oaxaca is a little town, about 30,000, alone in the south, with a perfect climate The market is full of roses and violets, the gardens are all flowers Every day is perfectly sunny, a bit hot at midday The natives are mostly Zapotec Indians, small, but very straight and alert and alive really very nice There is a big market humming like a bee-hive, where one can buy anything, from roses to horse-shoes I wish we could send you some of the pottery, such beautiful colours, and costs nothing But the last lot I sent got smashed This is where they make the *serapes* like the one with the eagle that hung on the wall and the little men stalk about in them, looking very showy – The governor is an Indian from the hills I called on him in the palace^{!!!} – But everywhere the government is very Labour – and somehow one doesn't feel very solid There are so many wild Indians who don't know anything about anything, except that they are told that every 'rich' man is an enemy – There may be a bad bust-up in Mexico City and again, everything may go off quietly But I don't like the feeling If only it wasn't winter, we'd come back to the ranch tomorrow I feel so weary of *people* – people, people, people, and all such bunk, somehow, with politics and self-assertiveness – As it is, we shall probably take a house here for a month or two Thank goodness my chest and throat are better, since we are here in this soft warm air I want to get them sound this winter, and next year stay on much later at the ranch

I will write to Taos about the Azul – get Tony to send him up if he

has been attended to Louis Cottam was going to have the road-vet look at him, early this month – I would rather he were up at Del Monte with his pals

Brett lost Toby, and has had the tin-smith make her a substitute, shaped like a funnel such excitement among the natives when she uses it Her machine also works very fitfully, so that her ears are out of luck – Frieda of course pines for her ranch, and the freedom So really do I

This letter, of course, is for Rachel as well

Remember us all warmly to your mother and father, also to your son, and to Miss Wemyss, and to the horses

Toby was Dorothy Brett's ear trumpet, Miss Wemyss was a cat

To J M Murry, from Hotel Francia, Oaxaca, 15 November 1924

Dear Jack We've been down here a week now – wiggled for two days on a little railway through the lonely, forbidding country It's only 240 miles south of Mexico City, at that Oaxaca (you pronounce it Wa-ha-ka) is a little town, about 30,000, in a wide valley with mountains round, lonely and a bit lost It's not far from both coasts, but there's no railway You can ride in 4 or 5 days, either to the Pacific or the Atlantic – if you don't get shot The country is always unsettled. They've spread such an absurd sort of socialism everywhere – and these little Zapotec Indians are quite fierce I called on the Governor of the State, in the Palace He is an Indian from the hills, but like a little Mexican lawyer quite nice Only it's all just crazy Tomorrow he asked me to go out to the opening of a road into the hills The road isn't begun yet That's why *we* open it And during the picnic, of course he may get shot

It's the chief market today – such a babel and a hubbub of unwashed wild people – heaps of roses and hibiscus flowers, blankets, very nice wild pottery, calves, birds, vegetables, and awful things to eat – including squashed fried locust-beetles. F. and I bought pots and blankets – we shall move into a house next week, and are collecting bits of furniture from various people. It's the house of an Englishman who was born here, and who is a priest in the Cathedral Chapter. Brett will stay on in the hotel – the proprietress is Spanish, and very nice

But everything is so shaky and really so confused The Indians are

queer little savages, and awful agitators pump bits of socialism over them and make everything just a mess It's really a sort of chaos And I suppose American intervention will become inevitable You know, socialism is a dud It makes just a mush of people and especially of savages And 70 per cent of these people are real savages, quite as much as they were 300 years ago The Spanish-Mexican population just rots on top of the black savage mass And socialism here is a farce of faeces except very dangerous

Well, I shall try and finish my *Quetzalcoatl* novel this winter – see what comes of it The world gives me the gruesomes, the more I see of it That is, the world of people This country is so lovely, the sky is perfect, blue and hot every day, and flowers rapidly following flowers They are cutting the sugar-cane, and hauling it in in the old ox-wagons, slowly But the grass-slopes are already dry and fawn-coloured, the unventured hills are already like an illusion, standing round inhuman

No mail here yet – let us know how you all are This address is good

'My *Quetzalcoatl* novel' later *The Plumed Serpent*

To Clarence Thompson, from Hotel Francia, Oaxaca, 17 November 1924

Dear Clarence You shouldn't let my doings bother you, anyhow but especially my doings as reported from certain quarters Why had that any weight with you? – In me there is no change, and never will be only surface adaptations And I trust even those won't much longer be necessary But in this life, one has to make a certain number of surface adaptations, or one would wear oneself out.

I am glad you like your work It's the main thing All that other stuff one can, and should, forget dismiss it out of oneself Why be ridden by anything, even a nightmare One is stronger than one's nightmares

We are way down here in the South of Mexico – marvellous sunshine every day, but rather stupid people F and I are moving into a house tomorrow, but Brett will stay on in the hotel I suppose we shall be here a month or two though I'm wishing I'd gone to Europe instead of coming here Sometimes I hanker for the Mediterranean, and long to get away from the American continent altogether However, I'll try first if I can get any work done If I can't, I shall sail

And then the year will end, and it will be a New Year, and I hope to

heaven the trails of the old won't go smearing over on to the new Really one ought to be able to get a fresh start.

Frieda wears her best frocks, but doesn't really enjoy it Brett lost Toby, and had the tin-smith make her another, like a gramophone horn – the delighted astonishment of these little Indian natives! I called on the governor at the Palace he was an Indian from the hills, and is an Indian in a Sunday suit! *Dio benedetto!* What a fool's world altogether! – Greetings from us all

[Frieda] Dear Clarence I thought of you hard on the first of October, and am very glad you like the work! It is wild down here and makes one believe in morals, life becomes such an untidy show without – Thank you so much about Friedel – he is homesick! It's such a lovely sun The people gave us feasts in Mexico City – but a city goes a long way There really is need for your rose-coloured trousers in the world I do enjoy the exquisite bits you gave me – With all good luck to you! Love – excuse pencil, I am writing in the patio –

To J M Murry, from Hotel Francia, Oaxaca, 17 November 1924

Dear Jack I sent you a letter two days ago, and yesterday came the little yellow cry from your liver You were bound to hate Kot, and he you, after a while though I don't suppose the hate is mortal, on either side The *Adelphi* was bound to dwindle though why not fatten it up a bit Why in the name of hell didn't you rouse up a bit, last January, and put a bit of gunpowder in your stuff, and fire a shot or two? But you preferred to be soft, and go on stirring your own finger in your own vitals If it's any good, to you or anybody, all right! But if it's no good, what the hell! – It seems to me, the telephone-book magazine, and the pale yellow *cri de l'âme* are equally out of date Spunk is what one wants, not introspective sentiment The last is your vice You rot your own manhood at the roots, with it But apparently it's what you want.

The article you wearily mention is the 'Snake Dance' article, I suppose If you really cared about it, I'd tell Curtis Brown to let you have it at the price you can afford to pay But if you don't really care, what's the good?

Sometimes the American continent gets on my nerves, and I wish I'd come to Sicily or south Spain for the winter But as it is, I suppose we

shall stay a few months here, since we're moving into a house tomorrow
But if I still feel put out by the vibration of this rather malevolent
continent, I'll sail from Vera Cruz and spend my last dollars trying the
mushiness of Europe once more, for a while It's a fool's world, anyhow,
and people bore me stiffer and stiffer Fancy, even a Zapotec Indian,
when he becomes governor, is only a fellow in a Sunday suit grinning
and scheming People never, never, never change that's the calamity
Always the same mush

But it's no good Either you go on wheeling a wheelbarrow and
lecturing at Cambridge and going softer and softer inside, or you make
a hard fight with yourself, pull yourself up, harden yourself, throw
your feelings down the drain and face the world as a fighter – You
won't, though

*To E D McDonald, from Aveñida Piño Suarez #43, Oaxaca,
20 November 1924*

Dear Mr McDonald *Movements* was first issued in blue Somebody
walked off with my one copy in Taos, or I'd have sent it you But that
always happens to me

That print on the cover of *Tortoises* was found by Robert Mountsier –
417 West 118th St – New York who was being my agent at the time
I understood it was a complete print, yet the view is surely Hiroshige's.
Mountsier would tell you

I never knew Heinemann printed *White Peacock* from American
plates Wonder why – You know a story about him? – You know his
wife went off with D'Annunzio, and after she'd gone he had a public
auction of her underclothing, garters, knickers and all, he being, I
imagine, auctioneer – Such is a publisher – And Methuen, who wept
about *The Rainbow*, is, I am told, real publisher of the Villiers Street
pornographic stuff

I'm ashamed to think of 28 books For heaven's sake don't try to make
it more

Seltzer will never advertise *The Boy* He hasn't a cent Heaven knows
how he holds on at all

A man, Edward Weston, just took a good photograph of me in
Mexico City But I don't care what Mason takes – By the way, if you

see him, do give him this address I suppose we shall be here three months anyhow

Oaxaca is a little lonely town way in the south, with a perfect climate, and mule cars that run every half hour – tram cars – and little strutting Zapotec Indians The house has a patio with big trees, and great empty rooms We camp on the verandah But at the moment I don't feel up to anything – as if the world had sort of come to an end As you feel about politics – Perhaps it has

Anyhow, I'll lie low a bit, and get my pecker up – Myself, I don't know American slang, and I'm sure pecker isn't improper in English If it is, *tant mieux*

Friends of the late William Heinemann have denied the auction story, Harold C. Mason proprietor of the Centaur Book Shop, Philadelphia, publisher of Dr McDonald's bibliographies

To E. H. Brewster, from Avenida Piño Suarez #43, Oaxaca, 9 December 1924

Dear Earl Thank you so much for promising to look after the Gillets a bit Probably by this time they are in Italy – We have taken a house down here for the winter It's a lovely climate, hot and sunny, roses and hibiscus and bananas, but not tropical heat The town is isolated away in the south In the mountains round, the Zapotec and Mixtec Indians, little wild people, but *simpatico* You would like it for a time but not long I don't believe you would ever like the inner hardness, the sort of iron backbone that is the real characteristic of America And don't ever think of trying to settle in Santa Fe – Capri is *much* better, really. I would rather live in Capri than in Santa Fe – But some time, come and see us. And some time, come and look at this dark, dangerous Mexico. It is perhaps the antithesis of India, on the same plane – I have a bit of a longing for Italy I would have liked to walk with you in Calabria Perhaps in the spring we will sail to Naples and perhaps then we can walk in Calabria or the Abruzzi One needs a *rest* after America the hardness, the *resistance* of all things to all things, inwardly, tires one – Hope you had the Magnus book

To Edward Weston, from Av Piño Suarez #43, Oaxaca [?18 December 1924]

Dear Mr Weston Thank you very much for the photographs I like them very much think I like the one with the chin up better than the other looking down but like both of them I would write to *Vanity Fair* myself, but have clean forgotten the editor's name and I had lunch with him in the spring But I am doing one or two little articles which will probably suit *Vanity Fair* Next week I shall send them to my agent, A W Barmby of Curtis Brown Ltd , 116 West 39th St New York, and tell him about the portrait too He would look after it if you like And I'll tell my English agent, Curtis Brown 6 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London W C 2, to approach one of the big London illustrated periodicals, if you like You write to Barmby and to Curtis Brown, if you feel so inclined It seems to me you have reached the point where you should go in for a bit of publicity *Vanity Fair* might like some of your less startling nude studies, if you could stand seeing them reproduced and ruined

Let me know if I can help you in any way Tackle the world, its a rather stupid bull, to be taken by the horns, not dodged

Greet the *Signora* Let me know when you leave Those two addresses of my agent are always good Wish I had a copy of *Aaron's Rod* to send you There is supposed to be a parcel of my books on its way to me, but it must have fallen into somebody's pocket

1925

Lawrence completes *The Plumed Serpent* at Oaxaca, after which he becomes critically ill. At the beginning of April he is recuperating at his New Mexico ranch. In May, the volume of two short novels, *St Mawr · Together With The Princess*, is published. By the end of September the Lawrences are in London and by the end of October at Baden-Baden, Germany. By 19 November they are at the Villa Bernaida, Spotorno, Italy, where they plan to spend the winter. In December a Philadelphia bookseller issues Lawrence's essays, *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, in a limited edition.

To Luis Quintanilla, from Av. Piño Suarez #43, Oaxaca, Mexico,
10 January 1925

Dear Quintanilla. Did you get the photographs? I signed and sent them back.

And the little article came. I was a bit sad, because it was sad and rather bitter in fact very with *undigested* spleen. Is that how you really feel about them? I doubt if they'd print it, because the touch isn't light enough. I'm afraid I had to go scribbling on your MS. – By the way, type on one side only, for literary MSS.

I couldn't help writing out your little article again. I'll get it typed, and send it you. You could, you know, easily write these little sketches. Only it means *conquering* your own sadness and heaviness inside first, and being able to laugh at it all, if only on the wrong side of your face.

My wife wants to go to Germany to her mother. Probably at the end of the month we shall come up to Mexico [City] to arrange a ship, and sail in February. – But then, should see you and Jane [and] Jane's mother. – Till then, *adios!*

The 'little article' turned up in *Phoenix* (1936) as 'See Mexico After, by Luis Q.'

To Curtis Brown, from Av Piño Suarez, #43, Oaxaca, 10 January 1925

Dear Curtis Brown Will you tell this woman she can do as she likes as far as I am concerned You do as you think really best I don't quite see why Secker rakes in two guineas, by himself

I am sending you four articles – *Mornings in Mexico* – nice and short – via Barmby By the way, the *Contemporary Magazine* – Cobden Sanderson's quarterly – say they would like something of me in every issue, and I like them, so will you let them have any little thing they want – Did Barmby send you a copy of the *Theatre Arts* with my 'Hopi Snake Dance' article? – I am getting ahead with the Mexican novel If heaven is with me, I should finish it this month I had a good deal done from last year – It will probably make you open your eyes – or close them but I like it very much indeed If I finish by the end of this month, then about 2nd February we shall go to Mexico City, to see about a ship My wife feels she must see her mother, and my father died, and my sister keeps worrying to see me So perhaps we'll be in England by March I wired Barmby to proceed with Knopf for the next book – Secker is good at changing his mind! I think we shall have to leave him less margin – As for Seltzer, if only he'd have been open and simple with me, I'd have borne with him through anything But a furtive little flea who hides his hand from me, as if I were going to fleece him – whether fleas have hands and fleece or not – why – *basta!*

To Carlo Linati, from Aveñida Piño Suarez #43, Oaxaca, 22 January 1925

Dear Carlo Linati The *Corriere della Sera* with your article on me, wandered in today It makes me laugh a bit I never knew I was so *frenético* You leave me quite out of breath about myself Well, well, in a world so anxious for outside tidiness, the critics will tidy me up, so I needn't bother Myself, I don't care a button for neat works of art But you read too much of me at once, I think – And again, I can't help laughing, your article seems such a breathless series of explosions Do I really seem like that? – all you say?

I have been busy down here in Mexico doing a novel I began last year, it's nearly done – I dread to think of its going out into the world I call it *Quetzálcoatl*

But really, Signor Linati, do you think that books should be sort of toys, nicely built up of observations and sensations, all finished and complete? – I don't To me, even Synge, whom I admire very much indeed, is a bit too rounded off and, as it were, put on the shelf to be looked at I can't bear art that you can walk round and admire A book should be either a bandit or a rebel or a man in a crowd People should either run for their lives, or come under the colours, or say *how do you do?* I hate the actor-and-the-audience business An author should be in among the crowd, kicking their shins or cheering on to some mischief or merriment That rather cheap seat in the gods where one sits with fellows like Anatole France and benignly looks down on the foibles, follies, and frenzies of so-called fellow-men, just annoys me After all the world is *not* a stage – not to me nor a theatre nor a show-house of any sort And art, especially novels, are not little theatres where the reader sits aloft and watches – like a god with a twenty-lira ticket – and sighs, commiserates, condones and smiles – That's what you want a book to be because it leaves you so safe and so superior, with your two-dollar ticket to the show And that's what my books are not and never will be You need not complain that I don't subject the intensity of my vision – or whatever it is – to some vast and imposing rhythm – by which you mean, isolate it on a stage, so that you can look down on it like a god who has got a ticket to the show I never will and you will never have that satisfaction from me Stick to Synge, Anatole France, Sophocles they will never kick the footlights even But whoever reads me will be in the thick of the scummage, and if he doesn't like it – if he wants a safe seat in the audience – let him read somebody else

I think my wife and I will come to Europe in the spring If we come through Milan I will let you know Anyhow we leave here in February If you have anything to write me, will you address me c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, Covent Garden, London, WC, England Thank you for the article, and all the interest you took in my works. – I feel like coming to Italy again

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Av Piño Suarez #43, Oaxaca, 'Monday morning' [26 January 1925]

Dear Brett Your letter with Murry's enclosed this morning They make me sick in the pit of my stomach The cold, insect-like ugliness of it I shall avoid meeting Murry

If Mexico City is so unpleasant we shall probably stay here an extra week or fortnight, and go straight to Vera Cruz I don't like the sound of it – you are right, I think, about King

And a word about friendship Friendship between a man and a woman, as a thing of first importance to either, is impossible and I know it We are creatures of two halves, spiritual and sensual – and each half is as important as the other Any relation based on the one half – say the delicate spiritual half alone – *inevitably* brings revulsion and betrayal It is halfness, or partness, which causes Judas Your friendship for Murry was spiritual – you dragged sex in and he hated you He'd have hated you anyhow The halfness of your friendship I also hate, and between you and me there is no sensual correspondence

You make a horrid mistake of trying to put your sex into a spiritual relation Old nuns and saints used to do it, but it soon caused rottenness Now it is half rotten to start with

When Maruca *likes* a man and marries him, she is not so wrong Love is chiefly bunk an over-exaggeration of the spiritual and individualistic and analytic side If she likes the man, and he is a man, then better than if she loved him Each will leave aside some of that hateful *personal* insistence on imaginary perfect satisfaction, which is part of the inevitable bunk of love, and if they meet as mere male and female, *kindly*, in their marriage, they will make roots, not weedy flowers of a love match If ever you can marry a man feeling *kindly* towards him, and knowing he feels kindly to you, do it, and throw love after Murry If you can marry in a spirit of kindness, with the criticism and ecstasy both sunk into abeyance, do it As for Toronto, I don't think you have any warm feeling at all for him I know your Captain Seeley there is a kind of little warm flame that shakes with life in his blue eyes, and that is more worth having than all the highflown stuff And he is quite right to leave his door open Why do you jeer? You're not superior to sex, and you never will be Only too often you are inferior to it You like the excitation of sex in the

eye, sex in the head It is an evil and destructive thing Know from your Captain that a bit of warm flame of life is worth all the spiritualness and delicacy and Christlikeness on this miserable globe No, Brett I do *not* want your friendship, till you have a full relation somewhere, a *kindly* relation of both halves, not *in part*, as all your friendships have been That which is in part is in itself a betrayal Your 'friendship' for me betrays the essential man and male that I am, and makes me ill Yes, you make me ill, by dragging at one half at the expense of the other half And I am so much better now you have gone I refuse any more of this 'delicate friendship' business, because it damages one's wholeness

Nevertheless, I don't feel unkindly to you In your one half you are loyal enough But the very halfness makes your loyalty fatal

So sit under your tree, or by your fire, and try, try, try to get a real kindness and a wholeness You were really horrid even with William, and no man forgives it you, even on another man's account

Know, know that this 'delicate' halfness *makes* evil Put away all that Virginal stuff Don't still go looking for men with strange eyes, who know life from A to Z Maybe they do, missing out all the rest of the letters, like the meat from the empty eggshell Look for a little flame of warm kindness It's more than the Alpha and Omega, and respect the bit of warm kindness there is in people, even William and Rachel And try to be *whole*, not that unreal half thing your brothers hated you for, and that all men hate you for, even I. Try and recover your wholeness, that is all *Then* friendship is possible, in the kindness of one's heart [P S] Remember I think Christ was profoundly, disastrously wrong.

'Toronto' the Canadian poet, Frank Prewett, a protégé of Lady Ottoline Morrell's

To J. M. Murry, from Av Piño Suarez #43, Oaxaca, 28 January 1925

Dear Jack Brett sent on your letters That seems to be an absolutely prize sewer-mess, of your old 'group' – Pray read my story in the *Criterion* I doubt if Kot would be so kind to you, as to assert its 'truth' Doesn't he know *all* the real truth? – much more suitable to his purposes – Please don't 'defend' me to H M Tomlinson or to anybody else As for your Tomlinson, I have seen him for about five minutes can't imagine why you should have to defend me in his precious eyes

Mon cher, c'est canaillerie pure et simple Je m'en fiche – without feeling pious about it

You remember that charming dinner at the Café Royal that night? You remember saying I love you, Lorenzo, but I won't promise not to betray you? Well, you *can't* betray me, and that's all there is to that *Ergo*, just leave off loving me Let's wipe off all that Judas-Jesus slime

Remember, you have betrayed everything and everybody up to now It may have been your destiny But in Kot you met a more ancient Judas than yourself There are degrees within degrees of initiation into the Judas trick You're not half-way on yet Even Kot is miles ahead of you It's a case of *sauve-toi* Judas was a Jew, and you're not quite that, yet

All I want to say is, don't think you can either love me or betray me Learn that I am not lovable hence not betrayable

Frieda and I may come to England in the spring But I shall not want to see anybody except just my sisters and my agent Last time was once too many

One day, perhaps, you and I may meet as men Up to now, it has been all slush Best drop that Christ stuff it's putrescence

We leave here in a fortnight where for, I am not quite sure

The story to which Lawrence referred is probably 'Jimmy and the Desperate Woman' (*Criterion*, October 1924), which satirizes Murry There is irony in this 'betrayal' talk, for it is now known that Murry meant he would not betray Lawrence with Frieda, who had proposed that she and Murry become lovers

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Av Piño Suarez #43, Oaxaca, 'Wednesday'
[?28 January 1925]

Dear Brett Don't send me any more Murry letters The smell of that London stunk I want no more in my nostrils I have written Murry also to that effect

I will write to the Drake man at Vera Cruz about that machine, though it does bore me The box was sent to you at the Isabel hotel You should have it by now. Much best unpack the machine and put it in your trunk

I am tired to death of all the indecencies of intimacies I want to be left alone There must be a complete new attitude And till then, silence about all this stuff

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Av Piño Suarez #43, Oaxaca, 'Thursday'
[Postmark 5 February 1925]

Dear Brett You hear how my flu remains got tangled up with *malaria* these houses have malaria mosquitoes from that little river, so I am still in bed – having quinine injections shoved into me But hope to be up Sunday, and get away from Oaxaca next week I hate the place – a let down The doctor says the *race* is exhausted But the novel is finished I almost envy you the ranch – even the snow the log fires, the cosy evenings with the lamp, the home-made bread, and the feeling that one's blood isn't being sullied – guess I've had malaria since December I had it in Ceylon I've very little desire to stay in England but the sea and the change will be good And after all, one can so easily cross the Atlantic, again

Go quickly and simply at El Paso and they won't bother you And if they charge duty on the things, I'll pay

I think even of Santa Fe with pleasant feelings, after here wouldn't mind if I was in the De Vargas. You'll only be a *month* earlier than last year – Remember me to everybody.

To Curtis Brown, from Hotel Francia, Oaxaca, Mexico, 15 February 1925

Dear Curtis Brown Am still in Oaxaca – but was moved down to this hotel yesterday Been having the devil of a time with malaria – think it's got under – That comes of hot winter sun! I *hope* and pray we can get up to Mexico City in a week's time, out of the malarial areas – With luck we should sail for England from Vera Cruz on March 10th – land in England about March 25th I shall bring the MS of *Quetzalcoatl* with me, and you can get it typed out for me – then I can go over it It is finished

Had a long cablegram from Seltzer *Is it true you are going to Knopf? etc* I replied that 'St Mawr' was offered to Knopf, but that I didn't see why, in the future, we couldn't offer another novel to Seltzer, if all goes well and I mean that I don't quite believe that it is good for me to be monopolized by one publisher in each country I think two publishers stimulate the sales much better than one For example, a more popular publisher than Secker would, I believe, handle a little novel like 'St Mawr' much

better than Secker I believe you think it wisest to put all one's works into the hands of one publisher – but seriously, I don't agree One becomes like a special sort of medicine – But we will talk this over when I see you – Hold my mail for me I hope Secker has agreed to publish 'St Mawr' alone without 'The Princess' I wrote him I preferred that

'St Mawr' was published separately in America, but with 'The Princess' in England

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Hotel Imperial, Mexico, D F, 11 March
1925

Dear Brett The doctor says I must *not* go to England nor take a sea voyage at present, but the ranch is where we ought to be So help Mr Hawk to get ready for us – the apple orchard cottage – we hope to arrive by 21st or 23rd And let us pray to the gods to keep us all quiet and kindly to one another, *all* of us *We can* do it, if we will
[Frieda] I am really glad to come back, delighted It has been a time !

Although Lawrence would never use the word *tuberculosis*, the medical diagnosis at this time showed that he was now a victim of that disease

To Mrs G R G Conway, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, New Mexico,
2 April 1925

Dear Mrs Conway We got here yesterday – mountains snowy, wind wild and cold, but bright sun I'm not altogether here yet bits of me still on the way, like luggage following We're staying with our neighbours for a while

The Emigration people in El Paso – the Americans – were most insulting and hateful Before you grumble at the Mexicans, as the worst ever, try this sort of American *Canaille* of the most bottom-doggy order, and filthy with insolence

The basket of food was a great consolation on the journey, especially the fruit We ate *all* the pie. not at all like invalids The people in the Pullman dreary and in the drawing-room a Mexican family with seven children – Never come via El Paso, if you can help it

I still have a lurking hankering for Europe I think at the end of the summer, we shall both sail

Thank you so much for being so kind to us Tell Conway I hope his troubles are smoothing out – Really, Mexico City is not so bad, you know when one finds one's own countrymen still sterling (Even the 'bad old woman,' don't you think?)

Write us a line – tell us the news whether Joseph has yet changed his many-coloured coat, etc – and about Luz y Fuerza – and *millefleurs*

Mrs Conway and her husband, a British engineer, had been kind to Lawrence during his illness in Mexico City

To Amy Lowell, from [Kiowa Ranch], Questa, 6 April 1925

Dear Amy I have so often wondered if you are sitting in London, in the Berkeley, maybe and see where we are I got malaria in Oaxaca then grippe then a typhoid inside was so sick, I wearied of the day Struggled to Mexico City, was put to bed again for three weeks – then packed off up here We had booked our passages to England, but the doctor said I *must* stay in the sun, he wouldn't be answerable for me if I went on the sea, and to England So we came here The Emigration Authorities at El Paso treated us as Emigrants, and nearly killed me a second time this after the Consul and the Embassy people in Mexico – the American – had been most kind, doing things to make it easier for us They only made it harder The Emigration Dept is Dept of Labour, and you taste the Bolshevik method in its conduct

However – after two days' fight we got through – and yesterday got to our little ranch There is snow behind the house and sky threatening snow But usually it's brilliantly sunny And the log fire is warm. And the Indian Trinidad is chopping wood under the pine tree, and his wife Rufina, in her wide white boots, is struggling carrying water I begin to feel better though still feel I don't care whether it's day or night

I saw notices of your Keats book Pity after all I didn't ask you to send the promised copy here I could have wandered in it now But I'll write to Curtis Brown And I'll send you a copy of my little novel *St Mawr*

I managed to finish my Mexican novel *Quetzalcoatl* in Mexico the very day I went down, as if shot in the intestines But I daresn't even look at the outside of the MS It cost me so much, and I wish I could eat all the lotus that ever budded, and drink up Lethe to the source. Talk about dull opiates – one wants something that'll go into the very soul

Send a line to say where you are and how you are liking it If you come west, come and see us I hope to get to Europe in the autumn Frieda is happy arranging her house – *Souvenirs'*

To Curtis Brown, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 6 April 1925

Dear Curtis Brown We got back on to our own ranch yesterday Today it threatens to snow but with a good log fire, I don't care The Indian is chopping wood in the yard, and his wife is helping Mrs Lawrence to get tidy everything all right I'm still not much good, but shall soon pick up

I wish you'd have sent to me the *Calendar* copies that contain 'The Princess' I should like to see it

A Danish woman, friend of ours, is pining to translate *The Captain's Doll* novelettes into Danish I wish you'd send her a line to say if she can go ahead

Mrs Anna W Bottern, 1810 Walton Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif

I hear Norman Douglas attacks me on behalf of Magnus Rather disgusting, when one knows what N D is and how he treated M, wouldn't give him a sou and when I have a letter from Douglas telling me to do what I liked and say what I liked about that MS and when one knows how bitter Magnus was about Douglas, at the end And when one knows how much worse the *whole* facts were, than those I give – However, *canaille* will be *canaille*

Let me know how everything goes

To Mrs Zelia Nuttall, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 12 April 1925

Dear Mrs Nuttall We have come up to our own little ranch very lovely now in the sunshine, but cold winds can come, with flurries of snow, so of course I had to take cold once more However, I think it's not much Lying on the porch this warm afternoon, with the pine-trees round, and the desert away below, and the Sangre de Cristo mountains with their snow pale and bluish blocking the way beyond, it seems already far to Coyoacán Here the grass is only just moving green out of the sere earth, and the hairy, pale mauve anemones that the Indians call owl flowers stand strange and alone among the dead pine needles, under the wintry

trees Extraordinary how the place seems *seared* with winter almost cauterised And so winter-cleaned, from under three feet of snow

My wife is happy, being on her own place again, and I am just gathering myself together, the last bits of me, as it were, straggling in from the long journey Miss Brett has got a little house on our neighbour's ranch, and is thrilled through and through by her new sorrel horse, Prince

I am waiting for a parcel of books from New York, to send you the poems I promised you It should be here in a day or two

We haven't started the pigeons yet but I'm going to talk it all over with the carpenter He will make the proper houses

We think with such pleasure of the Casa Alvarado and of your kindness and hospitality and of all the flowers in the garden

Herzliche Grusse, from my wife and from me

To Baroness von Richthofen, from Del Monte Rauch, Questa,

15 April 1925

To My dear Mother-in-law Today came your two letters So you went up the Merkur Yes, you are younger than I am

We have been at the ranch a week already We found all well and safe, nothing broken, nothing destroyed Only the mice found Mabel's chair and ate the wool

In the second house we have two young Indians, Trinidad and Rufina, husband and wife Rufina is short and fat, waddles like a duck in high, white Indian boots – Trinidad is like a girl, with his two plaits Both are nice, don't sweat over their work, but do what we want We still have the three horses but they are down with the Hawks, till the alfalfa and the grass have grown a bit.

We had three cold days – the wind can come ice-cold I had a cold again But now the weather is mild and warm, very beautiful, and spring in the air All was washed very clean on the land, coming out of a yard of snow Now the first anemones have come, built like crocuses but bigger and prouder, hairy on the brown-red earth under the pines But everything is very dry again, the grass has hardly appeared, and yet it won't grow any higher. We hoped for rain or snow again

Brett stays down on Del Monte, in a little house by herself, near the old Hawks She wanted to come up here but Frieda said no And so we

are only two whites and two reds, or rather yellow-browns, on the ranch Trinidad fetches milk and butter and eggs from Del Monte I lie in the sun Frieda is happy to be on her ranch Friedel comes in May – writes very happily, very likely he will return to the Fatherland at the end of the summer For September we also think to come to England and Germany But the Lord's will be done We bought a buggy and Trinidad will be coachman I don't work this year, am cross that I was so ill Mabel is still in New York, but Friday Tony came

Tomorrow Frieda goes to Taos by car We are nice and warm here and have all one needs

Well that you have friends with you I send you a little pin-money –
Auf Wiedersehen
[From the German]

To Curtis Brown, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 15 April 1925

Dear Curtis Brown I get so nagged at about Douglas's pamphlet on me and Magnus, that I send you here Douglas's letter to me on the business I really think it ought to be printed though I don't care much Use your discretion But please preserve D's letter

I bothered about that MS only for the sake of those two Maltese From 1921 to 1924 I tried to get the thing published The New York publisher wanted to publish my introduction, alone, as an essay, without the *Legion* MS I refused, and waited

Having written half the book, surely half the proceeds are due to me

As for Douglas's co-writing – it's a literary turn Besides, Magnus re-wrote the *whole* thing, after I talked with him in Montecassino I really sweated to get that fellow money, and Douglas wouldn't give him a cent

I get more and more bored with my fellow-men

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Kiowa Ranch, 'Friday evening' [Spring 1925]

Dear Brett The simplest thing perhaps is to write, as one can't shout everything

You, Frieda and I don't make a happy combination now The best is that we should prepare to separate that you should go your own way

I am not angry except that I hate 'situations' and feel humiliated by them. We can all remain decent and friendly, and go the simplest, quietest way about the parting, without stirring up a lot of emotions that only do harm. Stirred-up emotions only lead to hate.

The thing to do is to think out, quickly and simply, the best steps. But believe me, there will be no more ease between the three of us. Better you take your own way in life, not this closeness, which causes a strain.

I am grateful for the things you have done for me. But we must stand apart.

To the Hon. Dorothy Brett, from Kiowa Ranch, 'Saturday' [Spring 1925]

Dear Brett. There's not much to say – and it's no good saying much.

I don't believe Frieda would ever feel friendly towards you, again – ever. And that means friction and nothing else.

You are, you know, a born separator. Even without knowing that you do it, you set people against one another. It's instinctive with you. If you are friendly with one, you make that one unfriendly to the others, no matter who it is. It's just a natural process with you. But it usually turns everybody into an enemy, at last – It's no use your talking about friendship. I know you have done many things for us, like making the dandy beer, and bringing eggs. On that side your friendship is good. But the spirit, the flow, is always towards separating. Most of us, myself included, are a good deal that way. But it's useless, in the end. Among three people, always two against one.

It's no good our trying to get on together – it won't happen. Myself – I have lost all desire for intense or intimate friendship. Acquaintance is enough. It will be best when we go our separate ways. A life in common is an illusion, when the instinct is always to divide, to separate individuals and set them one against the other. And this seems to be the ruling instinct, unacknowledged. Unite with the one against the other. And it's no good.

✓ To H. A. Piehler, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 17 April 1925

Dear Sir. I received your letter only last night.

(The scene of my Nottingham-Derby novels all centres round East-

wood, Notts (where I was born) and whoever stands on Walker Street, Eastwood, will see the whole landscape of *Sons and Lovers* before him. Underwood in front, the hills of Derbyshire on the left, the woods and hills of Annesley on the right. The road from Nottingham by Watnall, Moorgreen, up to Underwood and on to Annesley (Byron's Annesley) – gives you all the landscape of *The White Peacock*, Miriam's farm in *Sons and Lovers*, and the home of the Crich family, and Willey Water, in *Women in Love*.

The Rainbow is Ilkeston and Cossall, near Ilkeston, moving to Eastwood. And Hermione, in *Women in Love*, is supposed to live not far from Cromford. The short stories are Ripley, Wirksworth, Stoney Middleton, Via Gellia ('The Wintry Peacock'). *The Lost Girl* begins in Eastwood – the cinematograph show being in Langley Mill.)

I hope this will meet your requirements

H. A. Piehler was a writer of travel books

To Mrs Zelia Nuttall, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 21 April 1925

My dear Mrs Nuttall. I am sending you a copy of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* today – probably you won't like them. But some you will – We made the cover-design between us – fun it was.

I've lost my address-book with all the addresses – very crippling. Out of my memory, I sent Mrs Hogarth a book to Liverpool #90. Is that right? If not, Mrs Hogarth can recover the book from the post office. Would you mind giving her her letter?

I am a good deal better. The days are mostly hot and sunny, but they can be fiendish, with a grey stone-cold wind that blows out of some frozen hell. So I went to bed once more, with fever. But I am better. We brought up two of the horses, and the new-painted buggy, and our two Indians, Trinidad and Rufina, trot out with us – we look such a bundly Mexican outfit. For the rest, I don't do much – but slowly wade my way through the sandy wastes of Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*. I read it on and on and on, without quite knowing why – Trinidad brought up Miss Wemyss, our cat, in a sack. She was our kitten last autumn. She emerged from her sack trembling and ruffled with a cat's *farouche* dismay. Then she began to creep round very slowly, and remember – And suddenly, after half an hour, she exploded from under the bed in

fireworks of friskiness She had suddenly remembered *everything* – The horses knew us too, perfectly Nice! – Very best regards from us both

To Mrs Emily Kung, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 21 April 1925

My dear Pamela Your letter came – Yes, I was awfully sick malaria, typhoid condition inside, and chest going wrong Am much better, but must be careful all summer – lie down a great deal When the wild cold winds come, I just go to bed In the wonderful sunny days – they are six out of seven – I putter about and lie on a camp bed on the porch I don't work yet Trinidad and his wife Rufina – the Indians – do most things for us We have brought up two horses – and bought a buggy – it stands by the barn Trinidad drives it in style – Now they are busy, away at the Gallina Canyon, about two miles off, building a little dam and putting in pipes, to get the water out of the canyon into our irrigation ditch, which winds round the hills to the house – It's rather an expense But we must have water on the land The spring has been so dry, the grass is already burnt up, and the alfalfa doesn't move Today it threatens to snow Monday was a hot, blazing sunny day So it changes Everybody wishes it would rain or snow But of course, today the men are working at the Gallina, with cement, that will spoil if it snows much, or freezes. Frieda's nephew Friedel Jaffe – Else's son – who has been this year an exchange student at an American university, is coming in May, for the summer – then he'll go back to Germany We want to come to Europe in the autumn Brett is staying down on Del Monte – you will soon get *St Maur* from Martin Secker – it's supposed to be out in May I'm really better – but had a bad turn – I've got a new publisher over here Knopf – a Jew again – but *rich* and enterprising – seems very nice Seltzer is staggering, staggering – I send £5 for you and the children – Love from us both

[P S] One day you will come and spend the summer here

To M L Skinner, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 21 April 1925

Dear Mollie Skinner Your letter of 26th Feb today We were thinking about you, and wondering about *Black Swans* I'm looking forward to

reading it soon. When is it due? I'm sure it's best for it to appear absolutely without any connection with me. That way you'll exist in yourself and by yourself, for the tribe. I'll write an introduction to your third novel, if you like. It's time we should be getting statements of sales for the *Boy* – It's always a long time before the money comes in, but it will come.

I'll send you my new novel *St Mawr* when I get it, or I'll ask Secker to post it direct. It is due in May.

You know, we got back here two weeks ago. I was awfully ill in Mexico – thought I was never going to get out, malaria, typhoid condition inside, and chest going wrong with flu. Still have a cough and have to stay a good deal in bed. But glad to be back on our own ranch. We have a young Indian couple, Trinidad and his wife Rufina, looking after us. It has been hot and sunny – but today cold and crumbling snow, and I'm in bed –

Don't bother about critics and immediate returns. Writing, essentially, is its own reward. If it's a joy – and a pain – to you, struggling and producing a book – then go ahead, and never mind the rest. Write when there comes a certain passion upon you, and revise in a later, wavier, but still sympathetic mood.

I got my novel *Quetzalcoatl* done in Mexico, at a tremendous cost to myself. Feel I don't want ever to see it again. Loathe the thought of having to go over it and prune and correct, in typescript.

I expect we shall be here all summer. We want to go to Europe in September – You won't be happy in that little cottage on the creek-slope unless you work. Why not write your *mother's* novel?

To Alfred A. Knopf, from Kiowa Ranch, 4 May 1925

Dear Knopf: Many thanks for the advance on royalties. Barmby told me of Willa Cather wrote that she suggested it. Irritating that one should need an advance, at this late hour!

Barmby was in a sort of panic at the title *Quetzalcoatl*. Must one really discard such a fascinating word? – And use its translation *Feathered Snake* or more luscious, *The Plumed Serpent* – Or *Men in Big Hats* (doesn't fit). I can't think of anything because *Quetzalcoatl* has been stuck in my mind for two years.

Miss Brett has done a quite beautiful design for a jacket, of Mexicans in big hats has some real Mexican quality in it I hope you'll like it and be able to use it But we must find a title

Thank Mrs Knopf for the books they came

To H W Mathews, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 21 May 1925

Dear Sir In answer to your letter of April 25th, which I have received only today, I wish to say that in my preface to the *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* there is nothing but the exact truth as far as any human being can write the exact truth As for Maurice Magnus's MS, it is certainly authentic I went over it with him in the Monastery of Montecassino There is no possibility of any fraud As for his precise truthfulness, I would not answer Yet I don't think he lied in this memoir He wanted to call it *Dregs* Norman Douglas – who is the ND of the Florence episode in my introduction – wrote a sort of little pamphlet defending Magnus – and reproaching me You can get it in London But Douglas would not question any of the *facts* of the book – he only thinks I am hard on M M But in *life*, Douglas was much harder on him – very much

To Curtis Brown, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 26 May 1925

Dear Curtis Brown Your letter, and Secker's, about the Douglas letter

I don't want to bother any more about that business neither pamphlets nor articles When I was feeling sick, I felt sore Now I am better, I don't care what Douglas or anybody else says or pamphletises They can go all their own way to oblivion, and if Secker doesn't reprint *The Foreign Legion*, I don't care a bit

I'm sure you'll agree with me about this I think public 'controversies' *infra dig*, anyhow.

I did a play – a Bible play – *David* – which I'll send you when it's typed out But I don't care about having it published

To Mrs Emily King, from Kiowa Ranch, 30 May 1925

My dear Pamela I had your letter yesterday am thinking that by now Ada should have received the parcel from Mexico with the puma skin for you Hope it won't go lost

We are getting on well here I am much better – about my normal self again But I have to beware of the very hot sun, and of the sudden cold

We have been on our own ranch all the time only stayed down on Del Monte five days But Brett is down there, in a house of her own The water from the Gallina is for here it runs gaily past the gate, though the stream isn't very big now It is a terribly dry spring – everything burnt up I go out every morning to the field, to turn the water over a new patch So the long 15-acre field is very green, but the ranges are dry as dry sand, and nothing hardly grows Only the wild strawberries are flowering full, and the wild gooseberries were thick with blossoms, and little flocks of humming birds came for them – We are now building a new corral for the four horses – and we are having a black cow on Monday – and we've got white hens and brown ones, and a white cock – and Trinidad caught a little wild rabbit which is alive and very cheerful That's all the stock except for Rufina's sister and two little Indian tots with black eyes The sister has only got an unknown Indian name, and speaks nothing but Indian – We made a garden, and the things are coming up We have to turn the stream on the garden, in dozens of tiny channels, to irrigate it And the nights sometimes are still very cold – Trinidad saw a deer just behind the houses, last week But I don't want him to shoot it

I hope you will come one day and spend the summer we will manage it, when we are all a bit richer

By now you will have got a copy of *St Mawr* and there is a description of the ranch in that

Glad you've got another dog Heaven knows what is best for Peg I *hated* teaching

Here is the kiss for Joan XX

To Dr Trigant Burrow, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 6 June 1925

Dear Dr Burrow I found your letter and the two reprints when I got back here I am in entire sympathy with your idea of social images. In fact, I feel myself that the Jewish consciousness is now composed entirely of social images – there is no new-starting 'reality' left Nothing springs alive and new from the blood All is a chemical reaction, analysis and decomposition and reprecipitation of social images It is what happens

to all old races They lose the faculty for real experience, and go on decomposing their test-tubes full of social images One fights and fights for that living something that stirs way down in the blood, and *creates* consciousness But the world won't have it To the present human mind, everything is ready-made, and since the sun cannot be new, there can be nothing new under the sun But to me, the sun, like the rest of the cosmos, is alive, and therefore not ready-made at all

I don't wonder you haven't got your book published Those *Unconscious* things of mine hardly sell at all, and only arouse dislike I'm not going to bother any more about that side of things People are too dead, and too conceited *Man is the measure of the universe* Let him be it idiotic foot-rule which even then is *nothing* In my opinion, one can never *know* and never – never *understand* One can but swim, like a trout in a quick stream As for the stones that sit tight and think they *know*, permanently – they are only swimming very slowly in a much slower stream – stupidly

To G R G Conway, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 10 June 1925

Dear Conway We had Mrs Conway's letter today – so glad to hear all the gossip, so sad to hear of the rising sea of troubles But I had, and have, a bad feeling about this Mexico of just now Thank the Lord I am out of it – So you went to Toronto! I once looked across that lake which is there – without much desire to sail over There are so many places in the world that, thank God, one need not go to

We sit here on our own little ranch, up to the eyes in doing nothing. I spent all the golden evening riding through the timber hunting the lost cow: and when at last I got her into corral, I felt more like killing her than milking her Meanwhile my wife was going round and round the fowl-barn, trying to drive in the four new Rhode-Island Red hens, which refused to go to roost Our two Indians have gone down to Taos

But after all, I'd rather hunt the cow through the timber, though I swear myself black in the face, than try to 'push the business on' in Mexico You really have my sympathy, with all those morons and Morones

I don't do any work since we are here – except milk the black-eyed Susan and irrigate the field – when there's any water I never felt less literary. But I've revised the MS of my Mexican novel – which I wanted

to call *Quetzalcoatl* But the publisher wept at the sound of it and pleaded for a translation *The Plumed Serpent* Mrs Conway will say it means the lady of Coyoacán, with a feathered hat but I don't care I think it sounds a bit silly – *The Plumed Serpent* But *je m'en fiche*.

I hear from people in Philadelphia they seem *really* to like Hergeheimer out there say he really *is* a real person books or not So that Mrs Conway needn't, I think, have any qualms, if she feels like fluttering through his domains

It's been blowy and rather cold here *very* dry, dry to desiccation and summer only started yesterday I expect autumn will set in tomorrow We're too high – over 8000 ft I am about my normal self again – but shall never forgive Mexico, especially Oaxaca, for having done me in I shudder even when I look at the little MS you gave me, and think of that beastly Santo Domingo church, with its awful priests and the backyard with a wellful of baby's bones Quoth the raven *Nevermore* But this *Nevermore* is a thankful, cheerful chirrup, like a gay blackbird *Nevermore* need I look on Mexico – but especially Oaxaca – Yet my *Quetzalcoatl* novel lies nearer my heart than any other work of mine I shall send you a copy next year – D V

I hope you are having a bit of peace with [Crosby] Gaige and your other MSS Really, the world isn't worth one's effort Here, thank God, not many people come – and I have only once been out of the gates of the two ranches, ours and Del Monte, since we came from Mexico

I was glad to hear from Mrs Conway – was afraid she might be unwell, she didn't seem over-robust We shall stay on here, I suppose, till September or October then to Europe We might even see Mrs Conway over there London or Paris That would be fun If ever you go to Winnipeg, or some such place, do stop off and see us here

I'll send Mrs Conway another book – pleasant and untroublesome with pictures We both, my wife and I, remember so gratefully how kind you were to us, coming to the station – and the basket! We still have it – the basket with the purple band

G R G Conway was an author – an authority on Mexican history – as well as an engineer

To Curtis Brown, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 23 June 1925

Dear Curtis Brown I had your radiogram last night – it took three days by post, from the air station here in New Mexico

I seem to remember that [Edward J.] O'Brien does a sort of anthology of short stories each year, but whether English or American publishing I don't know I had thought that perhaps I would do a third long story, to go with 'The Woman Who Rode Away' and 'The Princess,' and make a vol. for America But perhaps would be better to leave it to you to decide If this O'Brien concern is a good one, and you think it best to let him have 'The Princess,' then agree with him Anyhow, 'The Princess' is used for England, already

I expect by this time you have the MS. of the play *David* It is a good play, and for the theatre Someone ought to do it

I think next week I'll send the MS. of *The Plumed Serpent* (*Quetzalcoatl*), my Mexican novel, to the New York office, asking them to make the corrections on the duplicate and forward a copy to you at once I consider this my most important novel, so far Will you show it to Secker Perhaps he might set it up soon, if he likes it, in galleys I should like very much to show it to a Mexican friend, in Mexico City, and have his opinion, before it is finally printed I'm a bit afraid to send the MS. down there

When is Barmby coming back to New York?

Knopf advertises that I shall henceforth publish exclusively with him He's not justified in so doing Seltzer writes an expostulation I never made any 'exclusive' promise to Knopf, and I don't think Barmby ever did

To Alfred A. Knopf, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 1 July 1925

Dear Knopf I heard from Curtis Brown today that he had sent you the MS. of my play *David* I wanted you and Mrs Knopf to see it But really, I don't want it published, unless it is produced Curtis Brown thinks it would be better if it appeared first as 'literature' Myself, I am a bit tired of plays that are only literature If a man is writing 'literature,' why choose the form of a play? And if he's writing a play, he surely intends it for the theatre Anyhow I wrote this play for the theatre, and I want the theatre people to see it first Curtis Brown says it is full of

long speeches that call for a whole company of Forbes-Robertsons There might be a whole company of even better men I believe there might be found Jews or Italians or Spaniards or Celts to do the thing properly not Teutons or Scandinavians or Nordics it's not in their blood – as a rule And if the speeches are too long – well, they can be made shorter if necessary But my God, there's many a *nigger* would play Saul better than Forbes-Robertson could do it And I'd prefer the nigger Or men and women from that Jewish theatre – Curtis Brown says it is not a 'popular' play But damn it, how does he know even that? Playgoing isn't the same as reading Reading in itself is highbrow But give the 'populace' in the theatre something with a bit of sincere good-feeling in it, and they'll respond If you do it properly

I hope you are enjoying Europe I think it's about time I went back.

To Stuart P Sherman, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 11 July 1925

Dear Mr Sherman I was amused by your article on me and my beard But it isn't a beard needs 'cultivating' It's a clean chin man has to work over

But I like to know what you say, because you do care about the deeper implication in a novel Damn 'holiday reading' They take even Dostoevsky to the sea-side now, and eat a horn of ice-cream while they read him now that life is 'one long holiday' my god, give me a few unholydays, then!

I have thought many times it would be good to review a novel from the standpoint of what I call morality what I feel to be essentially moral Now and then review a book plainly I will do it for your paper if you like

To pave the way – and have some stones to pull up and throw at the reader's head – I did two little articles 'Art and Morality' and 'Morality and the Novel' If you care to ask my agent, Curtis Brown, for them, you can have them if you like

The point was easier to see in painting, to start with But it wouldn't be so very out of the way, in a literary paper

I didn't care for the comparison with *Trionfo della Morte* D'Annunzio is a sensationalist, nearly always in bad taste, as in that rolling over the edge.

To Mrs Emily King, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 14 July 1925

My dear Pamela It's full hot summer now, and I wanted to send you just a little money, for if you go away to the seaside Will you be going in August, or when?

We have decided to go to New York about the middle of September, and stay about a fortnight – come to England at the end of the month. It can *still* be lovely in October – Then towards the end of October we must go to Baden-Baden, Frieda's mother harps so on our coming. She wants us to give this place up, and not come back to America. Perhaps we shall spend all next year in Europe, we'll see how we feel.

Friedel is leaving next Saturday – some friends are motoring him down to Taos. He'll stay just a night in Santa Fe. The students – the exchange students – are only allowed to stay twelve months in this paradisaical country into which all the wild beasts of Europe are clamouring to get. It's amazing, the simple frenzy people have, to come to America. Friedel simply hated his time in the east, in this country. Here of course it's very different – not the U S A at all. Myself, I hate the real U S A, Chicago and New York and all that. I feel very much drawn to the Mediterranean again. We may winter in Sicily.

It's a very quiet life here – I've never been down to Taos since we arrived. I don't want to go. I am not very keen on seeing people. I prefer to be alone on the ranch. That's the best of it, one really can be alone. There's no change here, except it's very hot today. We rode down to San Cristóbal to get Ambrose shod, this morning – there is a little wayside blacksmith in the valley. I noticed, riding through the timber, the porcupines are gnawing the tops of the pine-trees. I saw a huge one with all his bristles up, the other evening, just in front of the house. Wish I'd killed him. And I heard Aaron squealing and running to corral – he's my black horse, very nice – and I found he'd got a little bunch of porcupine quills in his nose. Had to pull them out one by one with the pliers and he hated it. But they weren't very big ones.

When Friedel has gone we shall be alone. But I really like that best. When there's any work to be done, I get a man up from San Cristóbal. Brett is still down at Del Monte. Today she's gone fishing. The other day, she caught 17 trout in the Hondo – but most of them were small. We made a supper of them, though.

I don't suppose Joan will ever *love* her school – why should she! They have brought out a new edition of my history, with pictures in – very nice I'll send one

To Helmuth von Erffa, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 18 August 1925

Dear Sir I had your letter today, about translating into German my story 'The Woman Who Rode Away'

As far as I am concerned, you have my consent to translate this *novelle* But will you please make any definite arrangements with my agents Curtis Brown Ltd, Foreign Dept – 6 Henrietta St, London WC 2, England

The Insel Verlag has already published two of my novels – *Romane* – in German and the *New Merkur* has published some smaller things I don't know whether the *Neue Rundschau* is acquainted with my work – Anyhow, please make any arrangements necessary, with Curtis Brown

I think myself Germany might like 'The Woman Who Rode Away' I have finished a novel about Mexico, which Knopf will publish next year in New York and probably the Insel Verlag will publish in German This story will make a good forerunner

Professor von Erffa later became chairman of the Department of Art at Rutgers University

To Kyle Crichton, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 19 August 1925

Dear Mr Crichton Thank you for your letter, and the magazines – I read the New Mexico article 'poor painters' They apparently have to hawk their wares for six months in the year, in this country – like the primitive tin-smith I suppose it's the country *À la guerre comme à la guerre*

I didn't know *Time* existed. in all its vulgarity – I would never kick my cow But if Tiberius wished the public had only one head, so that he could cut it off, I wish it had just one posterior, that I could kick Never my good and decent cow

I think it's even more awful to have the public loving one, than hating one.

The kind of love-intimacy, put-your-head-on-his-shoulder touch, that they assume in their print, is worst of all

For all that, I don't care if you do your article for that newspaper, while I'm in Europe – so long as it doesn't appear before mid-October. When I'm gone, I don't mind what's said, good or bad. My actual ears mind.

I shall be glad to get your novel – I might even review it, if you should wish.

Remember us to Mrs Crichton. So sorry your trip went bust – But what man with any stomach drinks moonshine? – I suppose it was moonshine – Oh Mrs Crichton, why didn't you pour the moonshine into the desert air, where it belongs?

To Mrs G R C Conway, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 28 August 1925

Dear Mrs Conway. I'm glad to think of you on Deeside – more wholesome there, than that gruesome Mexico. I put the bit of white heather in my hat, needing a bit of luck. We'll see what happens. True, you sent the sprig to my wife, but whatever else married people share and don't share, their luck is one.

I'm sure you had a good time with the Hergesheimers – especially the house. I hear there's a book about it, coming. Glad I don't have to write a book about my house – it wouldn't be four pages – the house is a log hut with never a treasure in it, save my precious self.

I heard from Conway just as he was leaving Mexico. That *America Loca* poem about gets it, and Conway's translation is good.

But I feel I want to get out of *America Loca* for a while. I believe it sends *everybody* a bit loco. We leave here Sept. 10th – expect to be in England by first week in October. Send me a line c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, Covent Garden W C 2. And if possible, let us have dinner together somewhere – I hope I shall be able to let Conway see a set of proofs of the *Quetzalcoatl* novel. I shall value his opinion: and yours too, if you'll give it. But you always are so modest in expressing yourself.

We've just sat tight and considered the lily all summer. I am quite well. It grieves me to leave my horses, and my cow Susan, and the cat Timsy Wemyss, and the white cock Moses – and the place. Next time

you pass, call here at this ranch instead of at Hergesheimer's house it's very wonderful country

My wife sends her greetings to you both, and hopes we may meet in a little while – so do I

To M L Skinner, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 28 August 1925

Dear Mollie Skinner I am glad you are safe with Miss Beakbane at 'Leithdale' – you will have enough things to do, and sunshine and space, and time to write I wish I could be at Leithdale myself, for a few months My wife loved it there, so did I

The summer has gone by here so quickly I am quite well again, in the mountains with my horses, and the cow Susan We are leaving for New York on Sept 10th I am sorry to go Yet it's good, not to stay too much alone, and not to be too long in America This is a heavy, stubborn sort of continent, without much *élan*, no natural joy – I suppose we shall be in England for the month of October, then go south, to the Mediterranean

I have been waiting all summer for *Black Swans* What is Cape doing? I'll look him up when I get to London, and see And if the book is out, I'll get it and review it for one of the monthlies, if I can I'll have a try, when I'm in London

Over here, things aren't very good Seltzer is nearly bankrupt, and only pays me small doles, out of all he owes me I've had nothing for *Boy in the Bush*, at all But I suppose it will come Anyhow I'll see they send you a few dollars, when any are squeezed out of Seltzer We have no luck

How's your new novel going? – Mine is being held over to Spring 1926 It's called *The Plumed Serpent* it's the Mexican book I'm glad it's not coming immediately I get so weary of the public, its smallness and fatuity

I wonder if there's anything you'd like particularly to read? If there is, tell me, and I'll send it you from London c/o Curtis Brown always finds me there 6 Henrietta St, W C 2

I shall look for word from you in London Never bother about publishers and public, one goes one's own way, bit by bit. – My wife sends her regards

To M L Skinner, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa [29 August 1925]

Dear Mollie Skinner I sent you a letter yesterday, and last night came yours telling that your brother was dead. He had no luck one could see in his face that he never would have luck. Perhaps it's really true, lucky in money, unlucky in love. But as a matter of fact, I believe he really never *wanted* to make good. At the bottom of his soul, he preferred to drift penniless through the world. I think if I had to choose, myself, between being a Duke of Portland, or having a million sterling and forced to live up to it, I'd rather, far, far rather be a penniless tramp. There is deep inside one a revolt against the fixed thing, fixed society, fixed money, fixed homes, even fixed love. I believe that was what ailed your brother. He couldn't bear the social fixture of everything. It's what ails me, too.

And after all, he lived his life and had his mates wherever he went. What more does a man want? So many old bourgeois people live on and on, and *can't* die, because they have never been in life at all. Death's not sad, when one has lived.

And that again is what I think about writing a novel. One can live so intensely with one's characters and the experience one creates or records, it is a life in itself, far better than the vulgar thing people *call* life, jazzing and motoring and so on. No, every day I live I feel more disgust at the thing these Americans call life. Ten times better die penniless on a goldfield.

But be sure of my sympathy

To Kyle Crichton, from Del Monte Ranch, Questa, 31 August 1925

Dear Crichton I read your story at once and will say my say at once. I can't typewrite.

You are too journalistic, too much concerned with facts. You don't concern yourself with the *human inside* at all, only with the insides of steel works. It's the sort of consciousness the working man has. But at the same time he's got a passionate sub-conscious. And it's this *sub-conscious* which makes the story. Otherwise you have journalism. Now you want to be an artist, so you've got to use the artists' faculty of making the sub-conscious conscious. Take your Andy, a boy as blank

as most American boys – who, to my mind, are far blander than English or Scotch boys. It's the atmosphere of unending materialism that does it. But take your Andy, and look *under* his blankness – under his cheery-O! and all that, look for his hidden wistfulness, his absolutely shut-off passion, his queer uncanny American isolation and stoicism, the fantasy of himself to himself – and give the same story in terms of these, not of his mechanical upper self. Your story is good record, and excellent for conveying fact. But where the living feeling should be, it's blank blank as the ordinary American is.

Only the feeling is there – else the boy wouldn't possibly cry at the sight of a coal-mine again.

You've got the germ of a good, *novel* story – though pretty hard to work out. It might take a small novel to do it.

What was there in the mines that held the boy's feelings? The darkness, the mystery, the otherworldness, the peculiar camaraderie, the sort of naked intimacy – men as gods in the underworld, or as elementals. Create *that* in a picture.

Then, with just a bit of alteration, vivify that middle-part (the best) of your story – steel. Give the mystery, the cruelty, the deathliness of steel, as against the comparative softness, silkiness, naturalness of coal. Throw in that Alice is a symbol of the human ego striving in its vanity, superficial – but the man's soul really magnetized by steel, by coal, as two opposing master-elements – carbon versus iron, c and f.

When we get inside ourselves, and away from the vanity of the ego – Alice and smart clothes – then things are symbols. Coal is a symbol of something in the soul, old and dark and silky and natural, and matrix of fire – and steel is symbol of something else in the soul, hard and death-dealing, cutting, hurting, annihilating the living tissue forever. You've got to allow yourself to be, in some measure, the mystic that your real self is, under all the American efficiency and smartness of the ego – before you can be an artist.

Well, you'll be bored by this – I wonder if you'd care for Paris should say *not*. Either try Italy and the sun, or a Devonshire village. It's your visionary *soul* you need thawing out. I can perhaps help you if you do go to Europe. All good wishes from us all to Mrs Crichton and you.

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from 71 Washington Place, New York, N Y,
15 September 1925

Dear Brett We got here at 5 30 Sunday evening – which is pretty quick We caught the connection in one hour at Chicago, as the train from Denver goes into the same station as the New York Central, so you don't have to cross the city But I think you'd be happier on the Sante Fe, and the Parmelee Transfer Co takes you straight across the town in their bus, to the other station It was rainy and steamy steamy hot – but now is grey and cool – not bad I feel I have nothing at all to do with this city – or any other city Shall be glad to get away I hope we can sail 26th I asked Nina [Witt] and she said you could come and stay here Remember it's just off Washington Square, where nearly all the 5th Avenue buses stop – on the *west* side of the square It's quite a pleasant smallish arty house with a negro cook, Albertina If I were you, I wouldn't stay long here I'll ask about Italian ships and let you know, so you can plan your departure New York is useless We saw Barmby he's gone dead since last year, – not nice I got no news from him, but should know something definite tomorrow We went to the Greenwich Village Theatre and saw a play about tramps – hoboes – amusing – but nothing I'll let you know what news I have of my play being here one effects nothing No sign of Ida [Rauh]

If you happen to see any mail for me, send it c/o Curtis Brown

I feel we shall soon be gone from here Of course one is a fool to leave the ranch, but perhaps Europe will be good for us, for the winter

Perhaps the simplest way for you to carry money to Italy would be for you to take \$100 worth of travellers' cheques – either from the American Express Co, or from your bank Leave the rest in the bank

One leaves off living when one gets inside a city. I just refrain from thinking about the Azul and Timsy and Moses and all of them – *à la guerre comme à la guerre*

I'll get Nina to write you a note of definite invitation

[P S] No sign of your machine.

Remember us to Rachel, William – and to Mr and Mrs Hawk

To Baroness von Richthofen, from S S Resolute, 25 September 1925

Meine liebe Schwiegermutter This is the second day at sea – very nice, with blue running water and a fresh wind I am quite glad to be out of that America for a time it's so tough and wearing, with the iron springs poking out through the padding

We shall be in England in five more days – I think we shall take a house by the sea for a while, so Frieda can have her children to stay with her And I must go to my sisters and see their new house And then we must hurry off to Baden-Baden, before winter sets in

I don't feel myself very American no, I am still European It seems a long time since we heard from you – I hope it's a nice autumn In New York it was horrid, hot and sticky

Save me a few good *Schwarzwald* apples, and a bottle of *Kirschwasser*, and a few leaves on the trees, and a few *alten Damen* in the *Stift* to call me *Herr Doktor* when I'm not one, and a hand at whist with you and my *kurzrockige Schwagerin*, and a *Jubilaum* in the *Stiftskoniginzimmer* The prodigal children come home, *vom Schwein gibt's kein mehr, nur vom Kalb à bientôt!*

auf baldige Wiedersehen!

hasta luego!

till I see you!

To Mr and Mrs William Hawk, from S S Resolute, Sunday, 27 September [1925]

Dear William and Rachel Here it is Sunday afternoon – everybody very bored – nothing happening, except a rather fresh wind, the sea a bit choppy, outdoors just a bit too cold We get in to Southampton on Wednesday morning, and glad shall I be to see land. There are very few people on board, and most of those are Germans or people from somewhere Russia way, speaking a language never heard before We've had pretty good weather – went on board last Monday night, and sailed at 11 a.m. Queer to be slipping down the Hudson at midnight, past all the pier lights It seems now such a long while ago Though the weather has been pretty good, I had one awful day, blind with a headache. It was when we ran into a warm fog, so suppose it was the old malaria popping up

I didn't care for New York – it was steamy hot I had to run about and see people the two little Seltzers dangling by a single thread, over the verge of bankruptcy, and nobody a bit sorry for them. The new publishers, the Knopfs, are set up in great style, in their offices on Fifth Avenue – deep carpets, and sylphs in a shred of black satin and a shred of brilliant undergarment darting by. But the Knopfs seem really sound and reliable am afraid the Seltzers had too many 'feelings' Adele said dramatically to Frieda 'All I want is to pay OUR debts and DIE' Death is a debt we all pay the dollars are another matter.

Nina [Witt] is as busy as ever re-integrating other people – It was a pleasant house near Washington Square, but of course they were building a huge new 15-storey place next door, so all day long the noise of battle rolled – The child, Marion Bull, is a handsome girl of eighteen and very nice indeed trying to go on the stage, and the stagey people being very catty to her. I rather hope she won't go on the stage, it might spoil her – The boy Harry wasn't yet back in New York – That woman Mrs Hare sent a car and fetched us to their place on Long Island beautiful place. But in proudly showing me her bees, she went and got stung just under the eye, and a more extraordinary hostess in an elegant house I never saw, as the afternoon wore on and the swelling swelled and swelled. It was too bad she was very kind to us – The nicest thing was when some people motored us out at night to the shore on Long Island, and we made a huge fire of driftwood, and toasted mutton chops, with nothing in sight but sand and the foam in the dark.

I lie and think of the ranch it seems so far far away – these beastly journeys, how I hate them! I'm going to stop it, though, this continual shifting.

How is Miss Wemyss [the cat] not still fighting her mother, I hope – like Brett at forty? Send me a line with news of you all. c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, London W.C.2 I do feel, I don't know what I'm doing on board this ship – *Au revoir* and remembrances.

To Kyle Crichton, from S S Resolute, Monday, 28 September 1925

Dear Crichton: I had your letter just before we left the ranch: now in two days we land in England. It has been quite a good crossing, even, for the Atlantic, comparatively sunny. But this is a dismal kind of

ocean it always affects me as the grave of Atlantis

I have [been] thinking of what you say about not having the courage to be a creative writer. It seems to me that may be true – America, of all countries, kills that courage, simply because it sees no value in the really creative effort, whereas it esteems, more highly than any other country, the journalistic effort – it loves a thrill or a sensation, but loathes to be in any way *moved*, inwardly affected so that a new vital adjustment is necessary. Americans are enormously adaptable perhaps because inwardly they are not adjusted at all to their environment. They are never American as a chipmunk is, or as an Indian is, only as a Ford car or as the Woolworth building

That's why it seems to me impossible almost, to be purely a creative writer in America – everybody compromises with journalism and commerce. Hawthorne and Melville and Whitman reached a point of imaginative or visionary adjustment to America, which, it seems to me, is again entirely lost, abandoned because you can't adjust yourself vitally, inwardly, to a rather scaring world, and at the same time, get ahead

So, with you, and these years of work behind you, the old habit, you'd find it awfully hard. But I don't see why you shouldn't dig down in yourself till you get out of sight of your street self, and there, little by little, get out the hidden stuff. All the things an American never allows himself to feel, much less to think. I always think there is, way down in most American men, a weird little imprisoned man-gnome with a grey beard and a child's quickness, which knows, knows so finally, imprisoned inside the man-mountain while the man-mountain goes on so lively and cheery-O! – without knowing a thing. Till the little sprite ceases to live, and then the man-mountain begins to collapse. I don't see why, with a patient effort, you shouldn't bit by bit get down what the sprite in you says – even though the man-mountain has to work at a job. It is all a question of getting yourself focussed.

But heavens! I don't want to preach at you.

I guess we shall stay a month or so in England, but Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, London W C 2 – that will always find me.

My wife sends remembrances to Mrs Crichton – hope the children keep gay and sturdy.

Regards to you both.

*To J M Murry, from Garland's Hotel, Suffolk, St, Pall Mall, London, S W ,
6 October 1925*

Dear Jack We're going up to my sister to-morrow c/o Mrs W E Clarke, Ripley (Derby) – so shan't be able to come down immediately, but when we come south again, in about a month's time, then we can come and see you, if you are not in town I expect we shall stay a month or so by the sea in Lincs

I still feel queer and foreign here, but look on with wonder instead of exasperation, this time It's like being inside an aquarium, the people all fishes swimming on end No doubt about it, England is the most fantastic Alice-in-Wonderland country

We shall go to the Mediteriancan for the winter – I've an idea Ragusa, on the Adriatic, might be nice real peasants still

I hear poor Gettler is in a sanatorium Have seen the Carswells and Eders, but no more of the old crowd – not Kot

Hope you're all well and cheerful in the old coastguard station

To Mr and Mrs A D Hawk, from Garland's Hotel, London, 7 October 1925

Dear Mr and Mrs Hawk I've been in my native land eight days now, and it's not very cheering rather foggy, with very feeble attempts at sun and the people very depressed There's a million and a quarter unemployed, receiving that wretched dole and you can't get a man to do an odd job, anywhere My publisher, down in the country, has 16 acres of good thuck hay still standing, because he can't get it cut He told the farmer he could have it for the cutting the farmer said that, although there were eight unemployed men in the tiny village, he couldn't get a man anywhere to do a week's work If the unemployed work for a week, they go off the list of the dole, and they find it so hard to get on again, it's safer not to work So there's a terrible feeling everywhere and London is more expensive than New York, and the spending is enormous They look for a revolution of some sort I don't quite see anything violent, but added to fog, it's horribly depressing.

We are going today up to the Midlands, to stay with my sisters. I don't suppose we shall be in England more than another fortnight – then we go to Germany, to my wife's mother, and on to Italy.

It's a pity, really, to leave the peaceful ranch, and the horses, and the

sun But there, one's native land has a sort of hopeless attraction, when one is away

We haven't heard from anybody in New Mexico since we are here I am wondering if Brett has set forth yet

And in the short rush in New York, we never called at the hotel to see if Ted and Bobbie [Gillett] were there – But I expect they weren't

My wife sends warm greetings – I believe she wishes she were back But the winter is here – With remembrances and best wishes

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Garland's Hotel, London, 8 October 1925

Dear Brett We've been eight days in the old hotel – which is just the same It's rather foggy and gives me a cough

I wrote Murry we are here He wants us to go down to Dorset But he's got the Dunnings next door And he's got Jesus, badly and nastily The *Nation* compares Murry, in detail, to Mr Pecksniff Anyhow it all sounds sloppy and nasty I shan't go down

You were quite right not to come to England, it's much worse than when I was here last time, almost gruesome Gertler is in a sanatorium in Norfolk Kot, I've heard nothing of Cath Carswell is buried alive in a horrid little cottage in damp and dismal Bucks There's no *life* in anybody And at the same time, London is so expensive, it makes one's hair stand on end

We are going up to the Midlands to my sisters today We thought of taking a house for a month at the seaside near But I know I couldn't stand it So I expect we shall leave in a fortnight for Baden-Baden, and then go to Italy

Compton Mackenzie and his wife, Faith Mackenzie were here to lunch Faith is going to Capri for the winter She says she will look for you and help you all she can She seems to me reliable and nice – so you won't feel lonely

We haven't heard a word from you except that one letter to Nina's so I don't know where to address you Frieda says you are still at the ranch, but I'll get Ida to post this on Meanwhile c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, W C 2 will always find me

I'll go up and pack my trunk once more. But I'm getting *sick* of this travelling business

Send us a line – we keep wondering about you

To Martin Secker, from Ripley, Derby, 'Friday' [29 October 1925]

Dear Secker Oh, dear! The next to the last galley of *Quetzalcoatl* is missing galley 156 Could you send it me at once? I think we shall stay here till next Wednesday

I still say, this is the most important of all my novels But I hate sending it out into the world

Been motoring all over my well-known Derbyshire One of the most interesting counties in England But I can't look at the body of my past, the spirit seems to have flown

In the proofs, the words *sarape* is spelt half the time *sarape* Both ways are correct, it's an Indian word But ought one to stick to one form? God knows why I changed I began *sarape*, wrote *sarape* for thirty or forty galleys, then went back to *sarape* Bore!

I'll come in to your office as soon as we get back

Greet all at Bridgefoot!

Tell the man, very nice man, in your office, I *do* mean what Ramón [in *The Plumed Serpent*] means – for all of us – *Wiedersehen*

To Carl Seelig, as from London, 9 October 1925

Dear Mr Seelig I had your letter only today, as we arrived in England from America a few days ago

Yes, the Russian novelists have meant a great deal to me – but Hamsun not so much

I found here a translation of *The Rainbow* and of *The Boy in the Bush* I will send them to you The Insel Verlag is now doing a translation of *Women in Love* This, with *The Rainbow* and *Sons and Lovers*, I like best of my books

The last three years my wife and I have been in America in Mexico and the United States We have a little ranch in New Mexico I expect we shall go back there in the spring – I don't like politics at all – don't believe in them

As for myself – *Sons and Lovers* is more or less autobiographical. But I am now forty years old

I knew the Lake of Lucerne before the war. it can be very lovely. – In about a fortnight's time, my wife and I are going to Baden-Baden, to

see my *Schwiegermutter* The address there is per Adr Frau Baronin von Richthofen, Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden I suppose we shall stay about two weeks then go south, to Italy or Sicily, for the winter I should like very much to call and see you on the way down Will you let me know if it will be convenient for you?

To Alfred A Knopf, from Ripley, Derby, 20 October 1925

Dear Knopf and Mrs Knopf I've sent the proofs of the *Plumed Serpent* back to Secker, so you should have a revised set very soon now

Will you please put under the title, on the title page, *Quetzalcoatl* – so it is obvious that *The Plumed Serpent* is a translation

THE PLUMED SERPENT
(QUETZALCOATL)

Another thing is the word *serape* which is spelt so often *sarape*, that I simply didn't face altering it Both ways are correct it's an Indian word for a blanket that you wear but *serape* is now commoner God knows why I changed from one to the other If you think it matters, tell the printers to set the one form, will you?

I still think it is my most important novel never mind the weary public It too has got to grow up But my *Quetzalcoatl* novel will stand a lot of wear

I have sent reviews of *Hadrian VII* and of *Said the Fisherman* to the *Tribune* Hope they suit I liked these two books very much Very nice the Blue Jade library Would you ever care to put into it the Dutch masterpiece – or semi-masterpiece, it's no better than *Hadrian* – *Max Havelaar* A man I know did a new translation, and asked me to write him an introduction

I'm going to do a review now of *Origins of Prohibition* – I don't think much of *Jezebel Pettyfer* a bit spurious And the Mencken *Americana* is already done If you want me to do anything else that's not been done – *Life of Henri Brulard* – or the *Diaboliques* – or *Cook's Voyages* – I like them all – they're worth a review too – would you ask Mrs Carl Van Doren at the N Y *Tribune*? I think my two reviews are rather nice

It's pretty awful weather here My God! this country isn't an isle in the sea, it's under the sea, and the people are all marine specimens

Drive me mad But they're chirping up a bit about trade Hope it's not a false dawn There's no *kick* in the people they're about as active as seaweed

We're in Derbyshire at the moment, but going back to town Expect we shall be in Paris by first week in November and I think we shall go down to Ragusa, Dalmatia, for the winter see if it's nice Anything for space, and sun

The Seckers in their red house lie anchored forever in the mist

If you see Mark Wiseman, tell him we've been twice at the *Peacock* and he's remembered very smilingly there

But my native land seems to be turning to liquid

Hope all flourishes no more black eyes

To J M Murry, from 73 Gower St, W C 1, 'Monday' [26 October 1925]

Dear Jack: We gave up the idea of staying in England – we leave for Baden-Baden on Thursday

Could you come up on Wednesday? – come here, we'll see about a room for you And I'll make no arrangements with anybody for Wednesday

I met the Constant Nymph and Rose Macaulay on Friday!! also Wm Gerhardt he's nice said he was coming here tomorrow afternoon You might meet him Was in Oxford Press this morning Humphrey Milford said he liked your Keats book very much but not the *Adelphi* – must you really write about Jesus? Jesus becomes more *unsympatisch* to me, the longer I live crosses and nails and tears and all that stuff! I think he showed us into a nice *cul de sac* But there! England just depresses me, like a long funeral But I cease to quarrel No good kicking against the pricks

Greetings to your wife and the child, from us both

To J M Murry, from Baden-Baden, Germany, Saturday, 31 October 1925

Dear Jack I'm sorry I missed you – I hurried straight to the house, on the obvious way I had such a nice bag of fruit for you to take home, with fresh figs and dates and Carlsbad plums But perhaps you'd have hated carrying it, so heavy

Just the same here – very quiet and unemerged my mother-in-law older, noticeably

I make my bows and play whist with old *Excellenzen Aber Excellenzchen!* cries my mother-in-law Titles still in full swing here, but nothing else No foreigners Shades of Edward VII and Russian princes The Rhine villages untouched and lovely we had to motor from Strasbourg and the peasants still peasants, with a bit of that eternal earth-to-earth quality that is so lost in England Rather like a still sleep, with frail dreams

I read your November *Adelphi* Don't you see, there still *has* to be a Creator? Jesus is not the Creator, even of Himself And we have to go on being created By the Creator – More important to me than Jesus – But of course God-the-Father, the *Dieu-Père*, is a bore, Jesus is as far as one can go with God, anthropomorphically After that, no more anthropos

Perhaps I'll write you a little article

Regards to your wife, and to the baby

[P S] We're in the Hotel Eden – once really grand, now we only pay 9/6 a day, for food and all – each – and huge room with bathroom Try the Schwarzwald one day

To Mabel Luhan, from Baden-Baden, 2 November 1925

Dear Mabel I have just got your letter We are moving on to Italy in about two weeks' time, expect to winter there. When we get a settled address, I will write to Havelock Ellis, if you wish, for your MS Then I will write to you what I think of it, as far as I can, and if you really wish it

Frieda's mother seems really older, than two years ago But still she is brisk This place is quiet as death

I didn't care much for New York, the eight days we were there this time Seemed stale

This morning I was up at the *Altes Schloss*, looking over the Rhine Valley where we'd motored across, from Strasbourg Queer thing, to have a past! – Grusse.

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Baden-Baden, 4 November 1925

Dear Brett · So you are back in the old milieu! Hope it's not so bad after all I can't imagine *what* was wrong with your passport It seemed to me all right

I found England very damp and dreary there's something about it, some sort of funking the issue, that I can't stand The Constant Nymph was quite nice, but nothing Gerhardt came to see me for an hour, and stayed seven hours I like him, but nothing further, not worth while going on with Murry came and was very quiet and quite nice, but nothing between us He's slowly burying himself and hates to be disturbed Can't bear to be away for a day from Abbotsford His *Keats* book is quite good of course a golden image of himself, except he never wrote *Endymion*, and is so much the wiser I didn't see Kot, felt I couldn't stand any more Went to Cynthia Asquith's – more sense of failure – By the way, the letter you sent me to forward to Catherine Carswell inexplicably disappeared, so never got sent I'm so sorry Her address, if you want it, is Hawthorn Cottage, Great Kingshill, High Wycombe, Bucks She is very poor Don still has no work My sisters were very nice we stayed two weeks in the Midlands, and I coughed like the devil, with the filthy air Frieda saw her children, Baby, the young one, engaged to an absolute nothingness of a fellow, 35, would-be artist, born failure, sponger on a woman's emotions Now she's breaking it off; it's too ridiculous Elsa, the elder, doing a job and quite bouncy. Privately, I can't stand Frieda's children They have a sort of suburban bounce and *suffisance* which puts me off When they appear, I shall disappear The boy kept his loftiness to the Vic and Albert Museum, and soon, very probably, will sit in one of the glass cases, as a specimen of the perfect young Englishman.

Here I am stunned with hearing old ladies talk German, and having to talk back, and having to play whist with ancient Baronesses and Excellencies I have behaved very well so far, but am getting restive We are due to leave on the 12th – tomorrow week, probably stay a day or two at Lucerne, to see a man there, then to the Riviera Martin Secker's wife lives (her family) in Spotorno, she's just gone there, and we shall probably fix up for a while somewhere in that region – don't know yet. The Brewsters and Compton Mackenzie's wife, Faith

Mackenzie, are expecting you in Capri I don't know what we shall do in the long run I don't at present want to go back to America, even to the ranch feel more like drifting east But we'll see I'm glad you liked New York and profited by it More than I can say for myself. Glad you didn't go to the Witts, though the girl is nice I ordered your copy of the *Porcupine* c/o your father Secker is doing 250 copies of *David* at 2 guineas – will send you one That Miss Lewisohn was still considering the play when Barmby wrote last I don't care a damn Feel like going my own way for a bit and sending the rest to hell Hot and moist here, but fine country and I walk off alone Tram will probably be cheaper than boat to Naples Go to Thomas Cook and Son in Ludgate Circus I felt awfully annoyed with Aaron It is probably a porcupine quill worked in, something of that sort – no good trusting to William This address always finds us till I send another

[P S] It is just possible you might be cured by hypnosis, but it's risky If you like, you can ask Dr Eder, 2 Harley Place, Marylebone Rd He knows all about those things and is a friend of mine, a *nice* man, not a liar He's poor – pay him a little fee, but he'll do you for nothing if you tell him it's from me Look up the address in the telephone book, but I think I'm right

To Carl Seelig, from Baden-Baden, 'Saturday,' [27 November 1925]

Dear Carl Seelig That is very nice of you and of Frau Seelig, to say you will meet us at Lucerne We propose to leave here at 10 16 on Thursday morning, arriving at Lucerne at 4 45 the same afternoon Perhaps you will look in the Swiss *Fahrplan*, to see if this is correct

My German is pretty bad, but it will do There is no need to bother with English

I wonder how serious the Italian trouble is We want to go down to the Italian Riviera for the winter – So we can leave our big luggage at the station in Lucerne, and go on to Italy – by the Gothard I suppose – on Friday or Saturday

But it is great fun stopping off in Switzerland to see you and I love the Vierwaldstatter See – Grusse

To Vere H G. Collins, as from Villa Maria, Spotorno, Italy, 17 November
1925

Dear Collins I'm sending the mauled history by this mail When I went through it, I was half infuriated and half amused But if I'd had to go through it, personally, and make the decision merely from myself, I'd have sent those Irish b's seven times to hell, before I'd have moved a single iota at their pencil stroke But do me a favour Please keep this particular marked copy for me, will you, when you are through with it Send it me back here, if you can It will always serve to stimulate my bile and to remind me of the glory of the human race

Here it's sunny We're in a hotel for a bit – probably shall look for a house for the winter here, though the village doesn't amount to much But if the sun shines on the Mediterranean, that's a lot

I read the volume of essays – rather soft meat – sort of chopped up egggy mess you feed young gaping goslings on My God, where are the *men* in England now? The place is one howling nursery

Murry's *Keats* was quite good – many thanks – but oh heaven, so die-away – the text might be Oh lap up Shakespeare till you've cleaned the dish, and you may hope to swoon into raptures and die an early but beautiful death at 25

I'm sick to death of this maudlin twaddle and England's rotten with it Why doesn't somebody finally and loudly say Shit! to it all! – Well – *Lasta otra vista*

Vere Collins was employed by the Oxford University Press, which had asked Lawrence to tone down his *History* for the Irish schools

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno,
'Thursday' [?19 November 1925]

Dear Brett We had your telegram yesterday evening. The cold in the head, if I read the wire properly, is universal We were motoring in Switzerland – hated it – and got colds in the head, to stop a clock

We've taken the Villa Bernarda till March, and paid £25 sterling on the nail We move in on Monday The village is not much to brag about – but the hills are fine and wild and the villa is above the houses and has a big vineyard garden If it won't be cold it will be all right I wish to heaven they'd just put fireplaces in these houses

I sent you Murry's book to the Hotel Webster
Just had a letter from Rachel – seems cold and stormy there too, 'the
same old treadmill' she calls it

Ask Brewster what he is doing, if they are really leaving Quattro
Venti – all the news

And remember us to them warmly – also to Mrs Mackenzie – *Saluti!*
[P S] Did I tell you Secker is printing *David*, limited edition, 250 copies

The Villa Bernarda is owned by Angelo Ravagli, who was to marry Frieda in
1950, twenty years after Lawrence's death

To J M Murry, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 19 November 1925

Dear Jack We've taken a house here till April – above the village and the
sea – big vineyard garden, and castle ruins – nice – you know the kind
of thing The village isn't anything to stare at, but there's the sea, and
good walks in the hills

I heard from Brett She has got to Capri

Did I tell you about a Dr McDonald, of Philadelphia, who did my
bibliography? He's really nice – like a Canadian farmer, and quiet, and
with energy He is English professor at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia,
and he'd like to change his place, *for a year*, with an English professor
You know those school people – do you know anyone who would like
the change? McDonald specialises in Elizabethan pamphlets – he's
another for the Elizabethans a very sound man, you'd surely like him

I think you and Violet would like this place all right Noli, the next
village, was a mediaeval republic of fishermen, and quite a gem in its
way, but too past to live in I prefer the frayed edges, like here

The Villa Bernarda is a three-decker – or a four-decker, with the
contadino in the deeps – you could have bedroom and kitchen for your-
selves, if you like – we rent the whole house – or there is this inn, the
Albergo Ligure – *Saluti!*

*To E H and A. Brewster, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno,
25 November 1925*

Dear Earl and Achsah I had your letter forwarded from London, two
days ago Now I hear from Miss Brett that she is in Capri.

I'm sorry, really, we couldn't come down. I would rather have done so. The Riviera means nothing to me. But if Frieda is to have her children, and other visitors are to come, we have to be near enough. Capri is too far.

We've taken this house until end of March, but that doesn't mean we can't go away for a while. I should like to move south when the spring comes – to see Amalfi and Sicily in February, leaving the big luggage here. Are you really leaving Quattro Venti? And what are your plans afterwards? – Myself, I feel very vague. I don't even know if I want to go back to the ranch in the spring – though Frieda says *she* does. *Vedremo!*

Italy feels very familiar – almost too familiar, like the ghost of one's own self. But I am very glad to be by the Mediterranean again for a while. It seems so versatile and so young, after America, which is everywhere tense. I wish we were all richer, and could loiter around the coasts of the old world, Dalmatia, Isles of Greece, Constantinople, Egypt. But it's no good. We've got to go *piano-piano*.

It will soon be December, and the turn of the year. Let us make some little plan for the early New Year – end of January or in February.

Brett writes rather dismally – but I'm sure she will soon cheer up. Have you seen Faith Mackenzie? – and how is she? Rina Secker, here, is a bit out of sorts. Nobody seems very lively nowadays. Time we made a new start.

Frieda sends her love – it really *doesn't* seem so far away now. – *Arrivederci*

To the Hon. Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 'Wednesday'
[?25 November 1925]

Dear Brett. You've got the real doldrums. But one always feels bad, the first few days when one comes to Italy. It's sunny here, and the sun is hot, but *very* windy. Our colds have cleared away, and I'm just taking things quietly.

I heard from Barmby that Knopf is using your cover-design for *The Plumed Serpent* and has already paid \$50, and you can have the fifty dollars any time you write to Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, Covent Garden W C 2. I ordered a copy of the book to you, to Hotel Webster. But if you tell them at the post office, they'll deliver it to you anywhere. It should

arrive second week in January I also ordered a copy direct to your father, to Callander, because I know you'll want him to see the design Please tell him *you* ordered it The copy of the *Porcupine* should reach Scotland soon

They must have rooked you pretty badly over cabs etc They would if they could, the swine Everything is really pretty cheap Forty lire is less than two dollars, and a room alone at the De Vargas is \$3 50. We've paid twenty-five pounds for this huge vineyard garden and we're high over the sea It's nice but blowy There is a *contadino* Giovanni downstairs, who runs for us And the sea is mostly blue It's quite good to lie low in And living is very cheap we ought to manage on five shillings a day I want to economise, as Seltzer is hardly held together by a safety-pin, and he has my five thousand dollars. Barnby wrote that Nathalia Crane, the infant poetess – you remember her photograph, with Thomas – is now suing Thomas for not paying her royalties, and he is cutting a sorry figure in court Beastly!

Frieda expects her daughter Barby this week or next, and her elder daughter at Christmas Possibly my sister will come in January, and Murry, and Frieda's sister from Berlin It was no good going far down to Capri, if we are to have these visitors, which seem to be the point of our stay here

But in the spring I should like to come south, in February maybe I should like to see spring once more in Sicily, so would Frieda, it is so lovely We might all make some sort of excursion, with light luggage perhaps to Amalfi and Paestum (where I've never stopped) and Sicily I wish we weren't always poor I wanted to go to Dalmatia and the Isles of Greece Why doesn't anybody ever have a yacht and sail the coasts of the Mediterranean – Greece and Constantinople and Damascus and Jaffa and Egypt and Tunis and Morocco – or at least Algiers How nice it would be! Why do beastly people like Nina Witt have the millions

There is something I like very much about the Mediterranean, it relaxes one, after the tension of America Wait a bit, till you get used to it, and you'll like it too. But after a while, it's always set me longing to wander, to do a sort of Iliad But even if all of us, and Earl and Achsah, put out money together, we'd never afford a little ship, which is so much the best of this sea of many shores You see, one need

never sail for more than a night, then there's a somewhere else to land at, if one likes

Ma basta! Non usciamo mai fuori della bisogna dei soldi.

Do you really feel like typing? I'll send you a few little things Spud wrote Mabel is in New York for a month and Tony in California Spud is getting ready his number of the Lawience *Laughing Horse* I know it will be awful *che lo sia!* That Kyle Crichton from Albuquerque did an article on me at the ranch, I haven't seen it William is selling all his cattle and asks do I want him to keep me any I suppose I want a cow and a calf, but God knows when I'll go back As for Kot, Murry, Milne and the rest – well, I only saw Murry, and what was the good of that? Let the dead bury their dead I'm enclosing two little MSS – one for Spud Make one carbon copy, will you, and count the thousands and I'll pay the current rate – 1/- per 1000, 3d per carbon

To J M Murry, from Villa Bernardo, Spotorno, 12 December 1925

Dear Jack. I send back the Molly Skinner article – rewrote the first four pages, and cleared the rest a bit But it needs retyping It's quite good, for a sort of 'note' But Molly Skinner is getting too vague and crazy I've finished *Black Swans* It irritates me, by its foolish facility She herself knows life isn't like that – conceited slipshod nonsense – so why does she write it!

Hope you'll like the Vale of Health – I hated it

Secker is here – with wife and child, down on the road, with her parents – for a month He's gentle and nice, seems to me

The Riviera isn't quite right, somehow – I prefer further south But it does for a little while The house is pleasant, and plenty of room, when you want to come

Regards to you both from both

[P S.] I you print M Skinner's article with my editing, *don't* mention me, to anybody – not to her Just let her think your office did the editing

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernada, Spotorno, 'Thursday'
[?17 December 1925]

Dear Brett Thanks for the first part of 'Sun,' which came today I've done 3/4 of 'Ghost of Silence' and now have got stuck But these colds one gets go away very irregularly and leave one disinclined to literature I feel at present I should love to throw my pen in the sea for ever, and call myself Abinadab Straw, no more D H L walk under the heavens, nor books appear in his name Ah, if one were rich enough!

I bet you've not wangled your disoccupied millionaire Those lantern slides will take a bit of bolting

Brett Young, pompous Brummagem, and Jessie is his proper helpmeet

I wanted to come down next week But in London Curtis Brown asked me I'd go with him for a fortnight in early January around Italy I said yes! Thought he'd forgotten it. Apparently he hasn't I shall have to wait and see if he's really coming If he does, I'll bring him along to Capri – but it won't be yet Three weeks ahead perhaps Tell Achsah, lest she make any preps for me I do feel like roving off a bit. No further sign of Barby Weekley Those children of F's are duds You think Murry and Violet will turn up? My sister says she's coming in February They'd better come together, in that case, and leave us January to ourselves Rachel's letter depressing! Suppose she'll have to go to that brother of hers Spud writes quite nicely also Mrs Hughes The thought of the ranch now makes me shudder F has painted a watercolour of the *campanile* and roofs looking down No, there's absolutely nothing to buy here But I send you two quid for a little wine Try a bottle of *strega* It's a yellow liqueur made of citrons, on the Lago di Garda, near where we used to live Try a glass first, then buy a bottle if you like it *Strega* means witch, but *absit omen*! Tell Achsah I'll write the moment I hear from Curtis Brown

[P S] To keep your innards going drink plenty of cold water and at bed time. or *acqua di San Pellegrino*

I'm disappointed in the French translation of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* The quickness has gone, and the music

'Ghost of Silence' was probably an earlier title for the story 'Glad Ghosts'

To S. S. Koteliansky, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 18 December 1925

My dear Kot I had your letter Oh, but don't let's bother any more about people and lies I am so weary of human complications I expect I know you well enough, of myself, no matter what anybody says – though they *don't* say anything In the end one's very heart gets tired But somewhere, inside myself, I don't change and I don't think you do We are both much simpler than a man like Murry, whom I don't really understand – I remember very well the famous walk in the Lake district, how you suffered having to sleep in the same bed – and how we got water-lilies – and came down to Lewis' unattractive home, and it was war, and you departed in a cloud It's part of one's life, and we don't live twice Neither will Slatkovsky ever peep in again on our sour, sour herrings, in the Russian Law Bureau nor shall we ever see Maisie sit on Campbell's knee Oh *basta!* We won't grow old yet *son' tempi passati!* – but there are other days Next time we're in London we'll see if we really can't cheer up and rouse the neighbourhood like Fox – Does Ghita still call him *Foxie*? – The war, somehow, gave us a bad kick in the wind, all of us and we felt the damage most, in the after years Now we've *got* to begin to rouse up a bit, or we shall all be old before we know where we are

As for Russia I still think I should like to go, in spite of the 'rulers' Don't I remember Litvinov in a steam of washing and boiled cabbage? And isn't he, too, in the seats of the mighty? But there must be something there, besides and beyond

So Sonya will never cook us another goose, only marmite pie and nut-cutlet I tried that Shearns place, and thought it horrid – a real blow-out What is the cave coming to, with the cave-lady herbivorous!

But perhaps it is good for the headaches

Make a bow for me, to your *sacra famiglia* except Ghita isn't a *bambino!* – *Tutto le buone cose!*

To E. H. and A. Brewster, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno,

18 December 1925

Dear Earl and Achsah Very many thanks for your letters, and the *Adelphus*, and the poems They are all safely here And thanks awfully

for being so kind to Miss Brett – we all call her ‘the Brett’ Hope the shouting isn’t a trial

We go on very quietly here I work a bit – not much – and walk in the hills, when the bitter cold winds haven’t laid me up with a chest But it’s better now In the daytime we live in the sitting-room with a terrace over the village and the sea, but at night we dwell in the kitchen, with a good warm ‘*stufa economica*’, which is anything but economical Blessings on it, nevertheless The Seckers come up in the afternoon, to get thawed out Oh icy Italy, where is thy fireplace, thou hearthless and bitter cold!

I was disappointed in *The White Stallion* I am never very fond of abstract poetry, not even Blake And the theme of this I prefer in the old hymns and Vedas, in the original, when it had a quivering which is gone here I much prefer *Titans and Gods*! One *can’t* put the mystery of Oriental philosophy, even that of the *Stallion*, in a rather brief, rhyming poem But the other poems belong to us and our experience – I mean the ones like ‘Foghorns,’ or ‘Night Flying,’ many in *Titans and Gods* But I wish Branford weren’t so abstract – Spirits of the Heavens, and Earth Breath, Beauty, all those capital letters on hollow bodies

It is a pity we can’t have Christmas together I like Christmas in Capri, and very much wish we could have been there But Frieda had her daughter over from Alassio for a few days she is coming again and the elder daughter in January It isn’t the *house* that keeps one here – But in the spring we’ll really meet, and do something nice when the almond blossom is out I should love to walk with you – either in Calabria or Sicily But it would have to be a bit warmer weather

Many regards from us both, and a Happy Christmas

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, ‘Saturday’
[? 19 December 1925]

Dear Brett I’m still struggling with my ‘Glad Ghosts’ Alas, and a thousand times alack its growing long – too long, damn it! Even ‘Sun’ is a bit too long

Am in bed for two days with that cold on the chest But it’s dissolving satisfactorily Here, it’s cloudy, but not cold any more

Martin Secker is here, with the Capellero family down by the road.

He's a nice gentle soul, without a thrill his wife a living block of discontent – why, I don't know, for she's not so perfect But I think she's ill Myself, I feel like a chipmunk hibernating I read Aldous Huxley's *Along the Road* I'd send it you, but it's Secker's copy. It's little essays about Italy – very nice in its way He goes about in a 10-h p Citroen car, which seems to me a very good idea If I could drive I might think of one

F is still charmed with her clothes You should see her in the black step-downstairs coat and the bowler riding-hat! I am swathed in the blue scarf, which if I were really a chippy I wouldn't be, only my own stripes

To the Hon. Dorothy Brett, from Villa Benarda, Spertino, 29 December 1925

Dear Brett The hankeys came to-day and are very nice indeed But I wish you weren't so extravagant, presenting

Barby Weekley is here since Christmas Day, nicer this time She's busy painting, has faint hopes of one day selling something But the Slade took all the life out of her work That Slade is a criminal institution, and gets worse

We had a very mild Christmas Day – went down to the inn and had a turkey (my dinner) with Seckers and Capelleros But they *are* dull people Now I'm waiting to hear any day from Curtis Brown, and know when *he* will appear I shall meet him in Genoa or Florence, and come on It's just possible, still, he won't come But more possible, he will He's quite nice, but absolutely a stranger, and fat, and over fifty *Dio benedetto!* We sort of let ourselves in for these things If he comes, it will probably be next week, and then we'd drift on from Florence, Rome, Naples, to Capri, and he'll have to go back all alone I dread the expense, rather! Why does everything cost, and nothing pay?

The weather has been sunny and lovely and warm My cold is much better, Frieda says *she's* now feeling lmp The devil's in it

Knopf is publishing *The Plumed Serpent* on Jan 23rd, so by then we ought to have our copies Strange that the *Porcupine* hasn't appeared

I have a sort of feeling I should like to go to Russia, later in the spring. Nobody encourages me in the idea

I send you another story, 'Glad Ghosts' It's finished at last, and, usual

woe, is much too long Tell me what impression it makes on you I am curious to know I suppose you've about got through 'Sun' Don't bother with the 'Ghosts' unless you wish Perhaps you are painting fast

There's no news I haven't heard from anybody – drew an almost blank Christmas Just as well, for I hate these strained rejoicings

Where did you stay in Rome? How dear was it, and was it nice? Ask Earl if he knows a moderate place In Naples I suppose one goes to the Santa Lucia But I'm going to be tight, on that trip with Curtis Brown I mean money, not wine

Tanti buoni auguri per il nuovo anno Come va il Cristo del Mondo crocifisso? Le piacerebbe, sicuro, lo mettere finalmente alla Croce, un'altra volta, ma l'ultima, questa! Povero uomaccio, perchè non autargli staccarsi! Cristo rifiutando alla Croce! Così lo farei io!

1926

The Plumed Serpent is published in January. In February, Lawrence goes to Capri and journeys through Italy, returning to Spotoirno in April. His play *David* is published in March, his story *Sun* in September. Early in May, he and Frieda move to the Villa Mirenda, near Florence, which will be their home for two years. The Lawrences leave Italy for the summer, for Germany and England (July-August), in August, Lawrence goes alone to Scotland. They return to Italy early in October. In the autumn of 1926, Lawrence begins to paint seriously at the Villa Mirenda and starts work on his novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

To J M Murry, from Villa Bernarda, Spotoirno, Italy, 4 January 1926

Dear Jack. *À la guerre comme à la guerre!* Make up your mind to change your ways, and call the baby Benvenuto.

My dear Jack, *it's no good!* All you can do now, sanely, is to leave off. *À la vie comme à la vie.* What a man has got to say, is never more than relatively important. To kill yourself, like Keats, for what you've got to say, is to mix the eggshell in with the omelette. That's Keats' poems to me. The very excess of beauty is the eggshell between one's teeth.

Carino, basta! Carito, deja, deja, la canzon, cheto! Cheto, cheto! Zitto, zitto, zitto! Basta la mòssa!

In short, shut up. Throw the *Adelphi* to the devil, throw your own say after it, say goodbye to J M M. *Filius Meus, Salvatore di Nessuno se non di se stesso*, and my dear fellow—give it up!

As for your humble, he says his say in bits, and pitches it as far from him as he can. And even then it's sometimes a boomerang.

Ach! du heber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin — I don't care a straw who publishes me and who doesn't, nor where nor how, nor when nor why. I'll contrive, if I can, to get enough money to live on. But I don't take

myself seriously, except between 8 o and 10 o a m , and at the stroke of midnight At other seasons, my say, like any butterfly, may settle where it likes on the lily of the field or the hoisetod in the road or nowhere It has departed from me

My dear chap, people don't want the one-man show of you alone, nor the Punch and Judy show of you and me Why, oh why, try to ram yourself down people's throats? Offer them a tasty tit-bit, and if they give you five quid, have a drink on it

No, no! I'm forty, and I want, in a good sense, to enjoy my life Saying my say and seeing other people sup it up doesn't amount to a hill o' beans, as far as I go I want to waste no time over it That's why I have an agent I want my own life to live 'This is my body, keep your hands off!'

Earn a bit of money journalistically, and kick your heels You've perhaps got J M M on the brain even more seriously than J C Don't you remember, we used to talk about having a little ship? The Mediterranean is glittering blue today Bah, that one should be a mountain of mere words! Heave-O! my boy! get out of it!

To S S Koteliarsky, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 4 January 1926

My dear Kot I had Farbman's book, and actually read it all, with much interest It was really interesting Many thanks for sending it

I do hope the domestic tragedy in the cave was only a mishap I simply feel I can't stand tragedies anyhow any more Why can't things smooth out a bit? – But send a line, and say it was nothing serious

It is very sunny and nice here today, feels like spring coming We had a warm sunny Christmas It is extraordinary, the change, when one crosses the Alps I think on the whole I like the Mediterranean countries best to live in The ranch still doesn't attract me, though sometimes in my sleep I hear the Indians drumming and singing I still wish my old wish, that I had a little ship to sail this sea, and visit the Isles of Greece, and pass through the Bosphorus That Rananim of ours, it has sunk out of sight

If you will send me a grammar book, I'll begin to learn Russian Just an ordinary grammar book Even if I never do go to Russia, it'll do me no harm And when I come to England you can give me a few lessons

I am forty years old now, but the world is still an unopened oyster, probably will always remain so. Nevertheless, one can go on trying to prise it open.

I wonder if Russia has had all her troubles and her revolutions, just to bring about a state of complete materialism and cheapness. That would be sad. But I suppose it's on the cards.

What are those people like, on the *Calendar*? Do you know them?

I think Frieda has forsaken you, as a pet enemy. I won't tell you who the later one is, perhaps you've guessed. For my part, I wonder if we don't lose the faculty for making new connections, and if the old ones are all broken we're a bit lost. I feel suddenly rather grown up – feel I'd better be a bit wary how I let fly.

Say nice things to Sonia from me, and to Ghita and Grisha.
[P S] I should be very pleased if you'd buy Ghita a small thing with the change, and give it her for a Valentine.

The Calendar the Calendar of Modern Letters

*To the Hon. Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorio,
6 January 1926 'Epiphany'*

Dear Brett: I have the rest of 'Sun', and have sent it off to Barmby and to Curtis Brown, many thanks. From the latter I've not heard a word since he wrote a day or two before Christmas and said he was hoping to come out and join me, for a trip. From their office they wrote for your address, wanting to send you the Knopf \$50.

It is most marvellous weather, and I wish I actually were making an excursion. But it is still a bit too early in the year for Calabria. It might turn very cold. The sea is most tempting, and I am really pining for the lugger. But I don't build on it, having wanted it for years, and being no nearer. Barby was here for a few days quite nice this time. We painted two pictures, which would amuse you quite good. I am correcting final proofs of *David* and find it good. No, Shaw is a pamphleteer rather than an artist. Murry wrote, that because of Violet they won't be able to get out here. He seems very down. wants to transfer the *Adelphi* into a one-man, or two-man (I'm the other) magazine. Says if I won't join him, he'll write it all himself. Let him then. But I tell him to drop it, and get a bit clear from all that stuff. Why waste one's life entirely! My

sister says she's coming in February, and Frieda's daughter Elsa isn't coming till that month, this is the last winter I'll wait on people's comings and goings Martin Secker leaves for London next Monday *The Plumed Serpent* is out on the 23rd I'll order Earl and Achsah a London copy, but they won't like it If they want to read the stories I send you, let them, if you like But I'll send the next to London to type, as you'll be fed up enough with 'Ghosts' I heard from Rachel, breaking her heart over the sale of Buster Brown and all the cows, and I dreamed that old Ambrose was lost He's not likely to lose himself Mabel is installing central heating! At least Rachel said 'a heater'

Hope you're feeling better – perhaps too much romance is not good for the inside Remember me to everybody

To J M Murry, from Villa Bernarda, Sportorno, 9 January 1926

Dear Jack Yes, I find the turn of the winter heavy too, and sometimes a struggle, and last year I nearly fell into the Styx But I try as far as possible not to fight against the big currents I don't care much about having my own way any more, even with myself All I want is to live and be well alive, not constrainedly half dead

That's why I should say to you, oh, don't bother any more about Jesus, or mankind, or yourself Let it all go, and have the other sort of faith, as far as possible I hate my enemies, but mostly I forget them Let the *Adelphi* die, and say to it Peace be to your ashes! I don't want any man for an *adelphos*, and *adelphoi* are sure to drown one another, strangling round each other's necks Let loose, let loose!

I got my copy of *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* today Did you get yours? A very handsome volume, my word! But if the doctrine inside isn't *amusing*, downright amusing, it's no good *Gaudeamus igitur!*

It's very nice sunny weather here The sun means a *lot* It's almost the grace of God in itself May a mackerel swallow the larvae of all Words! *Sta bene!*

'9 January 1925' [1926]

Dear Earl and Achsah This from Curtis Brown today, after holding me up since Christmas!

Now let's make some sort of a plan Do you think we could manage a boat? Why couldn't we possibly hire a little lugger just for two months, and do the Isles of Greece that way? Surely it would be possible! – and it would be lovely Start towards end of March, when it would be warm on the sea I'd like that best

Alternatives? – perhaps a little flight to Spain It wouldn't cost more than a trip in Italy – But I do hanker after a boat

As you know, we've got this house till end of March I was so frozen in Sardinia in January, I think it's best not to risk tours until March. In Feb my sister is due to come here for a fortnight but she might back out.

Now then, let's do something The ship for preference. Or Spain in March – Balearic Isles, Majorca and Minorca – or central Sicily, that place, is it Castelvetro, in the centre, where the flowers are really really a wonder, in March It's where Persephone rose from hell, each spring Or Calabria – though most people get typhoid there, with the filthy water Or Tunis, and to Kairowan, to the edge of the desert Or across Italy to Dalmatia, Spalato and Ragusa, very lovely, and Montenegro But with the ship we could do all that to a marvel I could put £100 sterling to the ship at present exchange that is lire 12,000. Let us get down to brass tacks The spring will be here before we know it Meanwhile, in these few weeks we can economise Call a council of war And if we can go south, I shan't think of Russia this spring

I have ordered you a copy of *The Plumed Serpent* from London, for you both. Hope you won't find it too heavy Ask Brett if she's got her copy of *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*. My copy came this morning.

Let's run up a little flag, and declare for something.

To Mabel Luhan, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, [29 January 1926]

Dear Mabel We had your Christmas Day letter, with the little story, yesterday The story gives one the feeling of the *pueblo* and the country very much I liked it

I'm sorry I've mislaid Havelock Ellis' address If you could tell him to send the MSS here, we could read them and tell you how they strike us – Heaven knows what it is, to be honest in writing One has to write from some point of view, and leave all other aspects, from all the remaining points of view, to be conjectured One can't write without feeling – and the feeling is bias The only thing to put down on the paper is one's own honest-to-goodness feeling

We actually had two days of snow here, and the *cacciatori* are banging away at the tiny birds, it's like a *fiesta* with all the crackers going off The robins and finches fly about in perfect bewilderment – and occasionally in bits *La caccia!*

It's a quiet winter, but pleasant Thank heaven the sun shines warm again, the almond trees are budding Europe is easy when all's said and done – Where, by the way, was your Florence villa? Sounds like *où sont les neiges d'antan* If you'll send me the address, we'll go and look at it I expect we shall make a trip round about when my sister comes out in February

I don't quite know what we shall do later in the spring There is some talk of my going to Russia for a bit But I don't know how that will turn out How long are you staying in Croton? I ordered you a copy of *The Plumed Serpent* You may perhaps like it not many people will but I do, myself

Brett is down in Capri She seems to be enjoying it, too, from what she writes Frieda expects her daughter Barby this afternoon – *la vita e tutta altra* *Quasi quasi non mi conosco più* I wonder very much what it's like at the ranch William Hawk has taken the horses down to his pasture at San Cristóbal

Remember me to Spud and everybody – *tanti buoni auguri!*

[P S] My publisher Martin Secker is here – quiet little man I think I'll give him this letter to post in England, he'll go back on Monday

To E D McDonald, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 11 January 1926

Dear Dr McDonald I never wrote you for the New Year, always looking to see the copies of the *Porcupine* – and they only arrived yesterday I like the creature immensely if ever the leopard handed over his spots, he did it this time It's gayer than a geranium in a pot

We are sitting quietly here, in this not very exciting village But the house is on the hill above the roofs, just under the castle, and the sea goes in and out its bays, and glitters very bright There is something forever cheerful and happy about the Mediterranean I feel at home beside it We've got a big garden of vines and almond trees, and an old peasant Giovanni, and so long as the sun shines, *qui non se ne frega* we don't give a cent for the world. The 1924 wine from the garden is quite good What a pity you and Mrs McDonald can't be here for a bit It's only a glorified cottage, and we do the work ourselves So, one's life is one's own

If you want a year – or better, six months – in England, why don't you advertise in the *Times Lit Sup* that you want to exchange jobs for six months, or a year, with a professor of English at an English College That's how they do it I'm sure you'd find someone glad to go to the Drexel Institute for a summer

✓ Send you for a Valentine the first proofs of my *David* play, of which Seckēr is doing in March an edition of 500 The proofs aren't corrected, but they may amuse you, I mean the play may I like it ✓

Ricordi, e tante buone saluti! – to you and Mrs McDonald, from us both

To S S Kotelhansky, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 11 January 1926

My dear Kot I have your letter – no doubt the Russian Grammar will soon come Many thanks for sending it

I have been thinking lately, the time has come to read Dostoevsky again not as fiction, but as life. I am so weary of the English way of reading nothing but fiction in everything I will order *Karamazov* at once

Our little friend also wrote to me, asking would I write the *Adelphi* with him – just us two – as a sort of latter-day *Signature* I told him, to drop it altogether, as the public wanted neither the one-man show of

him alone, nor the Punch -and-Judy show of him and me. To which he replied with more spite and impudence than I have yet had from him, and which makes me imagine he must be nearing the end of his tether 'The time was long, yet the time ran -' *Fra pòco sarà finito, grulla commèdia sacra e buffa degli Adelphi Per me, non sono adelphos di nessuno*

Barbara [Low] has also written to Ivy Low, concerning my coming to Russia *Ha fatto bène?*

I am ordering you a copy of *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, from Philadelphia, because it contains 'The Clown' in memory of Signature days And I will order my new novel for Grisha, not expecting him to care for it Many thanks to him for *Lenin*

Yes, get a passport It is time you moved out of England a bit You could come and see us here, then it is so sunny and nice But wait a bit for me, and we'll go to Russia together when the green leaves are coming, there

Hope Ghita likes her purse may it never be empty.

I had no idea our little friend had gone hawking the *Adelphi* around town I believe he's in one of his money-panics, *benedetto lui!*

Greet Sonia, *tutta la sacra famiglia*

[P S] If our little friend had stuck to me or my way a bit, he wouldn't be where he is

Smerdyakov always suggested the French *merde* to me The beshitten ' Damn *all* magazines - except for the bit of money they pay

[Frieda] Halloh - Kot, My greetings to you in the new year and *let's* be friends

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 'Tuesday'

[?12 January 1926]

Dear Brett Many thanks for the typescript I used to buy those envelopes in Capri I am sending two more stories. I promised Cynthia Asquith a ghost story for a collection she is making How will she swallow 'Gay Ghosts'?

I am surprised at your adding one more to the list of Crucifixion Whom are you popping on the Cross, to make him say 'too late'?

It is suddenly warmer we had no rain at all, only high, bitter wind, but sunshine I am a bit chesty, but plasterless so far

Why don't you grow a moustache and have done with it? A turned-up one like the Kaiser's, and the German Advertisement *Es ist erreicht*! (got it!) which used to advertise the moustache-tilter

Tell Achsah please not to send me books I've got a bundle from England And I *don't* want the back numbers of the *Adelphi*

Mabel is sending me her MS of the first fourteen – I think it's 14 – years of her life, and will I write a foreword Will I put salt on its tail! She's going back to Taos for a month, now Tony is in California collecting money for Indian Lawyers, and they are going to spend the spring *en famille* so to speak, in Croton again, near New York

Haven't you seen the Bett-Youngs among all the rest? Nor Ferdinando di Chiara? I feel you're not yet *au courant*

I told you Jack and the Violet have taken a flat in the Vale of Health for the winter They seem very friendly with Helen Thomas – who wrote about the baby being born

We'll see what the New Year will do for us – and the lugger Remember me to everybody

'Gay Ghosts' was an earlier title for 'Glad Ghosts'

To J M Murry, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 19 January 1926

Dear Jack I would rather you didn't publish my things in the *Adelphi*. As man to man, if ever we were man to man, you and I, I would give them to you willingly But as writer to writer, I feel it is a sort of self-betrayal Surely you realise the complete incompatibility of my say with your say Say your say, *caro*! – and let me say mine But, for heaven's sake, don't let us pretend to mix them

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 19 January 1926

Dear Brett Just a line to thank you for the typescript of 'Glad Ghosts'. the first bit of it

Murry, I told you, wrote me impertinently about the *Porcupine*, that I was a professional heel-kicker, lucky I'm not a professional behind-kicker Now he adds insult to injury, asking if I will allow him to print the essay on power, gratis, and various other things, gratis, in the *Adelphi*,

'as the gift of one man to another' To which I can only say, 'as one writer to another, I will give you nothing paid for or unpaid for' He's an incorrigible worm!

I had Earl's letter a very old-maidish and mumping-pumping kind of letter too Makes me want not to see him Smells too false

So the time goes by Martin Secker returned yesterday to London He is nice and unobtrusive My sister is coming for a fortnight, the latter half of February After that, I don't know what we'll do – wait a bit and see

Your *Porcupine* went to Callander Get it from them, it's such a gay-got-up book

We had ten days of snow and cold but it's sunny again The hills behind here are nice, one can walk in them Barby has not appeared again – no more painting! A cheery-o! letter from Mabel!

We'll have to wait and let time unravel itself a bit

An impudent review of *Porcupine* in *N York Times*, with large picture of me *Quelle canaille!* – *Hasta otra vez!*

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno,
25 January 1926

Dear Brett I haven't thanked you yet for the second batch of 'Glad Ghosts' – and your letter I suppose you'll be sending the last of it soon When I write another story, I'll send it on At present I'm not doing anything January is always a hard month to climb through it was at this time last year I got ill This year I'm doing my best to avoid it, and I really feel much better I think Italy really agrees with me better than America does, I feel sounder, solider My sister arrives on Feb 9th – for two weeks Frieda's daughter Elsa on Feb 12th Barby is here since last Wed, and we're settling down better – do paintings I wish we could really make some nice trip, when our visitors have left How is your *Primrose Jesus* getting on? I hear Murry's *Life of Jesus* was to appear in one of Lord Beaverbrook's papers – *Sunday Times* or something like that – it would have meant a nice bit of money But apparently it's not coming off But he's got plenty of money, really, property and investments – richer than all of us put together – Murry, I mean The photographs include Martin Secker and Rina's posterior. I'll send you

Lord Dufferin's *Letters from High Latitudes* to show you how nice a yacht can be I bought a few of those little books, for *our* yacht Even the books must be small! Keep it in case we ever *do* get a yacht library I had a rather feeble review of *Plumed Serpent* from *Times Lit Sup* My American copy hasn't come yet Has your *Porcupine*? You must be getting smarter and smarter in clothes We, not! Hope you're well and cheerful

[P S] Look out for your copy of *Plumed Serpent* – don't let it go to Hotel Webster

To Witter Bynner, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 27 January 1926

Dear Bynner *Caravan* came today, and I have read it already, and like it very much Surely you don't think me an enemy of life? *My single constancy is love of life!* *Caro, caro*, is it quite true? But it's the only thing to be constant to, I'm with you entirely there and against the old But don't you go and get old just now Do you see me merely as a cat? Sometimes a cat, anyhow I like these the best of your poems, that I know They are more really you Even serving happiness is no joke! I hope you won't mind the little sketch of you in *The Plumed Serpent* I don't think it's unsympathetic – it only dislikes your spurious sort of love of happiness – the spurious side of it Happiness is a subtle and aristocratic thing, and you mixed it up with the mob a bit Believe me, I'm not the enemy of your happiness only of the false money with which you sometimes sought to buy happiness You must know what I mean these poems are very sincere and really deep in life, so you do know I hope, one day, when I've shed my fur and claws, and you've acknowledged your own fur and claws, we may be two men, and two friends, truly I don't know if I shall come back to America this year it's a strain I might go to Russia. Would you like to go with me? I've even learned my Russian A B C – Frieda sends her greetings – hope everything goes well with you

Bynner's *Caravan* (1925) contained a 'Poem' entitled 'D H Lawrence', which ended wondering 'whether you are a man wishing to be an animal/Or an animal wishing to be a man'

To J M Murry, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 29 January 1926

Dear Jack I don't mind if you use that criticism – nor about the 'Cuckoo' poem I never pretend to be tolerant, though probably am so, as much as most folks I can only repeat, I feel it's a betrayal of myself, as a writer of what I mean, to go into the *Adelphi*, so I'd rather stay out

There's nothing more to be said You make it pretty clear in your writings what you stand for I hope I do the same If I don't, letters won't help – And it's incompatible

So don't look to me any more for help, after that crit, please I can't go between the yellow covers of the *Adelphi* without taking on a tinge of yellow which is all right in itself, but not my colour for me

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno,
2 February 1926

Dear Brett I got the whole of 'Glad Ghosts' – and have sent it off But they'll never find a magazine to print it They wrote that even 'Sun' was too 'pagan' for anything but a highbrow 'review' Fools!

You are right The London group are absolutely no good Murry wrote asking me to define my position Check! It's soon done with regard to him *Pour moi vous n'existez pas, mon cher*

It's beastly weather, cold and rainy and all the almond blossom coming out in the chill My sister arrives this day week – Tuesday – in Turin I shall go up there to meet her She stays two weeks, and I hope we shall get a trip to Florence and Pisa, and I pray heaven the weather may be different

What are your plans? Ours are very indefinite I don't feel like going back to America I love the ranch, but I feel a revulsion from America, from going west I am even learning a bit of Russian, to go to Russia, though whether that will really come off, I don't know We might keep this house on till April But I simply don't know what I shall do I wish I wanted to go to the ranch again, but I don't, not now I just don't The only thing is to wait a bit

✓ I've left off writing now, I am really awfully sick of writing But now Frieda is at it, wildly translating the *David* play into German. She's even done it half I wonder if it would be a great nuisance to you to post me my typewriter. F's daughter, Elsa, is a trained typist and knows

enough German to type out this MS from Frieda's rather muddled books. I tried to hire a typewriter in the village, but without success so far. But if you think it's not safe to post mine, or a lot of trouble, don't bother, and we'll try and get one, just for this job, from Savona. F's daughter, Elsa, is arriving next week also but staying in the little Hotel Ligure while my sister is here.

If we go to Florence, you might have run up for a trip while we are there. But then, if you were going to England later on, it is a waste to come now. And we really might make a trip to Capri in March. It all depends on your plans for returning to the ranch.

I send a couple of snapshots – Rina Secker takes them. They're good, for such a tiny camera, don't you think?

Sorry the Brewsters snubbed your *Jesus*. Practise the tiger and the cheetah before you do your *Buddha*. The beasts come first.

Remember me to everybody.

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 'Thursday'
[? 11 February 1926]

Dear Brett. I'm in bed these last six days with flu – don't see daylight yet. It gave me bronchial hemorrhage like at the ranch, only worse. The doctor says just keep still. My sister [Ada] came yesterday with a friend – Mrs Booth – so they, too, are here in the fireless house. It pours with rain, is very cold, and has been like this, the weather, for nearly three weeks. My sister left Dover in bright sunshine, and a fine clear evening in Paris – no snow till Italy! F's daughter Elsa arrives in Ventimiglia tonight, Barby has gone to meet her. They come back tomorrow, stay in the little Hotel Ligure here till my sister has gone – she leaves on the 25th – then they two move up here. But I like Barby.

Chapter of dismalnesses!

I doubt if we shall ever see comfortable days together. Frieda declares an implacable intention of never seeing you again and never speaking to you if she does see you – and I say nothing. Don't you say anything either, it only makes scenes which is ridiculous. As for plans, I feel it's the Flood, the only thing is to build an Ark. I like that quot. from Keyserling but otherwise there's something snobbish and not quite real about his attitude. Though what you quote is right. He's often very right.

Only, shall we say, nerveless, after-life? I don't like Buddha at the best much prefer Hinduism

I dreamed there had been a flood at San Cristóbal and Aaron lay drowned and I could only find alive a bunch of weird, rather horrible *pintos* I enclose William's letter I don't give up the ranch, not at all! And I don't insist on Russia – not at all! I won't go unless I want to worse than I do at this minute Now, I say nothing and let the rain pour down and wait for the finger of the Lord

So sorry to bother you about the typewriter *Pazienza! Aspetta! Aspetta pure!*

To E H Brewster, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 'Thursday'
[? 11 February 1926]

Dear Earl Being in bed with flu, I reply to your note on the only bit of paper I can reach – The point to find out is whether Dutton is buying *sheets* from Routledge On a book which is not expected to have a big sale, an Amer publisher usually arranges with his English representative to take from him 500 or 1000 or even 2000 copies of printed sheets, binds these up in the U S A , and this is called an American edition, though it doesn't really secure copyright, as a book produced in USA must be *printed* there But it's quite all right, and every publisher on both sides makes such an arrangement To buy sheets in England is much cheaper than to produce, for a small sale, in U S A. And on a sale of sheets you only get the percentage from Routledge, and have no contract with Dutton no connection with him at all

If, however, Dutton *sets up* the book in U S A , you make a separate contract with him – In the present case it appears he is buying sheets But write direct and ask him

Brett says Achsa has a touch of flu I've been in bed six days, and feel rather downcast My sister is here with a friend, in this fireless house – and it pours with rain, is cold, and dismal as Hades: self in bed and Frieda cross We've had awful weather for three weeks My sister left Dover in bright sun

Corraggio! Bisogna farsi corraggio! e sempre pazienza! tante cose!

[P S] I didn't have a letter lately from Achsa F doesn't want to come to Capri, doesn't want to see Brett *È così!*

To Alfred A Knopf, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 11 February 1926

Dear Knopf My two copies of the *Plumed* came today, and many thanks. You have made it a fine book physically, I am very pleased with it, and very grateful to you, for doing it so well. If it doesn't sell a fortune's worth, never mind, it holds its head tall. Perhaps it cost me most more than anything else. But again, never mind, it was worth it.

Will you tell Mrs Knopf I had her note and am sending her back the Borzoi *Almanach*, now. Everybody has darted to look at it, so if there is a fingerprint discoverable, *honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Secker has got his limited edition of *David* ready, and wants to bring it out now, though I urged him to postpone it. I hope Curtis Brown won't forget the American copyright – and that Secker will get rid of his 1000 special edition copies, and let the book go into an ordinary edition by summer or autumn. I suppose you will do an ordinary edition, fairly cheap, at the same time.

Somebody said you were setting up in London. Is it true? If you do, make a modest guest house where transient authors of both nations can hide their fugitive heads! London is so beastly expensive and inhospitable.

We've had two weeks bad weather, and I a touch of flu, with the accompanying touch of woe. *Seelenschmerz*.

Remember me to Willa Cather if you see her, and say I am glad her book is so successful, also to Mark Wiseman, if you see him.

And of course, *la signora sua tante còse!*

To the Editor of the New Statesman [from Spotorno, February 1926]

Sir Referring to the review published in your last issue of Mr Norman Douglas's *Experiments*, will you give me a little space in which to shake off Mr Douglas's insinuations – to put it mildly – regarding my introduction to Maurice Magnus's *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*? When Mr Douglas's 'pamphlet' first appeared I was in New Mexico, and it seemed too far off to trouble. But now that the essay is enshrined in Mr Douglas's new book, *Experiments*, it is time that I said a word. One becomes weary of being slandered.

The whole circumstances of my acquaintance with Maurice Magnus, and the facts of his death, are told in my introduction as truthfully as a

man can tell a thing After the suicide of Magnus, I had continual letters from the two Maltese, whom I had met through Magnus, asking for redress I knew them personally – which Douglas did not Myself, I had not the money to repay Magnus's borrowings All the literary remains were left to Douglas, in the terms of Magnus's will But then, after his death, all Magnus's effects were confiscated, owing to his debts There was really nothing to confiscate, since the very furniture of the house had been lent by the young Maltese, B— There were the MSS – the bulk of them worthless Only those *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*, which I had gone over previously with Magnus, might be sold.

I wrote to B— that Norman Douglas would no doubt get the *Memoirs* published The reply came from Malta, B— would never put anything into the hands of Douglas I then wrote to Douglas – and, remembering the care with which he files all his letters, I kept his reply Parts of this reply I quote here

Florence,
26th December, 1921

Dear Lawrence,

So many thanks for yours of the 20th

Damn the *Foreign Legion* I have done my best, and if B— had sent it to me the book would be published by this time, and B— £30 or £50 the richer Some folks are hard to please By all means do what you like with the MS As to M himself, I may do some kind of memoir of him later on – independent of *Foreign Legions* Put me into your introduction, if you like

Pocket all the cash yourself B— seems to be such a fool that he doesn't deserve any

I'm out of it and, *for once in my life*, with a clean conscience .

Yours always,
Norman Douglas.

The italics in this letter are Douglas's own As for his accusation of my 'unkindness' to Magnus, that too is funny Certainly Magnus was generous with his money when he had any, who knew that better than Douglas? But did I make it appear otherwise? And when Magnus wanted

actual help – not postmortem sentiment – where did he look for it? To the young Maltese who would have no dealings whatsoever with Norman Douglas, after the suicide

Then I am accused of making money out of Magnus's effects I should never have dreamed of writing a word about Magnus, save for the continual painful letters from the Maltese Then I did it solely and simply to discharge a certain obligation For curiously enough, both B— and S— seemed to regard me as in some way responsible for their troubles with Magnus I had been actually there with them and Magnus, and had driven in their motor-car To discharge an obligation I do not admit, I wrote the Introduction And when it was written, in the year 1922, it started the round of the publishers, as introducing the *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*, and everywhere it was refused More than one publisher said 'We will publish the Introduction alone, without the Magnus *Memoirs*' To which I said 'That's no good The Introduction only exists for the *Memoirs*'

So, for two years, nothing happened It is probable that I could have sold the Introduction to one of the large popular American magazines, as a 'personal' article And that would have meant at least a thousand dollars for me Whereas I shall never see a thousand dollars, by a long chalk, from this *Memoirs* book Nevertheless, by this time B— will have received in full the money he lent to Magnus I shall have received as much – as much, perhaps, as I would get in America for a popular short story.

As for Mr Douglas, he must gather himself haloes where he may

This letter appeared in the *New Statesman* of 20 February 1926

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Spotorno, 'Shrove Tuesday',

[16 February 1926]

Dear Brett The typewriter came yesterday – very many thanks I'm sure you had a lot of bother I haven't opened it yet, am not yet at the nail-pulling stage – but it looks all right I am up and creeping about, but hope to be more or less solid by the weekend My sister's coming was occasion for another rumpus F. abandoned the ship and stays down in the little hotel with her two daughters, pro tem On Saturday or at latest next Monday I hope to be able to go with my sister to Monte Carlo – or some little place near – for a week She has booked her ticket

home that way returning on the 25th After that I don't know what I shall do I might stay alone in S France for a while, I hardly feel up to F and two daughters I'll let you know however We've had two marvellous sunny days I like the jacket of *The Plumed Serpent* so much Did you ever get your copy of the *Porcupine*? Alas for the lugger, we seem to have no conjuring power, and we can't get it without – *Tante còse*

To Mabel Luhan, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 'Ash Wednesday'
[17 February 1926]

Nice of you to write so warmly about the *Plumed* I haven't got your MSS yet, but expect they'll arrive They'll be quite safe I'm going to Monte Carlo for a bit, with my sister It's lovely sunny weather, thank Heaven Did Spud get the poems?

To Catherine Carswell, as from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 4 March 1926

Dear Catherine It has been a muddled unsatisfactory sort of winter I am actually in Capri for the time Frieda is at Spotorno with her two daughters

I am sure you are right to give up that cottage I am sure you are right to try putting John P into a school And I'm sure you are right to try to get free to work with your writing and make a way for yourself and family I'm very glad you have decided Let me know if I can help, with writing or anything I am really glad you are cutting a bit loose again from cottage housekeeping It's somewhat a waste of time Do the serial, and let's see it

Italy is very much the same I still like it, it is nice to live in But I've had flu, and the cold *Tramontana* wind gets my chest I don't a bit know what we shall do this year – but I doubt if we shall go to the ranch It's so far, and I feel I can't make any long efforts this year I'm tired of straining with the world Perhaps we shall come to England for the summer – I don't know But I'll let you know

I ordered you a copy of *The Plumed Serpent* I'm afraid you'll find it heavy

Remember me to Don and the boy, and I do feel you're right in the moving and *not* setting up a fixed *ménage* in London

To Mabel Luhan, from Ravello, Italy, 18 March 1926

Dear Mabel I have been moving around a bit, while Frieda stays in Spotorno with her two daughters Your article came along yesterday I suppose it is true, one is struggling against all these mechanised emotions and motions, and one gets oneself a bit Laocoon distorted in the process But *à la guerre comme à la guerre* At the moment I'm feeling as if I'd had a kick *dans le ventre* There was a rather sniffy note from Edwin Dodge to say he is staying himself, *con famiglia* in the villa You shouldn't have bothered him I had no idea of staying there The plans for the summer are vague Frieda talks of leaving Spotorno for good on April 10th and going to Germany She has your MS I shall read it as soon as I go up there again – perhaps next week – and let you know Brett may be coming to America quite soon I gave her your address I do think we are all changing pretty drastically, even she

Edwin Dodge one of Mrs Luhan's former husbands, then living at the Villa Curonia, Florence

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Hotel Palombo, Ravello Golfo di Salerno,
'Thursday' [?18 March 1926]

Dear Brett Glad you got safely back [to Capri] I'm sure it's better for you there, where you have a few friends, than mooning in an unknown place

One has just to forget, and to accept what is good We can't help being more or less damaged What we have to do is to stick to the good part of ourselves, and of each other, and continue an understanding on that I don't see why we shouldn't be *better* friends, instead of worse But one must not try to force anything

Frieda wrote much more quietly and humanly – she says we must live more with other people which I think is true It's no use trying to be exclusive There's a good *bit* in quite a lot of people If we are to live, we must make the most of that, and not cut ourselves off

I'll let you know my plans, as soon as I make any Just be quiet, and leave things to the Lord

[P S] Long and friendly letter from Mabel Did you know her address Finney Farm, Croton-on-Hudson, New York You might send me Mrs Becket's address

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Ravello, 'Sunday' [21 March 1926]

Dear Brett This is to introduce Miss Williams and her father I'll hope you will do a few walks together

We leave for Rome early in the morning I will write from there Meanwhile, don't you mope and lie around, it's *infra dig* The greatest virtue in life is real courage, that knows how to face facts and live beyond them Don't be Murryish, pitying yourself and caving in It's despicable I should have thought, after a dose of that fellow, you'd have had too much sense to be different from him, to follow his sloppy self-indulgent melancholics, absolutely despicable Rouse up and make a decent thing of your days, no matter what's happened I do loathe cowardice, and sloppy emotions My God, did you learn *nothing* from Murry, of how NOT to behave? You write the sort of letters he writes! Oh, *basta!* Cut it out! Be something different from that, even to yourself

'We leave for Rome' Lawrence was making a trip northward through Italy with Millicent Beveridge and Mabel Harrison

To Baroness von Richthofen, from Villa Bernarda, Spoltorno, 'Easter'
Sunday [4 April 1926]

My dear Mother-in-law I am back The three women were down at the station when I arrived yesterday, all dressed up festively, the women, not I For the moment I am the Easter-lamb When I went away, I was very cross, but one must be able to forget a lot and go on

Frieda has a cold but Elsa and Barby have grown much stronger and Barby has painted one or two quite good pictures I also feel much better, almost like in the past, only a little bronchitis But they say, an Englishman at forty is almost always bronchial

We don't know yet what we want to do We leave this house on the twentieth and perhaps we'll go to Perugia between Florence and Rome, for six or eight weeks I think I would like to write a book about Umbria and the Etruscans, half travel-book, also scientific Perhaps I'll do this Then we come to you in June when finally, in God's name, the weather is fine Here it's always grey and close, sirocco I think it is boiling, but slowly comes the spring
[from the German]

To Curtis Brown, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 'Easter Monday'

[5 April 1926]

Dear Curtis Brown I got back here day before yesterday – wandered round seeing friends for six weeks, and even then never got to Taormina But I had a nice time my wife stayed here with her two daughters, who are with us for another fortnight We leave this house about the 20th – and then go either to Germany or to Perugia or Cortona I fancied I might like to do a book, half travel and half study, on Umbria and the Etruscans The Etruscan things interest me very much We might stay at Perugia for a couple of months and get material But heaven knows if I'll really do it – the book, I mean I am 'off' writing – even letters – and most of my last fortnight's mail has gone lost

✓ Secker wrote he'd sold out his private edition of *David*. I suppose you'll arrange with Knopf to bring out a public, inexpensive edition over there, before the copyright goes wrong I agree with Knopf, these private editions are a bit of a swindle – fifteen bob for that bit of a book! ✓

Don't mind if I have blank times when I don't write – I am like that Hope you're feeling well

To Else Jaffe, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 7 March [April] 1926

Dear Else I got back here on Saturday, and found your letter Frieda has a bad cold, but the two girls are very well They are nice girls really, it is Frieda, who, in a sense, has made a bad use of them, as far as I am concerned

Frieda thinks to bring them to Baden-Baden for a day or two, at the beginning of May I shall stay in Florence presumably and probably Frieda will come back there I have an idea I might like to roam round in Umbria for a little while, and look at the Etruscan things, which interest me

Thank you very much for offering us Irschenhausen But I don't think now that I shall come to Germany till about July, so for heaven's sake, don't disappoint the young Ehepaar I am leaving my plans quite indefinite I sent you Knopf's *Almanac*, I thought it would amuse you He was inspired to it by the Insel Verlag *Almanac* These copies must cost him three dollars each – and he just presents one to each of his authors. I also ordered you again *The Plumed Serpent*

I am glad you had a good time with Nusch – she is really very nice with me always. I am sorry she couldn't come here.

Will you go to the south of France with Alfred? I was at Monte Carlo and at Nice, but I couldn't stand it. I didn't like it at all. But it isn't expensive – *pension* at the Beau Séjour at Monaco was fifty francs. They say that Bormes, a little place off the railway, is very nice, with a very good hotel – not far from Toulon.

I shall be glad when this stupid and muddled winter is at last over. The weather is still very heavy and overcast, *siocco*, not nice. It feels as if an earthquake were brewing somewhere.

We leave this house on the twentieth, presumably for Florence. I hope you'll have a good holiday. Remember me to Friedel, and Marianne. Brett is sailing for America, for the ranch, at the end of the month – *Tante còse*.

To S. S. Koteliansky, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 10 April 1926

My dear Kot, I came back here a couple of days ago, after wandering about and getting myself better after flu. Italy is still very nice, and I feel more at home here than in America.

I don't want to go to Russia now. I hear such dreary tales about it from people in Florence. As for those Nazcomprov people, – them! I could never stir Frieda to write to them, and as for myself, I am beyond it.

Swine that they wouldn't give you a naturalization paper. Wasn't there anybody you could take by the nose? I suppose you will stay in the cave until you are a real grizzly. Sorry Farbman has 'flu. Everybody in Italy has it, and mine keeps flicking me in the eye with its tail.

Muriy writes to me with sneaking impudence. I have not seen the letter, as Frieda destroyed it without sending it on. I shouldn't have answered it anyhow. Let the green mildew grow on him.

Brett says she is going back to America to look after the ranch. Myself, I don't quite know what I shall do, but I may go to Umbria, Perugia, and collect material for a book more or less about the Etruscans. We leave here on the 20th and are going to Florence.

I have never met Gertrude Stein, but if you remember the deaf

fellow in *Aaron's Rod*, that is her brother I really will write oftener once we are settled a little into quiet ways again

Remember me to Sonia, Farbman and Ghita

[P S] I actually dictated this letter to Frieda's daughter Elsa – to see if I could do it Hope you don't mind F's daughters are really very funny they sit on their mother with ferocity, simply won't stand her cheek, and fly at her very much in her own style It leaves her a bit flabbergasted, and is very good for her, as you'll guess

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 'Sunday'

[?11 April 1926]

Dear Brett Your telegram last night, saying you were moving on to Perugia I'm sure you'll like it Go to the University Museum and look at the Etruscan things I might come down there later to see if I can do a book, but at present don't feel like making any effort of any sort

We get on quite well here Frieda's children are very fierce with her and fall on her tooth and nail They simply won't stand her egotism for a minute, she is furious, then becomes almost humble with us all I think *they've* taught her a lesson Being her own family, they can go for her exactly in her own way, and pretty well silence her It makes me die with laughing She's caught more than she bargained for, in her own offspring Makes her really appreciative of me and she quite sees that you are not the most terrible person on earth

I ordered your copy of *David* to the International Write and get it if you don't go back And it just occurs to me, you may be in time for the American edition, if you do a cover design for the jacket Get it off to Knopf as soon as you can He's pretty sure to accept – and his edition isn't ready yet

I wonder when you will sail? Frieda is secretly planning to go back to the ranch, and using her silent influence. It is I myself who shrink away still I can't imagine why William hasn't written

We shall leave this house on the 20th I feel I don't care much where I go, so long as it's no effort

Has your money come? Have you written to Eail and Achsah? Don't get yourself into financial straits – it's such a handicap

To E H and A Brewster, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 11 April 1926

Dear Earl and Achsah I have been home just a week. I stayed ten days or so in Ravello – very nice. Brett liked it too. Then with my friends I came slowly north, stopping in Rome, Perugia, Assisi, Florence, Ravenna – and so here.

I find Frieda very much softened. Her daughters are very fierce with her. They simply will not stand her overbearing, and fly at her very much in her own way, which abashes and nonplusses her considerably. I am rather amused. Finding her own daughters so very much more brutal and uncompromising with her than I am, she seems to change her mind about a good many matters. – The young are curious. Their feelings don't seem to hurt them, or cost them so much, as ours have done. And they are very good and gallant fighting against anything they think false or unjust. Altogether it's a queer business, life!

We leave this house in a week's time, go to Florence for a bit. I may go down to Perugia for a couple of months, and collect material for a book on Umbria and *Etruscan* things – they interest me very much. Or we may go to Germany. I'm not sure. I don't mind immensely where I go, so long as there is no great effort. Only I don't want to go yet to America.

Brett came up to Florence too but not with me – but now I hear she is in Perugia, so probably she is moving south to Naples, to take her boat to America. She says she will sail, and I think it's best. She can't stand Capri any more – and I can't stand it when she clings too tight.

I had a note from Alpha asking how you were.

As soon as I get an address I shall send you my play *David*. So write to me, and tell me all the news. I do hope you'll have a nice exhibition, and will sell things. Write me c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, London, W C 2. Tell Harwood I shall expect her to be a gentle oriental angel next time I see her – *tante belle còve!*

To Mabel Lulan, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 12 April 1926

My dear Mabel. I have been back here a week, and in another week we leave this house, for where, I don't quite know. I don't want to come back to America just now – it's so hard and tense. I am weary of that

tension, even the tension of the practice of relaxation My I, my fourth centie, will look after me better than I should ever look after it Which is all I feel about Gourdjieff You become perfect in the manipulation of your organism, and the I is in such perfect suspension that if a dog barks the universe is shattered Perhaps I should say, the I is also so perfectly self-controlled that nothing more ever can happen Which perhaps is a goal and an end devoutly to be wished

I do believe in self-discipline And I don't believe in self-control

In the end, if you Gourdjieff yourself to the very end, a dog that barks at you will be a dynamo sufficient to explode your universe When you are final master of yourself, you are nothing, you can't even wag your tail or bark

But the fact that your I is not your own makes necessary a discipline more patient and flexible and long-lasting than any Gourdjieff's

I wish you had not written to Edwin Dodge again about the Curonia Myself, I don't want to go there to stay An hour would be enough Since your Duse story, *basta*! And Edwin Dodge's note to me was very snuffy, as if I were wanting something of him Heaven forbid! But he was of course quite polite

I have finished your Memoirs, sent the first part back to Havelock Ellis, will send him the rest tomorrow

In the first place, why oh why didn't you change the names! My dear Mabel, call in all the copies, keep them under lock and key, and then carefully, scrupulously change the names at least do that before you let one page go out of your hands again Remember, *other people* can be utterly remorseless, if they think you've given them away

'Memoirs of a Born American' - they are frightfully depressing, leave me with my heart gone way down out of my shoes, so I haven't any heart at all, feel like a disembodied corpse, if you know what that means At the same time, I should say it's the most serious 'confession' that ever came out of America, and perhaps the most heart-destroying revelation of the American life-process that ever has or ever will be produced It's worse than *Oedipus* and *Medea*, and *Hamlet* and *Lea* and *Macbeth* are spinach and eggs in comparison My dear Mabel, one could shed skyfuls of tears except for the knowledge of the utter futility of shedding even one The only thing to do is to close down for the time the fountains of emotion, and face life as far as possible emotionless. But you've said

a sort of last word – *That's that!* – to Jesus's *Consummatum est!* – It's not the absolute truth – but then nothing ever is. It's not art, because art always gilds the pill, and this is hemlock in a cup. It seems to me so horribly near the truth, it makes me sick in my solar plexus, like death itself, which finally breaks the solar plexus. My dear Mabel, I do think it was pretty hard lines on all of you, to start with. Life gave America gold and a ghoulish destiny. Heaven help us all! One thing, though, I do think we might learn if we break, or conquer anyone – like P., it's like breaking the floor-joists, you're sure to go through into the cellar, and cripple yourself. It's the broken snake that's the most dangerous. The unbroken slips away into the bushes of life.

Never win over anybody! – there's a motto – I mean never conquer, nor seek to conquer. And never be conquered, except by heaven. And if you don't set your will in opposition to heaven, there's no occasion for conquest there.

But one can't do more than live one's destiny, good or bad, destructive or constructive. One can do much *less*, like B., and chew substitutes all one's life. Or like E.D., not have much of a destiny anyhow.

Lord, what a life! It's pouring with rain, and I'm feeling weary to death of struggling with Frieda. I feel like turning to Buddha and crying *basta!* and sitting under a bho tree.

To the Hon. Dorothy Brett, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, 17 April 1926

Dear Brett. Your wire this morning saying you are back in Capri. How quickly you've moved! I suppose you didn't stay in Rome at all.

You will have had F's letter by now and the few books I sent. If you've room you might take them to add to our little ranch library. If not, just abandon them.

We're packing up to leave some time next week. Anyhow by the end of next week we shall be gone from this house. The girls are now beginning to regret they haven't seen more of Italy. But it's all very expensive.

I'm glad your money turned up. You can't possibly owe Gerson [trading-post] and those in Taos £50. You must have something to be going on with. Perhaps Mrs. Hecksher will give you a bit. But I do think you ought to keep track of your spending and incoming. It's

very nasty to go back to Gerson's and face unmet cheques I would loathe to draw a cheque if I thought it wouldn't be covered It's sort of false

You won't sail now until May 5th - you couldn't have caught the earlier boat So you won't be at the ranch till about June That will be late I must write to Scott Murray to go up and see to the migrating before then I wish I heard from William - perhaps Mabel would be motoring back when you are there She might take you I shan't bother with Achsah's and Earl's pictures too much fag

It's thunder and heavy rain here today They write from Germany how beautiful it is there But still I hanker after Umbria I think I shall go and have a shot at that book sooner or later And Orvieto is one of the towns of the Etruscans Anna di Chiara said Volterra was a good place also I went to Assisi - the lower church of St Francis is impressive, and the two Giotto pictures But I like churches best outside Isn't that a fascinating façade of the Cathedral at Assisi?

I'll write again directly, do hope your cold is better I am much better myself

To Richard Aldington, from Villa Bernada, Spertino, 'Sunday'

[?18 April 1926]

Dear Richard Your letter this morning Sounds nice, your little cottage (no, don't mention poor Margaret Radford, God's sake!) Don't talk nonsense to me about primitive conditions, do you imagine I've suddenly turned my nose up at the brass tacks of life? I wash dishes and cook soup same as ever - a little better, I hope

I should like very much to come down and see you when I am in England - whenever that will be! So would Frieda (Arabella, we are expecting your letter full of *feminine* information) - Perhaps in July or August I thought Padworth was somewhere else - in Sussex or somewhere

But why don't you come and stroll round Tuscany and Umbria a bit with me I thought I might do a sort of travel book about the Etruscans - heaven knows if I shall But the Etruscan things appeal *very much* to my imagination They are so curiously natural - somebody said *bourgeois*, but that's a lie, considering all the phallic monuments I wish

you'd come and read inscriptions, and do a bit of Etruscan deciphering – in Cortona and Viterbo and Volturnum and even Bologna. Seems to me you just need a bit of fresh ground. Come both of you, and we'll tramp round. Frieda is going to Baden-Baden with her daughters – she may stay there, or come back and join me.

We leave on Tuesday for Florence – Pensione Lucchesi, Lungarno Zecca, Firenze. It's 45 lire a day. But if you came, we'd go to little places and have a good time. I hate hotels.

Su, cari miei, sul avanti! vivete pericolosamente! as dear heroic Mussolini urges.

[P.S.] Send a line to Florence – I shall be there a week or fortnight anyhow.

To Mabel Lahan, from Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, Italy, 19 April 1926

Dear Mabel. We leave here tomorrow, shall stay in Florence a few days. Then Frieda will go with her daughters to Baden-Baden, and I shall probably stay in Umbria, and collect notes for that book on the Etruscans.

I heard from Brett that she is landing in Boston about May 16th, she sails from Naples on May 2nd. She wants to go back to Del Monte. She'll be able to keep an eye on the ranch. But heaven knows how she's going to be, out there alone. She must get some decent person – And she's coming in on the quota. Hope there won't be a fuss when she lands.

I discovered your little foreword to the Memoirs, when I was packing up, so it didn't get sent to H. Ellis with the rest of the MS. – It's a very clear statement of the very very very central malady of our civilisation, seems to me. To be born without any centre, any centrifugal I! – only this strange centripetal vortex of an ego. I think everybody is born both, their souls go both ways, centrifugal and centripetal. But according to statement, yours was only centripetal: you only existed when something was pouring into you – some sensation, some conscious registering. Of course that's not quite true. There must be a central you, or you couldn't *know*. Most people don't know. I believe the majority of people are like it. It's only that they have no definite I, and they exist in the group consciousness, they are so tribal, so entirely group-conscious, that they don't need to have any individual consciousness. I think that's what the man meant when he said you never quite belonged.

to the human race The group consciousness *of course* never knows the acute individual consciousness and the acute individual consciousness is always half oblivious, half hostile, to the mass consciousness, the mass consciousness is hostile back again You happen to have been born an individual, even if you were only, in your own terms, an individual vortex Those other swine revolve slowly in the vast, obscene social or mass vortex, and so of course they never realise their own null negation Yours anyhow was a fierce, direct negation as there are gods of pure destruction, pure in its way, and necessary as creation

And that's what I think about Gouddieff and all those things they can only help you more competently *to make your own feelings* They can never let you *have* any real feelings – That only comes with an acute moment of self-knowledge and you've had that and a sort of anguish of repentance (it only means a turning back, or turning round, or the crucial pain of turning or revolving in the other direction) As for that, I don't know

But the Foreword gives the book away, don't you see All those terrible feelings, none of them, ultimately, real – But to *know it immediately makes* something real in a sense, sets the whole thing in a rhythm of reality

Heaven knows how it will all work out in actual living Change is the coming of that which we don't expect But the breaking of a lifelong habit is also *almost* impossible

Collect your MSS and keep them all in a safe Don't show them to anybody else, just now Labour and wait Don't be in a hurry It's one of your habits you must break Let some change come Then, after a few years, take out your MSS again, and do what you wish with them But not now For the moment, let them lie still

Write c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, London, W C 2 – *Tante còse!*

To Jan Jutta, from Pensione Lucchesi, Florence, 24 April 1926

Dear Jan Your letter arrived here this evening – we left Spotorno last Tuesday, for good Frieda's two daughters are leaving next Tuesday for London, and we are either staying on in Tuscany or Umbria a couple of months, or else we shall go to Germany I'm not sure yet But we shall be here another ten days or so

Your Corsica book looks nice - hope it'll be a success

What plan have you got? Another travel book? I wonder where! I myself was pining to get some sort of little ship, with about half a dozen of us, and do the Isles of Greece and Smyrna. I should have loved that. But the ship didn't turn up - too expensive, whatever offered. But we might keep that idea in mind.

The only other place that suggests itself is Spain - where I've never been.

I hope you've had a good time with your fresco. Italy doesn't seem to me so jolly as it used to be. Very little fun going. But Frieda rather wants to take a house - a *villino* - in the country here, till July. myself, I am doubtful. However, I don't care very much.

You wrote your address so dashingly, I'm dashed if I can read it. So hope this finds you.

[Frieda.] It would have been fun if you had turned up at the Villa Beinarda!

I had such a jolly time with my long-legged daughters! You might perhaps see us here sometime - But Elsa and Barby are going back on Tuesday -

'Your Corsica book' *Concerning Corsica*, by René Juta, with illustrations by Jan Juta (1926)

To E. H. Brewster, from *Pensione Lucchesi, Florence*,
25 April 1926

Dear Earl, I had your letter from Port Said - so glad the journey was so pleasant, and you liked the books.

We came here last Tuesday - it has poured with rain ever since, and is perfectly vile. Florence, too, is irritable and out of temper - overcrowded for one thing, and perhaps out of sorts with the present régime. I must say, I don't care for it. I had thought of staying perhaps a couple of months in and around Umbria, and doing a book on the Etruscans. But I notice, if ever I say I'll do a thing, I never bring it off. To tell the truth, I feel like going away - perhaps to Spain, or to Germany.

Frieda's two daughters leave on Tuesday, for London. Then F. and I will decide what we shall do - They are nice girls, really. But the

young are so disconcerting in that they have no centre of belief at all. No centre of real affirmation. They have epicurean and stoic qualities – courage and a certain endurance and honesty – very hostile to any form of tyranny or falsity – and then, nothing – a sort of blank. As if they could only put up resistances. They have, of course, a certain belief in pleasure, what is called ‘enjoying yourself,’ but even that doesn’t go very deep. It’s rather hard lines, really, they *inherited* unbelief – like children who expected to be left rich, when their parents died, and find themselves paupers.

The more I go around, the nearer I do come, in a certain way, to your position. I am convinced that every man needs a bho tree of some sort in his life. What ails us is, we have cut down all our bho trees. How long it takes a new one to grow, I don’t know – probably many years. In a generation one can hack down forests of them. Still, here and there in the world a solitary bho tree must be standing – ‘where two or three of ye have met together.’ And I’m going to sit right down under one, to be American about it, when I come across one.

Which is as good as saying, if you find a bit of bho-tree-shade in India, in that monastery of the hills or elsewhere, I’ll probably come along. In the autumn, when the heats are over. Only let me know. You needn’t advise *me* to come. Just tell me what you and Achsah and Harwood feel – all three of you, honest to God.

Because I really don’t want to go to America – and I am getting weary, and wearier, of the outside world. I want the world from the inside, not from the outside. Which doesn’t mean, for me, killing desire and anger. Greed, lust, yes! But desire and anger are from God. Give me anything which is from God, desire or anger or communion of saints, or even hurts. But nothing any more of the dreariness and the mechanism of man.

Brett sails for Boston on May 2nd. She wants to go, and I feel it is her direction. But in myself, every week seems to alienate my soul further from America. I don’t want to go west.

I do hope you are having a nice time, and even selling some pictures. One reads of riots in Calcutta, but they won’t really affect you.

Yes, I do think there is a bit of real communion between us – so let’s stick to it – *Hasta otra vez*.

To the Hon. Dorothy Brett, from Florence, 'Sunday' [25 April 1926]

Dear Brett Here is Rachel's letter – also very depressing! You'll probably find them gone when you arrive *Don't* go up alone to our ranch—I expressly *don't want* you to go up there *alone* If you have somebody decent with you, well and good I am a bit worried about the ranch, anyway I feel very strongly it would be better to have some responsible person living there – like Scott Murray I almost wish I'd asked Rachel and William if they'd care to live there I did just hint it, in my letter to them a week ago I want you to be very careful and cautiously feel around for what would be the best *Don't* blindly dash into anything But for myself, I definitely feel it would be best to have some good man living permanently up there and making a bit of living off the place It would really make it more livable for all of us and make it more possible ultimately for us to plant a Buddha Bho-tree or a bho-tree of our own, up there, and foregather in its shade It is what we ought to do ultimately Meanwhile, we must build up to that So do think carefully for the future and let us gradually shape the ranch the way it ought to go, for the final best when we have the bho-tree as well as the pine trees

It is rather depressing here – vile weather Florence very crowded, irritable I don't like it much and don't think I shall stay very long But another week, anyhow The two girls leave for London direct on Tuesday – then Frieda and I will have to decide what we do Mabel writes she will come to Paris in May to see Gourdjieff in Fontainebleau She thinks salvation lies that way It may, for her

If you get stuck for money, let me know Any expenses incurred for the ranch, I will pay But be careful and thoughtful, don't do foolish things, and don't buy unnecessary ones All our means of all sorts are definitely limited

[P.S.] I can't stand Francis of Assisi – nor St Clare – nor St Catherine. I didn't even like Assisi They've killed so much of the precious interchange in life most folks are half dead, maimed, because of those blighters The indecency of sprinkling good food with ashes and dirtying sensitive mouths!

I still find I can't write to Old Hawk Say nice things to them for me if you can.

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Pensione Lucrezia, Florence, 'Wednesday'
[?28 April 1926]

Dear Brett Your letter about the wave of the sea tonight Don't you be saying bad things about the sea, you've got to sail on it just now

The girls left at lunchtime for Milan, and tomorrow direct to Paris Germany was put off at the last moment by everybody Frieda didn't want to go The girls hated leaving Italy We miss them – but they did make a *tightness* – that peculiar tightness that goes with more or less ordinary people – as if the landscape were shut in, and the air didn't move Perhaps now we shall take a little flat in the country here – outside Florence – for a couple of months, and I wander about to my Etruscans I wouldn't care to live in Assisi – I was there – it's too museumish, not enough life in it now I really preferred Perugia But I suppose I shall only go round and find my Etruscans for a bit

I wrote to Rachel that if ever she and William felt sort of homeless they could live on our ranch permanently, if they wanted But of course it wouldn't be ambitious enough for Rachel – I have not written to Scott Murray at all, feel a bit guilty about it, though Don't trouble at all about taking those \$200 00 if you want them – and no hurry to pay them back I hope the Heckshers will be nice to you humanly I told you Mabel says she is coming to Paris for a fortnight in May to see Gourdjieff, and be 'saved' *Benedetta lei!*

This is the first sunny day Even yesterday, when you said Capri was lovely, it poured! But today, when the gulls left, it was at last warm and bright Hard lines on them!

Did I tell you the 'Glad Ghosts' story is appealing in the *Dial*

I suppose this is the last letter that will catch you before you leave Be wise and careful, and I feel you'll be really all right And when you're on the other side, make wisdom and forethought your star I don't feel you'll have any troubles, serious ones

Good luck, then, and *arrivederci*, and *tante còse!* and let's hope for good days, not far off, for us all

[P.S.] The rose of St Francis is a paper one – every decent rose has a thorn or two

To Reginald Turner, from *Pensione Lucchesi*, Florence, 'Saturday'

[?1 May 1926]

Dear Reggie Well what a shame! If I'd *only* sent you an *espresso* yesterday afternoon, as I so nearly did, you could have rung me up I wish you'd telephoned anyhow, we were here

I certainly *heard* Thursday, because I went straight down your stairs and told my wife and the girls, Thursday evening with Reggie But I have to confess, it once happened to me in Mexico City, with the one man I really liked in that damnable town only he said Thursday, and I heard Friday (I still believe he said Friday) and I went and fixed Friday with some government people But last night we were here, in this dullness! *Why* didn't you ring me up.

But anyhow I'm awfully sorry, and a thousand apologies Keep an evening early in the week, if you can, and let me know Because we may move out to S Polo Mosciano – we're going tomorrow to decide

I met Maugham in Mexico City too, and was annoyed with him And for sure he didn't love me like a brother So don't expect us to be two roses on one stem – But perhaps he's nice, I don't pretend I know him. And if he'd like to see me, I should like to see him *How* sort, etc

Many greetings from my wife and me
[P.S.] I feel depressed about the coal strike, innerly But perhaps they'll smooth it out

To Mrs Margaret Needham, from *Pensione Lucchesi*, Florence, 3 May 1926

My dear Peg So there's the coal strike, and the rest all threatened I do hope to heaven it *won't* develop into anything big, but I feel a bit sickish about it Pray the Lord it may blow smooth again

Barby and Elsa left last Wednesday direct for London Your Aunt Frieda didn't want to go to her family in Baden-Baden just yet, so the girls didn't go either I more or less promised to do a sort of travel book about the old Etruscans and then remains here in Tuscany and Umbria – So now we have taken a villa about 7 miles out of Florence here, in the country, and I can use that as a centre, when I have to go travelling round to Bologna and Cortona and Volterra and down to the Maremma to Tarquinia – quite a number of places in Tuscany and Umbria, where the

best remains are At present I am supposed to be reading up about my precious Etruschi!

As a matter of fact we are having to buy in things for that villa, which has got about five sticks of furniture in its big old brick-floored rooms But there are two gardens, and lovely slopes of vines and olives, and three families of peasants to work the place It is quite lovely in its way We have one family of English neighbours [Wilkinsons], who would send you into fits if you saw them he's got the wildest red beard, sticking out all round – and wife and daughter and son, all with sandals and knapsacks But they're jolly and very clever paint, and play guitar and things They used to have a very fine puppet show, puppets they made themselves, and play plays they wrote themselves, going with a caravan and giving shows in all the villages in England Rather fun! I want them to bring the caravan and puppets here, and I'll go with them and bang the drum, in the Italian villages

We move up on Thursday The address is Villa Mirenda, San Polo Mosciano, Scandicci – Florence.

We may keep this place as a *pied à terre* – we've got it for a year, anyhow Then one day you can all come out and stay, and that will be fun

I'm glad you like your shorthand Hurry up and get a good job and save a bit of money, and then come out and see us for a time

Hope Joan still likes school Oh heaven, if only there wouldn't be strikes, and all the world's mischief! – Love to all

To John Cournos, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Italy, 8 May 1926

Dear Cournos I didn't answer your letter, wondering when we should move I told you, didn't I, we'd taken half this villa for a year – Now we've decided to stay on here till 16th July, then go straight to Baden-Baden for a fortnight, then to England for the month of August So if you are in England, send me a line c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, W C 2, and we can meet and have a talk – Is Mis Cournos with you in Paris, by the way, or has she gone off to America?

I heard from Mrs Knopf that they were sailing for Paris, so no doubt you will see them Remember me to them

Whom do you see in Paris? Ford Hueffer? – and Joyce? – all the

crowd, or not many people? Here we are very quiet, thank God, though it's only an hour from Florence

If we meet in London, I should like to see Flint again, and Fletcher, whom I've not met – Till then, *au revoir*

Lawrence had forgotten that he had met John Gould Fletcher in London during World War I

To Mabel Luhan, from Villa Mucunda, Scandinia, 17 May 1926

Dear Mabel We've taken this old and bare sort of farm-villa or at least, the top half of it, for a year But it costs very little, so we can just keep it as a *pie-dà-taire* It's very nice country, about seven miles out of Florence

About your MSS – I don't see much point in having them done into German – nobody would take half so much notice of them, if they came first in German If you very carefully disguised all names, and your own identity, and got Orage and Little – or Littell, whatever he is – to swear secrecy – and were really careful – you might get them out in America Or you might do as James Joyce did with *Ulysses*, get them published in a fat paper volume at the Shakespeare Library in Paris You would have to see Miss Beach about it But that strikes me as the best way I think Frank Harris is doing something of the same with *My Life* Or you might come to Paris with Spud and *publish it yourself*, next winter It's not at all impossible I should think that *Miss Beach, Librairie Shakespeare, rue de l'Odeon, Paris* (I give the address from memory) – would tell you all about it She did the whole business of *Ulysses* herself, and you know what a great fat book that is And she is very nice – You could publish, if you like, the first Vol first, so that there would be nothing to startle the prudes and when they were quite used to seeing *Intimate Memoirs* going through the mail, then send out the second and third volumes. ship them in bulk You ought easily to get your money back (But you must very carefully alter *all* names and disguise the locality)

It may be, also, that you need a break in the continual writing Nobody on earth can pour out three, four, five volumes without ever turning off the tap Probably the Florence part would come better if you rested a bit – or if you were in Paris again Europe is very unreal, in America. And in Europe, America becomes like a sort of tormented dream to one

Brett is due to land in New York tomorrow I do hope she has no difficulties, and that she'll be able to look after the ranch this year. It is rather a burden on my mind.

As for Gourdjeff and Oriage and the awakening of various centres and the ultimate *I* and all that – to tell you the truth, plainly, I don't know. History may repeat itself, but the repetition comes with such a difference, that you never can tell, till afterwards. There is no way mapped out, and never will be. Only we know that the process is long, and painful, and dangerous, and you're more likely to die or to disintegrate than to come through, if you do *too* much about it.

I'm sorry Spud's Horse wants to be born with five legs and its tail at the end of its nose. *Quel monstre!*

I'll go and look at the outside of the Curonia, if I can find out where it is. Somewhere up the Viale dei Colli, isn't it – behind Piazza Michelangelo?

I met a man called Loeser – is that how you write him? – he spoke of you and 'Edwin' – Why do Americans always talk about their friends by their Christian names, to strangers and in *piazza*? I didn't care for him. There's an unholy bunch of rich Americans here – But I am weary of people who talk like that.

It rains a great deal, the country is much too green, and the proper spring and summer seem as if they'll never come. Which is very disappointing – *Tante còse di noi due!*

To S. S. Koteliarsky, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 17 May 1926

My dear Kot: We've made another little move – taken the top half of this old villa about seven miles out of Florence, for a year. It's very cheap, only £25 the year, so we can leave it or lend it when we like. – Brett has gone back to America, to look after the ranch. I feel I don't want to go.

The weather is atrocious – a few fine days, then thunder and rain. Never was such a wet May. How is it in England?

We're right in the country, very pretty, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the tram terminus. The tram takes us into Piazza in half an hour, very convenient.

I'm supposed to be preparing material for a book on the old Etruscans, but don't know if I shall do it – The postcard is one of their things – called the Chimaera – Vth Century B.C.

I hear from Murry – I suppose his second baby is born by now. He writes with the same impertinence, but I feel he is a defeated man.

The strike is over, apparently – I'm very glad. Myself, I'm scared of a class war in England. It would be the beginning of the end of all things. What do you think of it? – And why did the lira fall so suddenly?

We may come to England in the later summer, then I shall see you. For the moment I am not deciding anything – I only wish the weather would be dry, this wet is bad for one's bronchials.

Remember me to Sonia, and Grisha, and Gluta – also they will be glad the strike is over. What is Grisha doing? – My desire to go to Russia has disappeared again. I feel the Bolsheviks are loutish and common – I don't believe in them, except as disruptive and nihilistic agents. Boing!

What are you yourself doing? – *Tante còse!*

To E. H. Brewster, from Villa Murenda, Scandicci, 17 May 1926

Dear Earl: Yesterday came your letter from Belui, or wherever it is, enclosing the papers for Biett. She is due to land in New York tomorrow – *povera lei!* – and due to be at *Del Monte Ranch, Questa, New Mexico*, in ten days' time. I do hope she goes through without difficulty. I'm not sending her papers till I hear from her.

We have made a little move – taken the top half of this heavy old Tuscan villa for a year. It only costs 3000 liras per annum. It's very rough and no comforts, but nice. It stands on a bluff looking over the Val d'Arno. It's about seven miles out of Florence – and we're $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Vingone tram-terminus. Absolutely unspoiled country, one family of English neighbours, and then never another *forestière*, ever. It's very pretty country – Tuscan – farms on little green hills, and pine woods fringing the ridges.

Only the weather is impossible – a few days sun, then more pouring rain, and more. I get very tired of it. Everywhere is much too green. If only the sun would duly shine!

I'm glad you find India interesting, more so than you thought. I gather from your tone, that it is more interesting than *sympatico* to you. But perhaps that's because you are too new to it. – It's nice to know the Swamis, and talk to them. But I don't see the point of bathing in the Ganges and reciting holy books merely. One needs a bho tree, but one

doesn't want to be tied to it by the leg, like a chicken on a string. Somewhere *between* the East and the West, in that prophetically never-to-exist meeting point of the two, is really where one wants to be – I think in the autumn, if you are still there and it's not too costly, I should like to come out, alone. I should like to try the contact, too. 'The way is not mine, nor thine, but it lies between us.'

I hope you'll have a good exhibition of your pictures, and sell some and get some money. If one doesn't want exactly to make friends unto oneself of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, neither does one want to throw oneself on its mercy. There are gods of evil, even Mammon, to be placated. One can't have it all one's own way – I'm going to try throwing a few sops to Cerberus myself – things like *The Plumed Serpent* have no profit in them, as far as Mammon goes.

I'm reading about the Etruscans, and looking at their remains. They interest me. I suppose they are the dead opposite of Buddha – but not of Brahma or Siva.

I hope Achsah is really having a social good time, and Harwood is being a little angel to everybody – *Arrivederci*.

To Curtis Brown, from Villa Mirinda, Scandicci, 18 May 1926

Dear Curtis Brown. I wish Secker would let Jonathan Cape re-print *Sea and Sardinia*. Secker is, I am afraid, one of those slow little birds who will *never* make headway for anybody. I feel while I am with him I shall never never get any forwarder, as they say. But I can't quite leave him. And he wrote me yesterday he was doing *Sea and Sardinia* himself this autumn at 7/6. Why always so expensive? And never the slightest bit of push. Never half alive!

Yes I'm quite glad for Cape to do *Twilight in Italy* if he wants, and can arrange it with Duckworth.

I am reading up the Old Etruscans, and may this summer manage a book, half-travel and half description of Etruscan things, about those people. It would have quite a lot of photographs. But I know if Secker has to handle it, it will sell 3000 and then stop. I doubt even if I trust him.

We've taken the top half of this old villa, seven miles out of Florence, for a year. But it only costs £25 a year, so we can just keep it as a *piéd à terre*. When you come to Italy you must come here and see us.

The weather here is atrocious – thunder, rain, and rather cold. The country outside very nice indeed, no foreigners at all, very Tuscan – but green, green, over-green, to set your teeth on edge.

Nice that Knopf sets up the *David* play over there – *Tanti saluti!*

To Mabel Lujan, from Villa Minerva, Scanducci, 21 May 1926

My dear Mabel. Your bit about G. and the article on the *Cuonina* came today. I'll go and look at the outside of the villa very soon. Probably your bit about G. contains the germ of your resistance to these vols. You resist anything which is not resistance. The only other touch of real love in your book was for Violette in Paris, and that was deathly. With your men, you only want to resist them, fight them, and overthrow them – that was what you wanted with P. 'let's see who's stronger!' With G. it was a touch of the real old physical love, not from the *will* like all the others. So you rejected it, as you must have rejected it all your life. And this makes one of the great losses of your life. Because in that kind of love, you'd have had moments at least of escape from your ego. But you never finally wanted even the *momentary* escape from your ego. You wanted your ego *all the time*. This makes you resist Italy, for Italy for the first time 'tempted' you. America never once tempted you, not even in the shadowy U. C. – And it is this which makes the peculiar rancid sort of bitterness one finds in Italy today – the permanent rejection, by the foreigner, of the natural physical flow, and the permanent insistence on the ego, the putting-it-over business. You'd better say to yourself 'In rejecting the *best* of the Italian "thing" ' (as you always call it – and G. is an example, though personally he's not very important) – 'I made one of my life mistakes' – You know I always uphold, it is the sheer physical flow which is the healing and sustaining flow to the height, it is sex, true sensual sex. But it has a thousand forms, and can even be only a mere flow in the air, to be enough. But one needs the physical flow. That's why I can't stay long in America.

Don't leave your MSS. to anybody. They'll all edit them to emasculation. Rouse up and publish them yourself. Do it in Paris, or even here. Norman Douglas publishes his works now himself, here in Florence. But Paris I believe is better.

And don't have introductions. Don't be introduced and discussed.

before you're there Don't have anybody write an introduction Don't ask for credentials and letters of recommendation Publish your things blank straight as they are, without a word, and so put them down If you sell a thousand, it's quite enough to establish the book permanently. Print a thousand, or at most two, and have done with it Have it reviewed in about three good newspapers, and no more As little publicity as possible, and the thing makes its own way and won't be quashed And preserve your incognito as completely as you can, really For once put your ego aside After all, there's enough of your ego in the book, without having to write your name large on the title page And never say die

I do think one ought, if one can, to remove the fight (the fight is essential) from the field of one's personal relationships, and put it in the impersonal field of the combat with this fixed and rotten society Put your fight into the publishing of your book, and let *people* alone Even let your own salvation alone

But there, you'll do what you need to do

It's been atrocious weather – rain, rain, rather cold all the time This afternoon I sit on the terrace in the sun, but there are mutters of thunder I do wish it would clear up If you can, try and prevent Brett doing anything rash, like going up to live on the ranch all alone I hope she'll find some substantial person to be up there with her

If I were rich enough, I'd hire the Curonia for a bit just to show these English-American Florentines how completely one wants to ignore them – But even from San Polo Mosciano one can do it enough

To Carl Seelig, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 21 May 1926

Dear Carl Seelig We neither of us went to Germany Instead we have taken this villa about seven miles out of Florence – or at least, the top half of the villa – and are staying on probably until August I suppose you still have no idea of coming to Italy

My desire to go to Russia has died again I hear such dreary accounts of it Moscow so Americanised, the proletariat all becoming Yankee and mechanical That bores me

What is your wife doing about her divorce? Or is that all abandoned again, and you are happier together?

And what did Haas achieve in Paris? Did he get *his* divorce, and marry the Frau Doctor?

I am not very busy – I don't feel much like work. I have been reading up the ancient Etruscans. I thought perhaps in July – if the weather will clear up, I might go to Cortona and Chiusi and Volterra and Tarquinia and Orvieto, the old Etruscan places, and look at all the remains, and perhaps write a light Etruscan travel book, with many photograph reproductions. I think I might like it – if only the weather would be fine and hot.

Best wishes from both of us. Send us some news.

[Frieda.] *Dass ich nicht schrieb, Ich komme mit meinen Jochbern, war veme Bescheid neib – Aber kommen Lie – Es ist sehr schön! Eine alte Medici villa, aber sehr einfach, mehr wie einfach! Alles Gute Ihnen allen! Ja, es ist gewiss schon an ihrem Lee!*

To Mabel Lutan, from Villa Murenda, Scanduci, 8 May [June] 1926

Dear Mabel. I had your letter with 'Constance' – and also your following letter, where you say you – to put it short – don't feel anything any more. I believe one has to go through that. It's the change of life. I feel all Italy is going through it – the strange change of life. It's the breaking down of the Gourdjieff 'habits'. But the habits that are hardest to break down are habits of feeling and consciousness, and above all, habits of relationship. Our habits of emotion go so deep, we almost die before they break – and our habits of relationship have so many cancer-like threads, any one of which will start the whole old thing again – it's a case of *poveri noi!* The process is organic and ultra-organic. I feel it's a painful deadening process. But I don't feel that one can 'do' it, *make it!* There has to be something else pushing. And one has to be on the side of the new unknown – Anyhow it's a weariness!

'Constance' is quite a good sketch, but has not much to do with you. It doesn't matter. You see in Europe you didn't *fight* – couldn't. And if you only live in and try the fight, you couldn't live. But perhaps that habit of the fight has to go, with all the rest. *O poveri noi!*

I think quite definitely you should publish those memoirs yourself, and do them in separate vols, with separate titles, so that the different vols may be quite different.

We think to stay here till about 16th July, then go to Baden for two weeks, then to England for August So address me either c/o Curtis Brown, London, or else c/o Frau von Richthofen, Ludwig, – Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden

Tell Spud I haven't had his horses yet, and shall write him the minute they come

I heard from Brett, safe in New York, and thrilled by it So probably you've seen her I don't even want to be thrilled

I suppose we shall be back here in September, and I shall go around to the Etruscan places I'm afraid I shan't get anything much done before we leave

One's got to leave off wanting to feel as one has felt, and enjoying what one has enjoyed – at least, in the old way

The weather's always unsettled and unsatisfactory They say there's an astronomical reason

[P S] There just came from Taos about 1000 sheets of the drawing of me by Bynner for Spud's *Horse* Were they all really intended for me?

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 8 May [June] 1926

Dear Brett Had your note from the Shelton two days ago so glad you had a pleasant journey and enjoy New York Now we shall hear from you at the ranch, and have news of that too

I heard from Rachel, maybe she will go up to our ranch with Walton and Shirley Glenn I do hope she will Then she can have the big house, and keep house, and you can have your dot again or the milk house That would be awfully nice all round You would all feel at home.

Am enclosing Achsah's note to you I heard from Earl – a bit lamentable – he's awfully interested in India, but doesn't really like it says they can't leave before *October*, and do I think we might meet for the winter, perhaps winter on one of the isles of Greece But perhaps when he gets to the monastery in the hills, he'll love it again

We've been very quiet here – went out to the Sitwell father and mother they have a castle some 14 miles out I'm busy typing out F's translation of *David* – be glad you don't have to do it – every noun in German a capital letter! And having to re-translate F's translation – oh, dear! But I've done three-fourths – I've not been able to go around to

my Etruscans at all – shall have to do it when we come back in September

We think to leave about July 16th – go to Baden for a fortnight – then to England for August So write c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, W C 2 They are playing *David* in September in London, just one performance, and I want to see it – and how they get on with it ✓

Sometimes I wish I was at the ranch – especially if the weather's good! Here it's still unsettled It was snowy for a spell, now again rain and a high cloud

How about your money? Are you managing? For heaven's sake, be careful

I heard from Murry, he has a son Such a tiny tiny baby, he says

It's hard to believe that already you are way out at the ranch again I expect we shall come in the spring, and it's already midsummer The time flies by! – *Tante belle còse!*

To Mrs Emily King, from Villa Mirenda, Scandinia, 14 June 1926

My dear Pamela The time slips by, and I've not written for so long But nothing particular happens, and so there seems no particular reason to write I've been busy typing out F's translation of *David* – such a sweat, typing Geiman and making revisions But it's done Then we've been painting doors and windows, and making this old place look more alive Then we go in to Florence about twice a week, and people come out here – so weeks are gone before one knows where one is

We have promised to be in Baden for F's mother's birthday, on July 14th Then I suppose we shall come to England first week in August I haven't heard yet if we can have the flat in Chelsea – but it is probable Ada writes she has taken a cottage at Mablethorpe for the month That will be very nice Then you and Joan and Peg can stay down there – and Sam can run down on the motorcycle – I'll send you some money for the holiday in my next letter – I shall look forward to a week there with you all – I have an invitation up to Scotland also – two invitations, Compton Mackenzie wants me to go to an isle off Lewis, in the Outer Hebrides But I'm not sure – I want to see what that stage society are doing with *David* If they're rehearsing, I must keep an eye on them ✓

I'm a bit loath to leave here so soon, when we seem only just settled in But also I want to be back for *vendemmia* – grape harvest – in Sep-

tember Richard Aldington and Arabella said they would like to come back with us in September I wonder what Arabella will be like now We shall see her in England They live not far from Pangbourne – By the way, Rosalind Baynes is married again, to a man, a widower, in the British Museum, and they live in London I'm glad she's settled down again

Cath Carswell is in France – she's put her boy in a French school near Versailles She seems to hate it, the boy too They're very poor, and of course the husband Don is once more without a job – What a life! – Murry has got another baby, and seems to be withdrawing from the 'world' I haven't seen his *Life of Christ* [*Life of Jesus*] yet – We heard from Brett – a cable – happily settled on the ranch with Rachel Hawk, our neighbour from below Rachel is very responsible, and will look after everything I'm very glad They all write urging us to go out But not this year, anyhow

Is Peg nearly through with her course? And is she smart by now? How I hated typing my play! – I shall hear about everything when I come to England

I'll write again very soon Love to you all
[P S] I'm sending a copy of the *Laughing Horse* – a little magazine published by a young American friend away in Santa Fe You'll be amused by it

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 23 June 1926

Dear Brett Your first letters from the ranch What a bore the rats had done so much chewing! But I thought the mattresses had gone down to Del Monte! And Frieda brought some, though not all, of the silver along with her I'm sorry, though, that you had so much hard work One just doesn't feel like drudgery, and I'm sure you hate being in an overall But pray heaven, by now you are in your breeches and feeling like a real *ranchero*!

That scoundrel of an Azul, to run away! I can just see him Were the others glad to have him back, or didn't they care? I can just imagine them, this afternoon, standing in a bunch under the scraggy trees near the wire gate, whisking their tails It's an awful pity one can't just stride over, in one huge stride Then we'd be there to tea in the porch

Here it is real Italian summer at last. Everybody sleeps from one till three. Nay, it's quarter to four, and there's not a peasant in sight on all the *poderi*. But of course they get up at about 4.30 in the morning – we about six. I'm sitting on the little balcony upstairs – you can so easily imagine this old square whitish villa on a little hill all of its own, with the peasant houses and cypresses behind, and the vines and olives and corn on all the slopes. It's very picturesque, and many a paintable bit. Away in front lies the Aino valley and mountains beyond. Behind are pine woods. The rooms inside are big and rather bare – with red-buck floors, spacious, rather nice, and very still. Life doesn't cost much here.

We go in to Florence once or twice a week. When we see Reggie Turner he always wants to be remembered to you. They all think you very bold, to go out there to the ranch.

But you are quite right when you say one shouldn't pretend to belong to one place exclusively. Italy is always lovely, and out there at the ranch it is always lovely. I am sure it is right for me to stay this year in the softness of the Mediterranean. But next year, in the spring, I want to come to the ranch, before the leaves come on the aspen trees, and the snow is gone.

If one could but *stride* over!

Is the messiness of the old corral passing away? Are there very many flowers? Will there be many raspberries? Were there still humming birds round the strawberry bushes or had they gone? Does the ditch run a nice stream?

Oh, by the way, tell me how much money you paid for cleaning the ditch, and for Azul, and all those things. Because I will pay for them. You'll have no money. *Don't forget!*

Has the old tree down at the well, the old fallen aspen, still put out leaves? I often think of it. And has the big greasewood bush grown over the track of the well, so that it pushes your buckets aside?

What place have the Rasmussens got, and what is he ambitious about?

I am very much better in health now. I can go about in shirt and trousers and sandals, and it's hot, and all relaxed. We live very quietly, picnic by the stream sometimes. I have finished typing and revising *David* in German – he was a job! Did I tell you I had the little typewriter taken to pieces and cleaned? It goes very nicely. But I'm glad it's shut up again, it is an irritable thing, a typewriter.

Mabel said you were going to see her May as well be friends with her I did think her book good

I believe it's coming a thunderstorm too bad it's San Giovanni tomorrow, Florence's saint, and big *festa*-day

Frieda doesn't want to go to Germany and England – says she wants to stay here But probably we shall go – *Tante belle còse!*

[P S] We're doing a fine embroidery – peacock, kid, and deer among the vines! *How* is the big picture?

To Mrs Margaret Needham, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 24 June 1926

My dear Peg I was very glad to have your letter and to hear that you've already got a job That is smart work, and if the man you work for is nice, you'll be all right I'm sure you'll like it better than teaching, which is a wearing, nerve-racking business and you'll feel already independent, though 17/6 isn't a fortune But for a year I taught school for 2/6 a week, so you're well ahead there

That beastly coal strike, it sounds too dreary for words Coal was the making of England, and it looks as if coal were to be the breaking of her too But one can do nothing, so it's no good fuming The weather, at any rate, has turned hot and really summery here, so probably it is the same in England, and you won't need fires any more

I am always so glad when the real summer comes, and one can go about with light clothes on, and feet in sandals, and not bother about anything Here everybody gets up about 4 30, and then, from 10 till about 3 30 in the afternoon the whole countryside goes to sleep, not a peasant anywhere in the corn or among the vines, all deep asleep We take a *siesta* too Then the evening comes cooler, and the nightingale starts singing again There are many nightingales, in every little wood you can hear half a dozen singing away all day long, except in the hot hours, very lively The wheat is very fine, and just turning yellow under the olive trees

Today is San Giovanni, the Saint of Florence, and a great *festa* So we shall go in to town this evening for dinner, and stay for the fireworks They will illuminate the town, and everybody will be in full holiday rig We usually go in to Florence twice a week – or I go alone It's half an hour's walk to the tram, and half an hour in the tram But when we

come home, the peasant boy comes to the tram with the pony trap, to meet us. We have usually so many parcels and home is uphill.

We have promised to be in Baden-Baden for Frieda's mother's birthday on July 14th which would mean leaving here on Monday fortnight. Frieda now says she doesn't want to go, doesn't want to come to England either, wants to stay here. I must say, it's very lovely here, and seems a pity to go sweltering travelling those weary journeys in trains. I don't look forward, myself, to the effort of travelling again so soon. But we'll see.

I hear from Brett, she is settled on the ranch with Rachel Hawk and Rachel's two toddling children. She says it's very nice. Azul, Frieda's grey horse, jumped the fence and ran away. But Brett offered a reward, so a Mexican brought him back from away beyond Valdez.

I hope Joan is keeping well. Now the summer is here, I feel much better.

You get a quid to celebrate your entry into the ranks of the employed, and good luck for the future.

Love to you all

To S. S. Kotliansky, from Villa Maureda, Stauden, 28 June 1926

My dear Kot. Your letter today – also a long screed from Barbara to Frieda.

We are sitting very unobtrusively here but think to leave this day fortnight, July 12th, for Baden-Baden, and stay there a fortnight; then probably to England for August. Of course the thought of England, as it draws near, depresses me with infinite depression. But perhaps we may manage a month. Perhaps we may shirk it after all. But I'll tell you. – It is awfully nice here, now the summer is hot and more or less steady, and the days pass by so quickly and without notice, it seems a pity to stir oneself up again.

I feel the same about Secker: absolute mistrust, which grows deeper instead of lighter. Why hadn't he sent you that £2.16 – long ago, if he owed it? I think he is in low water. He keeps asking me to write another novel. But I don't want to. He can whistle. Why should I write books for any of 'em? I've had enough. – And if the New Agers smell no better than the Old Agers, they too can whistle, and keep their £1 per 1000. –

They hadn't written me – Don't send me any of that miserable Shestov fragment And if ever you want any money, tell me, and I'll send it along Don't have a silly Jewish money complex We've lived too long

I haven't done any of the Etruscan book yet and shan't do it, unless the mood changes Why write books for the swine, unless one absolutely must!

I like it here One can stay out and be quite remote Or go into Florence in an hour, and see a few people who aren't exciting, but all the better I don't ask excitement I was very busy typing out F's translation of the *David* play – and working it up a bit Thank heaven it's done, and just sent off A real German play now! What next? ✓

The parents of the Sitwells have a castle about 14 miles away We went to see them queer couple Thursday I am lunching with the world's champion fencer How's that?

If we come to England, I expect we shall take a little flat Chelsea way for a month – then I shall go to my sisters for a week, probably to the seaside. – We shall see you – and we must make a little trip somewhere, like the memorable trip to the Lakes *Aspettiamo!* Shall we go down to Murry's Dorset together? – and see his second baby, son and heir, another John Middleton, ye Gods!

It seems I don't know anybody in London any more

Remember me to Sonia and Ghita and Grisha – *Tante còse!*

To Martin Secker, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 5 July 1926

Dear Secker In the hot weather, the days slip by, and one does nothing, and loses count of time I have never answered your letter about *Sea and Sardinia* Every time I thought I'd said, it seems to me a good idea to do a 7/6 edition without pictures, and every time I forgot But I hope you have gone ahead with it Do you think it's wise to start doing the other books as cheap as 3s 6d? But we can talk about that when we come

In the real summer, I always lose interest in literature and publications The *cicadas* rattle away all day in the trees, the girls sing, cutting the corn with the sickles, the sheaves of wheat lie all the afternoon like people dead asleep in the heat *E più non si frega* I don't work, except at an occasional scrap of an article. I don't feel much like doing a book, of any sort Why do any more books? There are so many, and such a small

demand for what there are. So why add to the burden, and waste one's vitality over it? Because it costs one a lot of blood. Here we can live very modestly, and husband our resources. It is as good as earning money, to have very small expenses. *Dunque* –

And then we're silly enough to go away. We leave next Monday, the 12th, for Baden-Baden (C/o Frau von Richtshofen, Ludwig-Wilhelmstift), and I expect we shall spend August in England. A friend is finding us a little flat in Chelsea. So we shall see you and Rina, and I hope we'll have a pleasant time. I want to be back here for September and *vendemmia*, because I like it best here. The *Tenente* still writes occasionally from Porto Maurizio, where he is transferred: rather lachrymose and forlorn. And we had a post card from your *suocera*.

Reggie Turner came out the other day: he says he's doing that book. But I doubt if he'll ever finish it.

My sisters write extremely depressed about the strike. England seems crazy. *Quos vult perdere Deus* – 'Well, it's not my fault. But building your life on money is worse than building your house on sand.'

Remember us both to Rina. *Arrivederci!*

'The Tenente': Angelo Ravagli, the Lawrences' landlord at Spotorno, at that time a lieutenant in the Italian army.

To the Hon. Dorothy Brett, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 7 July 1926

Dear Brett. Your letter today, saying the hay is cut. That will be wonderful having a haystack, and being able to throw down the bunches of hay to the horses in winter, as I have done at Del Monte. I feel Kiowa is gradually growing into a real self-respecting ranch again. Friedel – he is in Berlin – sent us a photograph of the wagons with Indians and horses very nice. I gave one a wish to be back, too. For some things, I wish I was really there. I would love to see the flowers, and ride up the raspberry canyon, and go along the ditch with a shovel. Then something else, I can't find out what it is, but it is something at the pit of my stomach, holds me away, at least for the moment. It is something connected with America itself, the whole business – yet of course I feel the tree in front of the house is my tree. And even the little aspens by the gate, I feel I have to keep my eye on them.

But I'm awfully sorry you have so much work to do. It would be really better to have Trinidad or somebody. And be sure to tell me how

much you spend for *labour*, for the ditch and the hay and those things. And I'll send the money along

Here it is full summer hot, quiet, the cicadas sing all day long like so many little sewing machines in the leafy trees The peasant girls and men are all cutting the wheat, with sickles, among the olive trees, and binding it into small, long sheaves In some places they have already made the wheat stacks, and I hear the thresher away at a big farm Fruit is in big apricots, great big figs that they call *fiori*, peaches, plums, the first sweet little pears But the grapes are green and hard yet It seems there is a great deal of fruit

We have met various people nobody thrilling, but some quite nice Lord Berners came out to tea Do you know him? He was Tyrwhitt, or something like that He asked us to stay with him in Rome in October, and be motored round to the Etruscan places We might try a day or two He was very nice and apparently rich, too rich Rolls-Roycey

We leave here next Monday – the 12th I am sorry to go, except that the heat is a bit soaked in thunder, and heavy, and I think a little time rather high up in the Black Forest would be fresh and nice How I should love to breathe the air at the ranch and to taste the well-water! What a pity there is such a strange psychical gulf between American and Europe! One has to undergo a metamorphosis and one can't always bear it We are due to spend August in England, then in early Sept come back here I shall be glad to be back I haven't done any of my hill-towns yet I must do them in the autumn I was so busy with bits of things Secker and Knopf want me to write another novel, but I'm not going to lay myself waste again in such a hurry Let the public read the old novels The Knopfs are in Europe, but don't suppose we shall see them He says 'It becomes harder and harder to sell good books' Then let him sell bad ones The way for us to do is to live economically, so we don't need much money – that's how we live here £300 a year would do me Then one is independent of them

How are your headaches? I hope the heat doesn't give you them Occasionally I get one, an odd stunner

Remember me to Rachel – also to Betty and Bobby Is Bobby bad at all, or just a threat? I'm sorry she's not well.

My sisters in England are very depressed about the coal strike no business doing, more ruin ahead What a misery!

They've translated *The Plumed Serpent* into Swedish. Hope it'll bite them. How much butter do you get from the cow? Does she run and hide as Susan did. Eggs are abundant here – seven for a dozen, which is about 26 cents. How are you for money? Let me know. I like the seal to your letter. Where did you find the bird? Does Aaron still have a running eye? And Azul's jaw? The poor creatures! Is Prince a mild lamb with you?

Lord Berners was a composer

To E. D. McDonald, from Baden-Baden, Germany, 16 July, 1926

Dear McDonald. I had your letter in Italy, a week or so ago – had often wondered why you hadn't written, but guessed you had your own reasons – or unreasons, as it seems.

So you have bought a house, and you roll the lawn, while your wife waters it with brine¹ – it is what the ancients did, when they rased the strongholds of the enemy – strewed 'em with salt and watered them with bitter brine – oh psychoanalysis, cast an eye on Mrs McDonald! What is she about? – So you have bought a house! It is the capitulation a man has to make sooner or later. The tortoise makes his hundred paces, then takes firmly to his shell – Myself, I am still labouring over clod and furrow, but who knows how soon I shall 'buy a house' – that is, rent one and furnish it, not having £ s d. to buy it. One does get dead sick of struggling ahead among the brick-bats and tin cans of our most modern world. The second half of one's life – I am forty – should surely be one's own, after one has more or less given away the first half, for a pound of imitation tea.

We came up from Italy three days ago, to celebrate my mother-in-law's seventy-fifth birthday. '*Wir alten, wir sind noch hier!*' she says. And here they mean to stay, having, through long and uninterrupted experience, become adepts at hanging on to their own lives, and letting anybody else who is fool enough cast bread upon the waters. Baden-Baden is a sort of Holbein *Totentanz* – old, old people tottering their cautious dance of triumph. '*wir sind noch hier. hupf! hupf! hupf!*'

In Italy, we moved away from the Riviera, which I never care for, to Tuscany, and have a top half of a villa about nine miles outside Florence, in the country – but one can go in to Florence by tram. I took

the place for a year – for £25 – so it is rough. But I prefer it so. If ever you want to come to Italy, just descend on us, and we shall be delighted. We can give you a room, large enough, but without a single ‘convenience’ – *à l’américaine* – so that you will know you are abroad – Florence, though overrun with tourists and irritable to a degree with fascism, is still one of the most intimate towns in the world.

– We stay here about ten days longer, then go to England for the month of August. In Sept. we want to go back to Tuscany – Villa Mirenda, *Scandicci*, Florence. But address me, if you write before Sept. c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, London W C 2.

Heaven knows how we shall find England. Italy, as I say, is *nervosa*, irritable, in a state of nerves and tension rather trying. Fascism is not natural to them – Germany is fat and foody, a bit torpid at the moment, but seems to have force underneath. If it will ever rouse itself – as for my own, my native land, I always dread it a bit.

Of literary news, I have none. I wanted to write a book on the Etruscans and Etruscan cities – sort of half travel book. But I get such a distaste for committing myself any further into ‘solid print,’ I am holding off. Let the public read what there is to read.

When we were coming up the hill, home, in the half-dark last night, a young man, swinging downhill towards us, said as he came *Ihr kommt bald nach Egypten* – you’ll soon come to Egypt – Who he was and what he meant, we shall never know. But he swung past with a bright smile and a *guten abend* – So if you hear we are in Egypt, you’ll know we met a prophet – Remember us kindly to Miss McDonald – and roll on, roll on, at the lawn!

To Rolf Gardiner, from Baden-Baden, 17 July 1926

Dear Gardiner. I was glad to get the circular letter and to realise that your Youth efforts had not gone entirely to the wall. I am very much inclined to agree that one must look for real guts and self-responsibility to the Northern peoples. After a winter in Italy – and a while in France – I am a bit boied by the Latins, there is a sort of inner helplessness and lack of courage in them – so willing to go on deceiving themselves with the only alternative of emigrating to America.

I expect to be in England for the month of August, perhaps we can

arrange a meeting And I can hear all about this new grouping Let me know where you will be

And don't be too earnest – earnest – how does one spell it? – nor overburdened by a mission neither too self-willed One must be simple and direct, and a bit free from oneself above all

Hoping to see you then

To Rolf Gardiner, from Baden-Baden, 'Thursday' [?22 July 1926]

Dear Rolf Gardiner Your letter to-day as usual, like a bluster in the weather I am holding my hat on

But do let us meet We arrive in London on July 30th – and go to a little flat, 25 Rossetti Garden Mansions, Flood St, Chelsea, S W. 3 We shall use it as a *pied à terre* Myself, I have promised to spend some time with my sisters on the Lincs coast – and to go to Scotland – various things.

I believe we are mutually a bit scared I of weird movements, and you of me I don't know why But if you are in London even for a couple of days after the 30th, do come and see us, and we can talk a little, nervously No, I shall ask you questions like a doctor of a patient he knows nothing about

But I should like to come to Yorkshire, I should like even to try to dance a sword-dance with iron-stone miners above Whitby I should love to be connected with something, with some few people, in something As far as anything *matters*, I have always been very much alone, and regretted it But I can't belong to clubs, or societies, or Freemasons, or any other damn thing So if there is, with you, an activity I *can* belong to, I shall thank my stars But, of course, I shall be wary beyond words, of committing myself

Everything needs a beginning, though – and I shall be very glad to abandon my rather meaningless isolation, and join in with some few other men, if I can If only, in the dirty solution of this world, some new little crystal will begin to form

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Baden-Baden, 29 July 1926

Dear Brett Simply pouring with rain! The Rhine valley all in floods We leave tonight, via Strasbourg, Brussels, Ostend, for London through the night It makes one shiver

Your letter came rolling in – we are always quite thrilled by your descriptions of the ranch and life How lovely the flowers must be! There are strawberries, but you don't mention raspberries here there are many in the woods Today came Rachel's letter to Frieda she says rain and cold by you also What one needs is an ark I am going to begin making a collection of pairs of animals Seriously, it's awful! And what will England be like? I shan't see Murry, he is too much, or too little, for me Think I shall see the Sitwells and Rolf Gardiner – do you remember how he wrote two years ago to the ranch? As for the play, I know absolutely nothing of it so far – and have very few hopes We have a little flat, 25 Rossetti Garden Mansions, Chelsea, S W 3, till August 28th After that I don't know The doctor wants me to come here for 20 days in Sept to take the inhalation cure You know the hot water comes gushing out of the earth – much hotter than Rio Grande Springs, and one breathes the steam I drink the waters and they suit me I may as well make an attack on those bronchials of mine before the winter comes – though they are much better My sister-in-law wanted us to go to Bavaria – nr Munich – for Sept I should have liked it so much We must wait and see

I shall not be very much in London, as I've promised to spend some time with my sisters on the Lincs coast – also go to Scotland

I am not doing any work at all feel sufficiently disgusted with myself with having done so much and undermining my health, with so little return Pity one has to write at all

There is no news Nothing lately from India Hope you're not living at ruinous expense there on the ranch Indians are not cheap I shall expect you to tell me in your next how much you have spent on ditching, haying, etc – and I'll send a cheque Am so glad Azul's jaw is better – but Aaron's eye? Did you see 'Glad Ghosts' in the *Dial*? Amusing 'Smile!' that little sketch of the dead wife, came in the *English Nation* In the *Adelphi*, the *Life of Christ* is relegated to the back pages, and our little

friend is discovering he is a pantheist without a Pan, however frying-pantheist!

A dwindling of money all round! And it rains, rains! I left the type-writer in Italy. If I go to Scotland, shall I call on your father?

*To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Bailabhadan, Newtonmore, Inverness-Shire,
Scotland, 14 August 1926*

Dear Brett So this is your Scotland. It is rather nice, but dampish and Northern and one shrinks a trifle inside one's skin. For these countries one should be amphibian. Grouse shooting began day before yesterday – an event for those who shoot, and a still bigger one for those that get shot. The heather is out, the bell-heather dying. But the bluebells are best, they are very lovely, so big and tangled and blue. However, I have decided *not* to buy an estate in Scotland, etc, etc

Frieda sent on your letter, saying that you are again stumped for money. Your banking arrangements seem the most unsatisfactory. You know you can always get \$200.00 by writing to Baimby – he'll give them you from my account. Meanwhile for goodness sake tell me how much you've spent on my behalf. I'd send you the money now, but I left the cheque book in London.

✓ I suppose I shall be back in London about the 25th. Then I shall see if I can do anything about *David*. If I can, I shall have to stay a bit, but if I can't, I shall depart to Baden for my cure. I want really to get my bronchitis into form before the winter comes. ✓

How I should dread a winter up here, so dark and dismal. And you, do you think you will stay on the ranch?

Remember me to Ida [Rauh] – I'm sorry she's so down. One has to bear up, and not give way to one's 'blood-pressures' any more than one can help.

Take care of the Ruffian – she's a risky bit of goods. It's an awful pity you couldn't have had Joe and his wife – they are much more trustworthy – I mean the couple with the two children, who were up last year. But don't get into any sort of Indian tangle, over that Ruffian.

Tell Rachel, I'll write to her. You seem altogether very social. I think it's better so. Best not to be too isolated. – *Au revoir*

'The Ruffian' was Rufina, wife of Antonio Luhan's nephew, Trinidad, this Indian couple sometimes worked for the Lawrences.

To Else Jaffe, from Bailabhadan, Newtonmore, Inverness, 20 August 1926

Dear Else Frieda sent me on your letter from Irschenhausen I am glad you like being there, but am surprised it is so cold Here the weather is mild, mixed rainy and sunny The heather is out on the moors the day lasts till nine o'clock yet there is that dim, twilight feeling of the North We made an excursion to the west, to Fort William and Mallaig, and sailed up from Mallaig to the Isle of Skye I liked it very much It rains and rains, and the white wet clouds blot over the mountains But we had one perfect day, blue and iridescent, with the bare northern hills sloping green and sad and velvety to the silky blue sea There is still something of an Odyssey up there, in among the islands and the silent lochs like the twilight morning of the world, the herons fishing undisturbed by the water, and the sea running far in, for miles, between the wet, trickling hills, where the cottages are low and almost invisible, built into the earth It is still out of the world, and like the very beginning of Europe though, of course, in August there are many tourists and motor cars But the country is almost uninhabited

I am going south, tomorrow, to stay with my sisters in Lincolnshire for a little while, by the sea Then really I should like to come to Bavaria, if only for a fortnight I have a feeling that I want to come again to Bavaria I hope I shan't have to stay in England for that play I would much rather come to Germany at the end of August And Frieda, I know, has had enough, more than enough, of London Perhaps after all we can come to Irschenhausen for the first part of September, and let that inhalation wait a while – I am much better since I am here in Scotland it suits me here and probably the altitude of Irschenhausen would suit me too Anyhow we could go back to Baden to do a bit of inhaling There is no hurry to get to Italy – If only I need not stay in London for that play

I find it most refreshing to get outside the made world, if only for a day – like to Skye It restores the old Adam in one The made world is too deadening – and too dead

So I am still hoping to see you all – Friedel will be there? – in Bayern, quite soon Why should one be put off, from what one wants to do –
Auf Wiedersehen

To G Orioli, from 'Duneville', Trusthorpe Rd, Sutton-on-Sea, Lincolnshire,
England, 29 August 1926

Dear Pino Would you hate to do a little thing for me? Those leather boxes we bought (Frieda of course stuck to the coral brooch) were a great success, and I was so rash as to promise two more to two envious ladies You remember the long green box that would hold about 100 cigarettes – I think it cost forty-five liras do you think you might get me two more, and send them for me? Do it some time when you're not busy I wish you would send a blue one and a red one – or a brown – only not another green – to the two addresses

Miss Mary Beveridge
'Bailabhadan'
Newtonmore
Inverness, Scotland

Miss Mabel Harrison
49 Boulevard Montparnasse
Paris

I enclose 150 liras, and perhaps you will give your boy five liras to do the posting for me Don't be offended, will you, at my bothering you! ✓ We are here by the seaside, in my native Midlands It is rather nice, a big flat coast with a big sky above, and a low sea rumbling I like it much better than London We shall stay at least till September 11th – two weeks, because I must go to London and see to the starting of my play *David* They will give two performances, end of October That will keep me in England But I do hope to be back in Florence by the end of September ✓

I have no news of anybody only Frieda saw Miss Morrison and Gino in London once or twice, while I was in Scotland I think they are having a mildly pleasant time

Remember me to Reggie – he'll be coming back to you soon, I suppose. Did you have a nice trip with your Doctor? The weather here is sunny and fresh I expect it's warm with you on the cool side, here – *Au revoir*

To E H Brewster, from 'Duneville', Sutton-on-Sea, Lincs, 30 August 1926

Dear Earl Your letter of 3rd Aug reaches me today – after I'd posted mine to you this morning, to Almoia

I'm awfully sorry you and Achsah are so ill It sounds to me as if

you'd got malaria, though I hope you haven't What altitude are you? – It may be mountain fever, owing to rarity

I wish you were here – it is so blowy and blustery and sea-foamy and healthy, so very bracing I like it And I'm sad to think you won't see all those sights, Benares, Ajanta Caves etc But perhaps you'll be feeling better, and try them – Aldous Huxley came one evening he too had simply hated India I wonder what it is Is it a sort of *atavism* there, which one must resist

I think you'll be all the better, though, for the experience The best of Eastern thought is surely eternal but one must maintain a more or less critical attitude What irritated me in you in the past was a sort of way you had of looking on Buddhism as some sort of easy ether into which you could float away unresisted and unresisting Believe me, no truth is like that All truth – and real living is the only truth – has in it the elements of battle and repudiation *Nothing is wholesale* The problem of truth is How can we most deeply *live*? – And the answer is different in every case – And your Buddhism was, in a measure (I don't want to be wholesale either) – a form of side-tracking

Believe me, you'll be happier, because you'll be truer to your own inner man, after this experience You've got to get out of the vast lotus-pool of Buddhism on to the little firm island of your own single destiny Your island can have its own little lotus pool, its own pink lotus But *you yourself* must never try again to lose yourself in the universal lotus pool the mud is too awful

I shall be glad to hear you are safely on the way to Europe I can promise, almost faithfully, to join you in Syra some time in the winter, if you go there That is, I want to very much indeed I am pining to see Athens and Greece

Curiously, I like England again, now I am up in my own regions It braces me up and there seems a queer, odd sort of potentiality in the people, especially the common people One feels in them some odd, unaccustomed sort of plasm twinkling and nascent They are not finished. And they have a funny sort of purity and gentleness, and at the same time, unbreakableness, that attracts one

My best wishes to you and Achsah, and in hopes of a happy meeting soon

To E D McDonald, from 'Duneville,' Sutton-on-Sea, Lincs, 31 August 1926

Dear McDonald I'm sorry you can't come to Lincolnshire, for that means I shan't see you which is a pity, for we might have had a few interesting hours I sympathise, though, with your not wanting railway journeys one does hate them

It is very quiet here – and today, a wet day, with a dank sea and a dank wind nobody bathing Queer and forlorn this country is, this shore, as if still expecting the Vikings and sea-roving Danes who came in such quantities

I hope you won't have too bad an impression of England I agree, that bad English cooking is the worst in the world and that goes a long [way] to depress anybody

✓ I haven't heard a word yet, about *David's* being *en tram* If I should have to run up to London at the weekend, I shall let you know You say you don't sail till the 4th Sept ✓

I'm not going to give much of myself to that play, anyhow am sceptical of it Don't you give much of yourself, either, not to anything It's mere waste

Well, I suppose we shall meet somewhere, and sometime and let's hope we'll be feeling cheerful Remember me very warmly to Mrs McDonald

To S S Kotehansky, from 'Duneville,' Sutton-on-Sea, Lincs, 'Monday'
[26 September 1926]

My dear Kot Dull weather – rain and a low grey sky – not much fun here I think we'll leave in a week's time I wish you'd ask Gertler if he knows any place in Hampstead where we could have a couple of rooms, and eat in or eat out, doesn't matter which I don't want to be down in town and Frieda hated Chelsea Or even your St John's Wood? – We'd then stay at least a week, and longer if it were necessary for the play – of which, so far, I've heard nothing – It's being produced by the Stage Society and 300 combined – a Mrs Geoffrey Whitworth bossing the show, and Robert Aiken [Atkins], who produced Shakespeare at the Old Vic, producing it. But how long do they think I'm going to wait in England for them? – I like it here all right, when it's fine – but in the rain and mist it's no good, and gives me another cold

Apparently F's daughters aren't coming – that is, they've not written
Before I come to London I must go to Ripley My sister thinks we might
get Gertie examined *first* at Nottingham, and X-rayed there – and then
proceed to other doctors if necessary I think maybe she's right I'll
have to go at the weekend and talk it all over

I'm writing also to Miss Morrison – who is at 1 Elm Row, Hampstead
– to ask her if her people – in her house – know of rooms for a week or
fortnight for us I'll ask her to drop Gertie a line to Penn Studio, Rudall
Crescent – is that right? – if she has wind of anything

So I trust we shall see you next week You will be no more a solitary –
Aurevoir

[P S] Frieda suddenly says that Miss Morrison will probably be away,
and her house shut If so, then let it be so !

To Nelly Morrison, from 'Duneville,' Sutton-on-Sea, Lincs

[? 6 September 1926]

Dear Nelly Morrison Here we are by the sea-sea-sea, and it's very nice,
the big flat coast, when it doesn't rain But when the sky hangs low
and grey and damp and decomposing under it, it's the limit

So we think we'll come to London I shall have to be there a while
for that play I wish you would ask your host (Jim Ede) if he knows of
rooms in Hampstead, or a decent little place where they would take in
visitors, and where Frieda and I could go for a week or a fortnight I don't
want to be down in town any more I wish we could get two rooms in
Hampstead, it's healthier there, with meals or without, I don't care We
think of coming down to London this day week, the 13th, Monday
Or Frieda may come alone I may have to stay a couple of days still
with my sister

I wrote and asked Mark Gertler also about rooms he is at Penn Studio,
Rudall Crescent, Hampstead, a little way down the hill he's a painter
I hope he's in town But if you should be able to send me news of any
definite place, would you hate to send him a line too?

I should like to see you and Gino in London, before we all go back
to Italy again I do hope you are rested The grey skies make my thoughts
turn to Florence, and San Polo Mosciano How do you feel about it?

Frieda suddenly says you may be away, and your host too Well,
here's the chance Don't you *bother* about this, anyhow – *Arrivederci*

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Sutton-on-Sea, Lincs, 9 September 1926

Dear Brett Your letter about the Chevrolet yesterday How rash you are! You'll go bankrupt, you'll go over the edge of the Hondo Canyon, you'll run over Mexican babies, you'll – God knows what you won't do! And however will you hear when anything is tooting behind you? I'm sure they weren't your friends who urged you to the Chevrolet For the Lord's sake, go gingerly, in every respect

Your letter was full of news what with Betty and Bobby's lungs and the Ufer niece, the Ruffian, Agapeto, and the rest I do hope Rachel is calming down What is she going to do for the winter? And William? Lord! how easy the world would be save for people

I had a very wailing letter from Earl He hopes to leave that land of love, his dear India ('this trip to India is as bread to me' It's turned out a stone) in September – this month – and go to Greece wants me to join him on the isle of Syra, not far from Athens, some time during the winter I might

✓ I've been here a fortnight with Frieda I like this coast But I haven't risked my bronchials in the ocean We leave on Monday I shall stay a few days with my sister – then to London for a bit Those fools who are to do *David* haven't begun yet – here am I hanging on and feeling very bored with them But England isn't so bad, once you get into it again It's not so scratchy as America I dread even the sound of the Americans ✓

What is it then that is so interesting between Mabel and Tony?

I shan't see Murry – but shall see Gertler, I suppose, in London And Koteliensky But there's no news in that direction except that Waterlow is minister to Siam, having made himself objectionable to Chamberlain

Literary news, none! I'm still feeling dead off writing altogether

The photographs were very nice – especially the Azul I'm glad Aaron too is better Sometimes one dreams of them

It's rather grey here – not much sun But not bad The air is fresh and strong

I'm awfully bored going to London. But I'll wait a fortnight longer – then back to Italy I feel like going South again

Take care of the headaches The thundering weather is bad for them I've not had any lately

I send a little money for the ex's Am so afraid you'll go bust, what

with Indian tribes and motor-cars etc – Remember me to everybody

Waterlow Sir Sydney Waterlow, diplomat, and a cousin of Katherine Mansfield's

*To S S Kotchiansky, from Torestun, Gee St, Ripley, nr Derby,
15 September 1926*

My dear Kot Of course it's grey and a bit rainy here these Midlands!

Gertie [Cooper] doesn't seem so very bad. She was examined in Derby – the X-ray shows a hole at the top of the left lung, but now I have written to Dr Lucas, to ask when they can take her in to Mundesley. The doctor said she couldn't do better than go there. So as soon as we hear there is room, my sister will take her over. She ought to be cured by Christmas.

I shall be coming to London tomorrow – don't know the time yet: probably in the evening.

This strike has done a lot of damage – and there is a lot of misery – families living on bread and margarine and potatoes – nothing more. The women have turned into fierce communists – you would hardly believe your eyes. It feels a different place – not pleasant at all.

I hope Sonia is better. You'll come up to Willoughby Rd – *Wiedersehen*.

Ada Lawrence Clarke had named her home 'Torestun' after one of the houses in her brother's novel, *Kangaroo*.

To Mabel Luhan, from 30 Willoughby Rd, Hampstead, 23 September 1926

Dear Mabel I am sending back all the MS today. It is all very good – but towards the end gives a great feeling of weariness – the weariness you no doubt felt in Italy there. It depresses me, of course – the long, long indictment of our civilisation, the strange focussing of female power, upon object after object, in the process of decreation or uncreation: as a sort of revenge for the compulsion of birth and procreation – becomes in the end like a sandhill slipping down on one. *Ce ne finira jamais!* It is as if the hourglass of time were reversed, and the sands of an eternity were streaming backwards down on us. The struggle with the sands of

time is worse than useless Let the soft dry deluge continue, out of the reversed heavens *C'est la femme*

Tony's mother was your enemy – so she too is gone¹ – and I shall never see her look up at me again, sharply, as I sit in the car with so much sharp understanding – and with so pathetically little, since our psyche is equipped with a whole extra box of tools

Bobby Jones' letter doesn't strike me as a pure bronze resonance of sincerity To my feeling, it would be a bit cruel to bring Tony to Europe But you will do what your doom makes you do, so why *ragionare*? Jung is very interesting, in his own sort of fat muddled mystical way Although he may be an initiate and a thrice-sealed adept, he's soft somewhere, and I've no doubt you'd find it fairly easy to bring his heavy posterior with a bump down off his apple-cart I think Gourdjeff would be a tougher nut

We leave here on Tuesday, and stay a few days in Paris, on our way to Florence It is warm and sunny and autumnal, as I remember it in 1915 when we lived for a few months here in Hampstead I have seen a few of the old people and yesterday the Louis Untermyers extraordinary, the *ewige Jude*, by virtue of not having a real core to him, he is eternal *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* that is the whole history of the Jew, from Moses to Untermyer and all by virtue of having a little pebble at the middle of him, instead of an alive core

The autumn sounds very lovely in Taos and at the ranch Part of me wishes I was there – part doesn't I heard from Rachel Hawk she had left Hope Brett will manage all right alone

I suppose we shall be at the Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Florence, by the first week in October The grape harvest won't all be over

Remember me to everybody You ought to number the pages of at least the sections of your MS

Bobby Jones not the golf player, but the scene designer Robert Edmond Jones

*To Nancy Pearn, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Florence, Italy,
9 October 1926*

Dear Miss Pearn Here we are back at home – nice to sit in the big empty rooms and be peaceful They finished bringing in the grapes on Wednesday, so the whole place smells sourish, from the enormous vats of grapes

downstairs, waiting to get a bit squashy, for the men to tread them out

I am thinking about my own activities I shall try just to do short stories and smaller things Do you think any of the papers or magazines would care for me to do a review now and then? They could choose the book But they'd have to make it clear, whether I could say what I wanted or not

And now, don't be very bored if I inflict a little burden on you A friend to whom we are under a bit of an obligation in friendship, asks me if I can offer this sketch of hers to some periodical But I don't know any periodicals Do you think it's any good trying it anywhere? If not, just tell me, and I can hand on your verdict

Where did you go in Derbyshire? I was even there myself, but on the Matlock and Chesterfield side, for a bit I hope you're feeling good and brisk Here it is hot and sultry – shouldn't mind a breath of cold air

Greetings from us both
[P S] Just got your letter about the *Tribune* and critical articles I should quite like to do any book that they think would be my line – only they would need to specify the book and the kind of article they want

To Mabel Luthan, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 9 October 1926

My dear Mabel Your letter and the sketch came yesterday I will offer the sketch to some magazine, but don't know if they'll take it It's not really very good not nearly so good as your Memoirs As soon as you try writing from the imagination, not recording your own actual impressions, you become amateurish Yet the most part of the Memoirs is not amateurish at all, very much to the point

Richard Aldington says why not bequeath the *Intimate Memories* to the *Académie Française* There they would be quite safe, and sure to be published some time – But I myself know nothing about it

By the way, did Frieda ask you to send an Indian bracelet to Arabella – Mrs Aldington? I only heard of it yesterday Don't you be bothered about it I don't see why Frieda troubles you, for such a thing And if you *did* happen to send one, let me know what it cost. It's not *your* present to Arabella, *mon Dieu*! But if you haven't done anything about it, *don't*!

I do feel it's rather rash of Brett to have a motor car, in that country,

on those roads, and with her deafness But I suppose there is a special kind of providence for such cases

We got back here four days ago They were just finishing the *vendemmia* It is hot, rather sultry – I shouldn't mind a little rain. I suppose Taos is all blue and gold It is very lovely out there much lovelier than here If it weren't for a certain queer exalted or demonish *tension* in the atmosphere, I would so much rather be there than here Italy, humanly, isn't very interesting nowadays Fascism, whatever it does, spreads the grand blight of boredom But I suppose we shall stay here at least till spring – Remember me to everybody!

[P S] Many thanks for *Lolly Willowes* I found it here It was good, in a small way, and true Only, like everybody else, she didn't know *how* to be a witch Sabbaths and talks with Satan are all beside the point Being a witch is a much more serious and strenuous matter

Do you remember, by the way, the owl Manby sent over? Is he just the same?

To Rolf Gardiner, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 11 October 1926

Dear Rolf Gardiner We got tired of London and of feeling cooped up, and came back here It is rather lovely, very warm, like summer, grape harvest just finished, and enough room in the house to spread oneself

I wonder very much what your singing tour was like, and still more, what the Schleswig camp will be like Let me know I am sympathetic, fundamentally, but I feel how very hard it is to get anything *real* going Until a few men have an active feeling that the world, the social world, can offer little or nothing any more, and until there can be some tangible desire for a new sort of relationship between people, one is bound to beat about the bush It is difficult not to fall into a sort of preciousness and a sort of faddism

I think, one day, I shall take a place in the country, somewhere, where perhaps one or two other men might like to settle in the neighbourhood, and we might possibly slowly evolve a new rhythm of life learn to make the creative pauses, and learn to dance and to sing together, without stunting, and perhaps also publish some little fighting periodical, keeping fully alert and alive to the world, living a different life in the midst of it, not merely apart You see, one cannot suddenly decapitate oneself If

barren idealism and intellectualism are a curse, it's not the head's fault. The head is really a quite sensible member, which knows what's what or *must* know. One needs to establish a fuller relationship between oneself and the universe, and between oneself and one's fellow man and fellow woman. It doesn't mean cutting out the 'brothers-in-Christ' business simply: it means expanding it into a full relationship, where there can be also physical and passionate meeting, as there used to be in the old dances and rituals. We have to know how to go out and meet one another, upon the third ground, the holy ground. You see, you yourself go out intensely in the spirit, as it were, to meet some fellow men. But another part of yourself, the fighting and the passionate part, never issues – it seems to me – from its shell. I may be all wrong, don't take any notice if I am. We need to come forth and meet in the essential physical self, on some third holy ground. It used to be done in the old rituals, in the old dances, in the old fights between men. It could be done again. But the intelligent soul has to find the way in which to do it: it won't do itself. One had to be most intensely conscious – but not intellectual or ideal.

Let us think about it, and make some sort of start if it becomes possible. No use rushing into anything. If one can be sensible oneself, one will become the focus, or node, of a new sensibility.

Anyhow, tell me about the Schleswig camp.

To Robert Atkins, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 16 October 1926

Dear Atkins. I enclose the music I have written out for *David*. It is very simple – needs only a pipe, tambourines, and a tom-tom drum. I hope it will do. ✓

Let me know when you get the thing going a bit. I hope I can come to London and help, later, if you think it really worthwhile. If only one can get that feeling of primitive religious passion across to the London audience. If not, it's no good.

I'm wondering what sort of cast you are planning.

Robert Atkins, long associated with the Old Vic as actor and director, was producing *David* in London, the music Lawrence refers to has been published in *A D H Lawrence Miscellany* (1959).

To S S Koteliānsky, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 17 October 1926

My dear Kot It's a fortnight tomorrow since we got back – we stayed a couple of days in Lausanne, Frieda caught the gastric flu which everybody had in Paris But she's better – And it is nice to be here in the big quiet rooms again, no traffic and no bothers It is still very warm, at midday hot but heavy mists in the morning Lovely weather, though The peasants finished the *vendemmia* two days after we got here – but the wine is still to be made – I haven't told anybody in Florence that we are back, yet It's so nice to be still

I heard from Gertie, she has gained two pounds and a half in weight – but they are still keeping her in bed

✓ I sent off the music to David the other day Wonder if you'll recognise the prophets singing 'Ranāné Sadikim' But it won't sound the same – Wonder if they'll make anything of the play, anyhow I don't feel very sanguine ✓

Will you send me the [Bonamy] Dobrée's number in Well Walk, when you write, so I have their address I liked them – him too

And don't forget, if you want to borrow some money, you can borrow from me as from the Lord, who doesn't mention payment till the Judgment Day, when all is over

How is Sonia by now? quite well I hope And Ghita, at Oxford, getting more superior every day, I'll bet

There is an enormous fusillade going on in the *boschi* – shooting little birds as they go south – *vivi pericolosamente*! must have been intended for the *uccellini*! à la St Francis – *Saluti*!

'Ranāné Sadikim' was one of Koteliānsky's Hebrew chants, after which Lawrence named his ideal colony Rananim

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,
18 October 1926

Dear Brett So you are really driving your car all alone, up to the ranch! I hope you say a proper prayer every time you start her, for it seems to me risky And you are more or less alone on the ranch! If it gets monotonous, shut the place up Anyhow it's a mercy you can go down to Mabel's for a change You seem to have quite a busy time of it one way and another

We have been here a fortnight now, stayed a day or two in Paris, and two days in Lausanne. In London we saw Kot and Gertler – I did not see Muriy Kot just the same, only very haid up – Gertler working away. He says he is well, but he doesn't seem to me to have much stamina. He and Mrs Dobrée are friends. But the Dobrées are probably going to Cairo, where Bonamy will be professor of English for three years. I liked him, Dobrée, and her too. I don't think we saw any new people. Mrs Farbman had had appendicitis, but is better after the operation, and Ghita is at Oxford, studying to go to Girton or Somerville or wherever it is. Frieda saw Ottoline – I didn't. She said she found her a little faded.

It is quite hot here, like summer, except that the mornings are misty. One can go about in thin things, and leave all the windows open, which is very nice. I haven't yet ordered the wood for the stoves. But I must do so. We live very quietly – I haven't yet told anybody in Florence that we are back. I feel how nice it is, in the soft, sunny days that are already none too long, to see nobody, but just leisurely drift one's way. I do very little work of any sort. I wrote down the music to *David*. Did I tell you I more or less promised to go to London for September [December?] for the play? But I shall see, when the time draws near, if it seems worth it. ✓

This is a pretty, hilly part of Tuscany. The little pink cyclamens are out in the woods, the pines smell sweet, the 'cacciatori' are banging away all day at the little birds, like the fools and the countrymen of St Francis that they are.

You said you had some suggestion from Mabel for my private ear. I wonder what it is!

I haven't heard from the Brewsters lately. He gave me the address Thomas Cook, Athens – for the end of October.

I wonder if it's cold yet, at the ranch. The nights are, I suppose. Does the ditch run?

Aldous Huxley just telegraphed, asking us to lunch Friday. I thought he was in Cortina. So this starts Florence again! I do hope all is well!

To Gertrude Cooper, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 28 October 1926

Aldous Huxley, a writer, and his wife came for the day, in their fine new car. They want me to buy their old car, which is perfectly good. But I won't bother myself learning to drive, and struggling with a machine. I've no desire to scud about the face of the country myself. It is much pleasanter to go quietly into the pinewoods and sit and do there what bit of work I do. Why rush from place to place?

To Montague Weekley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, [231 October 1926]

[Frieda]

Dear Monty. It was nice to get your letter, and I'm glad you are feeling better – From my window I can see a procession of lights going along, some saint's day or other. Lawrence goes into the woods to write, he is writing a short long story, always breaking new ground, the curious class feeling this time or rather the soul against the body, no I don't explain it well, the *animal* part [Lawrence's addition: Ooay! Eureka!] – What are you doing? We are just getting such a jolly room ready, white and lovely stuffs you get in Florence and the sun shines in all day [Lawrence (some days)], warm as toast! O dear and you are sitting over horrid gasfires and dark England [Lawrence: *Povermo!*] But next spring we'll take a place in England and you must come for weekends and we'll have a connected life. Lawrence wants it too, wants to see something of the younger generation. I hope Elsa really has done the right thing and won't be bored with her Teddy [Seaman] – Don't be too Spartan, but keep a steady core in yourself, but you'll get bored with my preaching – The Huxleys came, very nice, he but such a weed, 'Weh Dir, dass Du ein Enkel bist,' Lawr said, and she was one of Lady Ottoline's protégées and never got over it. Lawrence says, he'll say a word, *do* come at Xmas if you can! – your mother

[Lawrence]

Dear Monty. Your Ma is wonderful at giving advice, and even more wonderful at taking it! In which latter, I think you're like her.

I haven't heard any more from those Stage Society people, so don't know if we shall come to London in December, for the play. I emphatically don't want to, but 'England expects,' etc. What about your coming here with Mistress Barby at Christmas time? If we're here, it

might be fun Your Ma is pining for somebody to think the house is grand she gets no satisfaction out of me, that way Anyhow it's Sunday evening, we sit in the kitchen with the lamp on the table, you! Mother eats a persimmon with a spoon and offers me 'the other one' – while I write So much for grandeur – I have painted windowframes by the mile, doors by the acre, painted a chest of drawers till it turned into a bureau, and am not through, by a long chalk This is living heroically *à la* Frieda Mussolini says, *Vivi pericolosamente*! and then makes millions of laws against anybody who takes a pot shot at him *Siamo così* Hope you're well!

This was apparently written on the eve of All Saints' Day, the 'short long story' mentioned by Frieda was probably *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which Lawrence had just begun writing

To Maria and Aldous Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,
11 November 1926

Dear Maria and Aldous Many thanks for the photographs I think *gli autori* figure too often

I've already painted a picture on one of the canvases I've hung it up in the new *salotto* I call it the 'Unholy Family,' because the *bambino* – with a *nimbus* – is just watching anxiously to see the young man give the semi-nude young woman *un gros baiser Molto moderno!*

Hope it's nice at Cortina – it has emptied rain on us for days – but there's a clear moon this evening

Haven't seen a soul No news – *Tante còse*

To Curtis Brown, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 13 November 1926

Dear CB I wrote to Seltzer – I'll send you a copy of the letter Yes, he annoyed me too, with his tone!

The *Glad Ghosts* half-dozen came from Benns Many thanks for your trouble

What I feel about Secker is that he is so obscure, and his range is so definitely, and, I'm afraid, for ever limited and circumscribed I like him personally I don't want to leave him But I feel that, even for *his* sake, if I am ever to get a wider public, some other publisher will have to help break down the fence There's that to be thought of

I'll copy out Seltzer's letter – mine to him, I mean I don't want to do anything, with publishers, you don't know of from me

To Thomas Seltzer [?from Villa Mirenda, 213 November 1926]

Dear Thomas Your letter, with Adele's, came a week ago I don't know why it took so long – I had, in all conscience, to ask Curtis Brown his opinion I can't promise to come back to you, not now at least – You say you will pay me the arrears if I come back, but not if I don't which is a sort of threat And you know why I left you because you left *me* quite in the dark – And Adele says I am to come back with a best seller under my arm When I have written *Sheik II* or *Blondes Prefer Gentlemen*, I'll come Why does anybody look to me for a best seller? I'm the wrong bird

I'm awfully sorry things went to pieces Blame me, if you like, for leaving you But blame yourself, now as ever, for not knowing how to be simple, and open with me

And I do hope you will get rich one day – honestly I do

To Richard Aldington, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 17 November 1926

Dear Richard Could you find out for Mabel Luhan *how* she might set about to leave her MSS of her Memoirs in the hands of the *Académie Française* It contains *such* things – and about so many living and known people – she is sure, if she happens to die, it will be destroyed So she wants to leave it somewhere safe, and where it will have a chance ultimately of seeing the day – I wish you'd write direct to her and tell her how to proceed – Mrs Mabel Luhan *Taos* New Mexico USA And then she's pretty sure also to send Arabella that Indian bracelet which would be nice I'm sorry to bother you

It's so hot here, hotter than when you were here – and sunny – the wild strawberries are coming out in a profusion of flowers Uncanny! – How are you both?

To Mabel Luhan, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 23 November 1926

My dear Mabel Your letter and the two Florentine sketches of [Gordon] Craig and Savage Landor The last two are quite well enough, if you don't do any more like them But you are losing the peculiar intimate

flow that the *Memories* have had so far, and are getting a bit hard and journalistic Perhaps people would like these two sketches very much – it's so smart and unhurt But the genuine throb is going out of them – Don't write if you're out of mood Don't force yourself And wait for grace

I wrote at once to Richard Aldington, as you seemed keen on the *Académie Française* idea, to ask him to write to you direct, as soon as he had found out about the business of procedure No doubt he will do so The other idea is to alter all the names, carefully, and print the thing yourself, not more than two hundred copies, and sell them by subscription to people you can really trust If you did it in Santa Fe – and did most of the work yourself – and didn't talk about it *at all* till it was finished, and then only very gradually – you could secure the distribution of two hundred copies – then print no more, at least for a time, but have the plates preserved – This would be very little more than showing the MS to people, as you have done less dangerous, perhaps – But a very good man to consult about this would be Harold T. Mason, The Centaur Bookshop, 1224 Chancellor St, Philadelphia Make it plain that it is not money you are after – and be careful You can do most things, if you obviously *do not want* to attract attention

I wish we could come over for a bit I wish I could come today It is rainy and heavily dull here I'd welcome even the snow at Taos But how can one take that long journey so wearying and so expensive, all at once We shall have to wait at least till March, and see then

Many thanks for the Voltaire book [by F. G. Tallentyre] – it interests me, but is sugared up horribly I detest the masturbating kind of style it is written in Afraid I've nothing serious to send you in return – only a story!

I shrink rather from trespassing on Edwin Dodge's preserves, at the Curonia Last time I heard of it, he'd got some impecunious American professor and family living there – How can I go and tread on their toes? It is known as Mr Dodge's villa now Imagine my butting in! – It's not merely your abandoned relic, remember

We live very quietly here, see far less company than you do at Taos Sometimes I wish things were a little more convivial But one has to take life as one finds it, and the kind of conviviality one *does* get doesn't help much

I wouldn't worry about Bynner – he's a belated sort of mosquito
Don't write your Memoirs unless you're really in the swing And if
you've had enough of Florence, finish that part off now

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 24 November 1926

My dear Brett In your last it was already snow at the ranch makes one shiver, yet the space and sunshine are lovely Your letters are very good, telling one what happens You seem so social, so many people, – far more social out there in the desert than we here on the skirts of Florence Mabel says too you have fixed yourself up a little place down there, in which to type That is a good idea And very nice for you to be earning a bit Twenty-five cents is good yes, you saved me a lot, doing my typing Now, I do myself what bit is done But it's very little

If I don't write very often, there is no news The weather is rainy, with thunder, and misty, and not cold We are mostly alone Our neighbours have gone into Florence because she, Mrs Wilkinson, is so tired of cooking She did extremely little, – but no doubt you will sympathise with her So we sit alone on the hill, now, save for the peasants We've got the winter sitting-room ready – quite nice and comfortable, and a good warm stove, not a pig, and a good load of wood So as far as material comforts go, we are all right I have been very well – till this week, have got a cold, with all the wetness, I suppose When it's fine enough, I go into the woods to write a bit I'm doing a little novel – laid in the Midlands, in England – I do hope to break it off quite soon, keep it quite short But lately it's been too wet to sit out From the balcony we can see the wide yellow floods in the Arno valley – I hate over-much sloppy water, it is lugubrious

I've not been in Florence for a fortnight Then I saw Reggie Turner Like most people there he's going rather rapidly to pieces. Really, he's getting quite gaga! The town has a bad effect on one I am glad to be in the country

I would love to be able to stride over to the ranch, and Taos, for a bit for the clear air, and a ride on Aaron, and a sight of the mountains, and to get away from Europe just for a bit I feel my life is really over here, – not in America But at times one feels Europe very soggy and heavy – it would be marvellous if one could just fly over to New Mexico, now

for instance Even to sit in Mabel's big room, in one of the chairs, near the big fire, and hear the snow drip outside – and put on a sheepskin and go over to José's corral, yes, I should like it very much indeed *Ma è troppo lontano, troppo lontano, muy lejos!* I've forgotten my Spanish

I'm glad you and Mabel are friends It is very wise to recognise those 'bouts' as sheer hysteric sickness, and treat them as such It leaves at least tracts of safe ground And friendship today is a difficult thing, we are inwardly more isolated, and the pegs that hold us firm are much more wobbly, than in Voltaire's day Somehow, for friendship today one has to be sadly disembodied And though Voltaire liked being disembodied, I dislike it very much

I am reading the *Life* It is interesting but also false, far too jammy Voltaire had made, acquired for himself, by the time he was my age, an *income* of £3000 – equivalent at least to an income of twelve thousand pounds today How had he done it? It means a capital of two hundred thousand pounds Where had it come from? Ask yourself? But that man Tallentyre is a cunning, underhand biographer, who knows that women eat nothing but candy

I have started painting, quite seriously, on my own Maria Huxley – did I tell you, she came with Aldous? – brought me some canvases that her brother had daubed on surely the worst beginning that man ever made I've done a nice biggish picture – that is, I like it – a man and woman in a pink room, and a child looking up – modern Now I'm going to do a long one, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards by $\frac{3}{4}$ yard – of Boccaccio's story of the gardener and the nunnery It's rather fun, discovering one can paint one's own ideas and one's own felings – and a change from writing

The Huxleys seem very bored They are living pro-tem up in Cortina, north of Venice, in the higher mountains, because their child is supposed to have a lung And they are very lonely – nobody there – and the voyage round the world seems to have taken the last gasp of breath out of Aldous' long body Maria looks like a *very* small edition of Ottoline. like Ottoline's Cinderella daughter – same peculiar long cheeks, and rather nice eyes I liked her, too I wish they lived a bit nearer so that I could walk over and see them – but they think of coming to live in Florence next summer They arrived here in a very grand new motor car, Maria driving

I'm interested to know what will happen down at Del Monte. It all

seems very unsettled and rather unreal I don't believe Rachel and William would stay happily at the ranch, even if the old man were gone for ever Does Rasmussen make it pay at all? He sounds rather jolly

I haven't heard from the London friends for some time – save Kot – very dismal, feels he may have to do a job before long, to have money to live on But they don't seem to me very real

Earl wrote, still from India – and a little more complacent this time He'd got his liver right, and seems to have managed to rise superior to the Hindoos He feared for some time, they had no *breadth* Now he doubts very severely whether they have even *depth* In fact, whether they're not the most negligible of all people!

How American that is! When they find the other party is not à l'*Américaine*! – they are sure to find it utterly negligible

Earl says the Grecian isle, Syra, is now the paradise of his imagination How rash he is, always to take a ticket, first class, to his Paradise! But that is American too That's why they travel so much I suppose they will go to Syra by January at least I should like very much to go to Greece – it appeals to me just now It needs money, though, like everything else, and I may have to go to England end of February They have postponed *David* The producer faked it So the 300 Club are playing *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd* in mid-December and they have put *David* down for mid-March I shan't go to England for *Mrs Holroyd* – too wintry but I feel I must go and give a helping hand to *David* So, if I must go to England in February, I shan't go to Greece, and that's that! However, it's still November ✓

I feel you've got quite a full and interesting life out there – and am very glad It will be a grand test if you can really pull off a winter successfully with Mabel – without the 'snarl of souls,' as the poem said.

By the way, any news of Spud?

Tante belle còse, e buòn auguri!

To Rolf Gardiner, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 3 December 1926

Dear Gardiner I was glad to get your letter – wondered often about the Baltic meeting – sounds a bit dreary I think it's hardly worthwhile trying anything deliberately international – the start at home is so difficult But the song-tour sounded splendid

I'm sure you are doing the right thing, with hikes and dances and songs. But somehow it needs a central clue, or it will fizzle away again. There needs a centre of silence, and a heart of darkness – to borrow from Rider Haggard [Coniad?] We'll have to establish some spot on earth, that will be the fissure into the underworld, like the oracle at Delphos, where one can always come to. I will try to do it myself. I will try to come to England and make a place – some quiet house in the country – where one can begin – and from which the hiker, maybe, can branch out. Some place with a big barn and a bit of land – if one has enough money. Don't you think that is what it needs? And then one must set out and learn a deep discipline – and learn dances from all the world, and take whatsoever we can make into our own. And learn music the same, mass music, and canons, and wordless music like the Indians have. And try – keep on trying. It's a thing one has to feel one's way into. And perhaps work a small farm at the same time, to make the living cheap. It's what I want to do. Only I shrink from beginning. It is most difficult to begin. Yet, I feel in my inside, one ought to do it. You are doing the right things, in a skirmishing sort of way. But unless there is a headquarters, there will be no continuing. You yourself will tire. What do you think? If I did come to England to try such a thing, I should depend on you as the organiser of the activities, and the director of activities. About the dances and folk music, you know it all, I know practically nothing. We need only be even two people, to start. I don't believe either in numbers, or haste. But one has to drive one's peg down to the centre of the earth – or one's root – it's the same thing. And there must also be work connected – I mean earning a living – at least earning one's bread.

✓ I'm not coming to England for *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd*. I begin to hate journeys – I've journeyed enough. Then my health is always risky. You remember the devil's cold I got coming to England in August. I've always had chest-bronchial trouble and pneumonia after-effects – so have to take care. ✓

How well I can see Hucknall Torkard and the miners! Didn't you go into the church to see the tablet, where Byron's heart is buried? My father used to sing in the Newstead Abbey choir, as a boy. But I've gone many times down Hucknall Long Lane to Watnall – and I like Watnall Park – it's a great Sunday morning walk. Some of my happiest days I've spent haymaking in the fields just opposite the S. side of Greasley

church – bottom of Watnall Hill – adjoining the vicarage Miriam's father hired those fields If you're in those parts again, go to Eastwood, where I was born, and lived for my first 21 years Go to Walker St – and stand in front of the third house – and look across at Crich on the left, Underwood in front – High Park woods and Annesley on the right I lived in that house from the age of 6 to 18, and I know that view better than any in the world Then walk down the fields to the Breach, and in the corner house facing the stile I lived from 1 to 6 And walk up Engine Lane, over the level-crossing at Moorgreen pit, along till you come to the highway (the Alfreton Rd) – turn to the left, towards Underwood, and go till you come to the lodge gate by the reservoir – go through the gate, and up the drive to the next gate, and continue on the *footpath* just below the drive on the left – on through the wood to Felley Mill (the *White Peacock* farm) When you've crossed the brook, turn to the right through Felley Mill gate, and go up the footpath to Annesley Or better still, turn to the right, uphill, *before* you descend to the brook, and go on uphill, up the rough deserted pasture – on past Annesley Kennels – long empty – on to Annesley again That's the country of my heart From the hills, if you look across at Underwood wood, you'll see a tiny red farm on the edge of the wood That was Miriam's farm – where I got my first incentive to write I'll go with you there some day

I was at my sister's in September, and we drove round – I saw the miners – and pickets – and policemen – it was like a spear through one's heart I tell you, we'd better buck up and do something for the England to come, for they've pushed the spear through the side of *my* England If you are in that district, anywhere near Ripley, do go and see my sister, she'd love it Her husband has a tailor's shop and outlying tailor's trade amongst the colliers They've 'got on,' so have a new house and a motor car But they're nice Mis W E Clarke, 'Torestin,' Gee St, Ripley (Derby)

Ripley is about 6 miles from Eastwood, by tram-car

You should do a hike, from Nottingham – Nuttall – Watnall – Moorgreen reservoir – Annesley – Bledworth or Papplewick and across Sherwood Forest, Ollerton, and round perhaps to Newark And another do, Langley Mill to Ripley, Ripley to Wingfield Manor (one of my favourite ruins), Crich, and then down to Whatstandwell and up again to Alderswasley and so to Bole Hill and Wirksworth and over Via Gellia,

or keep on the high ground from Crich and go round Tansley Moor round to Matlock Bridge, or where you like But it's real England – the hard pith of England I'll walk it with you one day

Tell me what you think of *Mrs Holroyd*, if you see it

If they give *David* in mid-march, I shall come to England in mid-February Then I hope to see you properly .

Keep the idea of a *centre* in mind – and look out for a house – not dear, because I don't make much money, but something we might gradually build up

[P S] 'Mrs Holroyd' was an aunt of mine – she lived in a tiny cottage just up the line from the railway-crossing at Brinsley, near Eastwood My father was born in the cottage in the quarry hole just by Brinsley level-crossing But my uncle built the old cottage over again – all spoilt There's a nice path goes down by the cottage, and up the fields to Coney Grey farm – then round to Eastwood or Moorgreen, as you like

To Esmé Percy, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 19 December 1926

'Dear Mr Percy Mrs [Geoffrey] Whitworth sent me photographs and press-cuttings of your production of *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd* I dearly wish I could have been there You seem to have done the thing so well, and the actors, especially Miss [Marda] Vann, seem to have put such heart into it What a bore that the audience and the critics didn't like it! – Anyhow they all say plainly it was my fault – which no doubt it was for an audience and a critic is always the same perfection unto itself – Why do they never have the grace to say But alas, perhaps I was an inefficient listener!

I have to confess it's years since I read the play myself I wrote it fifteen years ago, when I was raw Probably they're quite right when they say that the last act is too much taken up with washing the dead, instead of getting on a bit with life I bet that would be my present opinion If you've a moment to spare, tell me, will you, what you think – and what Miss Vann thinks – And then, if ever the play were to be done again, I'd re-model the end. I feel I should want to

I should really be grateful for your criticism, and for that of any of the actors who wouldn't mind telling me how they feel

Meanwhile many thanks to you and Miss Vann and Colin Keith-

Johnston and the others who did what they could, and evidently made the play live, even if there was no making it please the audience
[P S] One of my friends thought the grandmother whined too much – and somebody else said Holroyd wasn't big enough, not the type – but people all have their own fancies ✓

Esmé Percy had produced *Mrs Holroyd* at the Kingsway Theatre, London

To Dr Trigant Burrow, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 'Christmas Day',

1926

Dear Dr Burrow Many thanks for the paper – 'Psychoanalysis in Theory and in Life' It's the first thing I've read for a long time that isn't out to bully somebody in some way or other It is true, the essential self is so simple – and nobody lets it be But I wonder you ever get anybody to listen to you My experience of people is, as soon as they think themselves clever enough to read a book or hear a lecture, they will only pay attention to some bullying suggestion in which they can take part – or against which they can raise an equally bullying protest Really one gets sick of people – they can't let be And I, who loathe sexuality so deeply, am considered a lurid sexuality specialist *Mi fa male allo stomaco!* But I was really glad to hear a real peaceful word for once, You never thought you were writing a *Noel, Noel!* carol, did you? But sometimes your sentences are like Laocoon snakes, one never knows where the head is, nor the tail

Tell me some time – it seems rude – what old nation you belong to – England? Wales? surely not Jewish at all (that's not prejudice – only the psychology isn't Jewish) – Best wishes for the New Year

To Maria Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Italy, 28 December 1926

Dear Maria Glad you got the book We had a Christmas tree and all the peasants – 27 of them! They liked it, and were nice Then we had the Wilkinsons out one evening, but have seen nobody else I find I'm best alone – unless I can choose rather squeamishly, but perhaps it's not really good for one

✓ We shall stay here if not howked out I shall probably have to go to London for the play *David* at end of February ✓ But probably shall come

back here I like it here I told you we'd fixed up the *salotto* nice and warm, with matting and stove going and Vallombrosa chairs If you find a villa, find one between here and Galuzzo, if you can, so I can walk over

I meant to thank you properly for those canvases, they were such a boon My Boccaccio picture of the nuns and the gardener is finished – very nice and, as Wilkinson says Well, not exactly *nice*! – on the long canvas – and the third picture, the 'Fight with an Amazon,' is nearly done So you see how you set me up! I'm really grateful

I hope Aldous is flourishing – and the boy I see odd bits about him – *père*, not *fils* – in the papers – but journalists are all *canaille*

✓ Which reminds me, they played my *Widowing of Mrs Holroyd* and I believe they hated it, and somebody says I ought to write about the class I come from, I've no right to venture into the Peerage – people educated above their class, etc ! O *tra-la-la!* *La gente invidiosa è la bestia più mal-educata ancora* Come mai! ✓

1927

Lawrence in March and April goes on his walking tour of the Etruscan tombs with his friend Earl Brewster, Lawrence's posthumous book, *Etruscan Places* (1932), is the outcome of this trip. At the Villa Mirinda he continues to work at *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the essays that will comprise his posthumously published *Assorted Articles* (1930). *Mornings in Mexico* is published in July. From August to October the Lawrences visit Austria and Germany.

To E. H. Brewster, from Villa Mirinda, Scandicci, Italy, 2 January 1927

Dear Earl: Your Syra letter just came! – What a blow! – vegetable market-gardening, of all things!

Why don't you try this region? – it's very lovely, and *no foreigners*, and *beautiful* painting country – lovely old villas on each Tuscan hill – no doubt we could find you one for about 5000 lias a year – our friends are just taking a *villino* across the hill for 3000 a year – *such* nice painting country. Let me know, and I'll ask about the Villa Bianca. The best would be to say you'd go away for July and August – it is full of *villeggiatura*. Italians then – we go to England – But I know Achsah doesn't like north of Rome. I find I like this unspoilt Tuscany very much. The tram comes to Vigone in $\frac{1}{2}$ hour – and then we walk two kilometres – and there are pine woods, open and free, and beautiful.

I myself have taken to painting – quite bigish canvases – but figures mostly nude. Wonder what you'd say to 'em! – At Florence the Pensione Lucchesi is quite decent, 40 a day if you arrange. Hope you're all right – *Buoni auguri*

To Mabel Luhan, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 17 January 1927

My dear Mabel We got the parcel of books and herbs yesterday very nice of you to send them The herbs smell so strong of Taos when we went into the *trattoria* at Vingone, the *padrona* kept sniffing *ces'è? ma cos'è questo profumo?* – and we had to open the parcel and give her a bit

I went to the Curonia a week ago with Orioli We thought we'd be able to get in, without that Romanelli, who must be a marvellous thief, asking you \$700, when \$70 must be nearer the mark But we could find nobody – house shut up, cypress avenue empty and *triste* – the whole place of a *tristezza da morire*, though a lovely day On the big terrace a fat marble baby lying flat, but its tootsies broken off and your old stone dogs! After ages we found Pietro – he's very nice – remembers you *affettuosamente* [Harold] Acton had been up and told him you were *dead* – great blow to him But he had corrected that He and his wife are quite alone at the Curonia, and he says it is *molto triste* I gave him money, as from you, and he sent you *ringraziamenti e ricordi no? – e tante cose, alla Signora Mabl!* I liked him He told me how you made him do things, *alla mòda Americana, subito, subito Pietro! Epò!, quando era fatto* When he'd done it – it was some sort of a rockery – you came and said *Pietro, ho sbagliato Porta tutto via* I can see it all We went in the downstairs servants' rooms, cold and sad, but all the fine copper pans! Pietro hadn', the keys of the living rooms – only that Romanelli It is like Edwin Dodge to get into the hands of a swindler I hear Edwin D wants \$100,000 for the villa – which is liras two and a half million He'll never get it Lucky if he gets half It's a lovely place, but sad, and oh, the cost of upkeep nowadays! You've no idea! I shall go again as soon as there's a fine day and get the Romanelli and really look at the books According to Pietro, they are not so *very* many – a few *quintali* – and the heaviest are great bound vols of magazines Do you want those?

How did you like Buffalo? You'll be back now Tell Brett Brewster is here for a day or two, looking round for a villa but Achsah wants to *buy* one, near Rome – but not more than \$6000 Achsah and Harwood are in Capri

Did you get the ribbons? How is Tony?

To Mrs Emily King, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 'Tuesday'
[?18 January 1927]

My dear Pamela It is awfully upsetting about that operation of Gertie's [Cooper] One doesn't even know whether to advise her to have it or not My word, it's a hard fate some people have! We ought to count ourselves lucky, when no more ails us than does ail us – By the way, how is Sarah Ann? Is she avoiding the hospital?

I'm glad Joan is keeping better Thank heaven, I've been pretty well so far And perhaps now we shall have a spell of good weather, we've had bad long enough Today is lovely, brilliant sun I'm just going down to Scandicci, so shall go by the valley, by the stream, and see if the wild narcissi are out yet Those in the garden are in flower

Like you, I've got no news Brewster, from Capri, was here for a day or two They're just back from India He went chasing Buddha, and didn't find him in fact, found less of him in India than in Europe So now he's a bit down in the mouth But what do people want with Buddha or Jesus or those old heroes nowadays any more than with Julius Caesar or Isis! It's all part of the past, and isn't really vital today So now the Brewsters are looking for another house in Italy They gave up the Quattro Venti in Capri

I wish you'd send some tea If you've not got Orange Pekoe, send *two pounds of good China* – I don't mind if it's rather dear – by *parcel* post It'll be best if the tea is in a made-up tin, or two pound tins I bought $\frac{1}{4}$ lb of Ridgeways yesterday, and it cost 16 50 liras which is 3/6 which makes it 14/- a pound Monstrous! So send two pounds at once, and we'll see how it comes, and how much it works out at Let me know the cost, postage and all And if possible, send it in the ready packed tins or packets, so they can't steal it without detection

I'm just getting proofs of a little book of Red Indian and Mexican essays which should be out this spring – with photograph illustrations It'll be quite nice small

I told you I expect they'll do *David* in April, so I shouldn't come to London till end of March And Frieda's sister wants us to go for the summer to Bavaria That tempts me I've not been since the war And of course, the Taos people want us to go to the ranch We'll see later on Anyhow I shall be in England for the spring, I suppose

I've just finished my landscape of red willow trees and men bathing
I like it best, now It is fun to paint

Cynthia Asquith wants me to do a murder story – she wants to bring
out a murder book Bad to worse! I don't feel very murderous, either
So it remains to be seen if I do the story I do hope you're all keeping
well! Remember me to Peg! and Joan!

To Achsah Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 19 January 1927

Dear Achsah We were so pleased to see Earl, and though he only stayed
two days, it was very nice, and really friendly I think he's really got a lot
out of India this time – the very disillusion is valuable, and then the
glimpse of a new reality I felt you'd had rather an anxious and nervous
time of it, and am glad to think of you sitting safely in the Villa Giulia
Don't wander far afield again, it's a big nervous expenditure and you'll
have all the motives for your work that you need for the rest of your days

I wonder where you'll find a house I think your idea of buying a
place is a good one, so long as you *know* the locality and the spirit of
place – and so long as you don't saddle yourself with a big house
This locality is lovely, but I know you don't want to come north of
Rome, so won't press it And there is nothing to prevent *our* coming
south of Rome, later on It would be nice if we could be neighbours

We saw Magnelli and his work yesterday, and it was very interesting.
But today I feel as if some of the virtue had gone out of me These
modern artists, who make art out of antipathy to life, always leave me
feeling a little sick It is as if they used all their skill and their effort to
dress up a skeleton Magnelli has lovely colour, and design – but under-
neath it is all empty, he pins all his beauty on to a dead nothingness
What's the good I think I learned something from him – but rather,
what not to be, than what to be I'm afraid I am more modern even than
these artistic anarchists

Frieda sends many greetings to you, and is going to write – so she
says But she says it oftener than she does it I am hoping we may
all meet somewhere in the spring, in sunshine We'll surely make a little
trip south

Remember me to Harwood, who, according to Earl, is becoming a

real whopper She'll be charading now with the Reynolds Girls, and having still another good time Happy soul, she has so many!

I do hope you're feeling rested and yourself again I expect you have begun to work – Do you mind giving Earl these Lembo letters? – *arrivederci*

*To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Minenda, Scanduci,
20 January 1927*

Dear Brett This from Maria Huxley came today so I send it on I gave Brewster the second of your photographs He was here for three days, very much the same, but improved, really, by India He now has realised for good that a Bho-tree is probably phallic in shape, and that, of course, is a revolution He was supposed to be looking for a house Achsah and Harwood are in Anna di Chiara's frontispiece of a villa, the Villa Giulia-Anacapri, where they can stay till April 1st I think Achsah was scared stiff most of the time she was in India, and now would like to *buy* a house here in Italy Myself, I think, she's wise Earl was nice, we both liked him very much He's gone off back to Capri

Your last letter was a chapter from the book of Job, but you'll probably be in the Song of Songs or the 23rd Psalm by now That's the best, and the worst, of letters Of course Taos is lovely, very lovely in winter too I'd have loved to see the Christmas and New Year dances at the *pueblo* I'd love to ride Poppy in a race with Prince – but there you are, 6000 miles, a pot of money, and a great deal of travelling effort lie between, to say nothing of New York, which seems so paradisaical to Maria Huxley As for your coming to Europe, what's the good! We shall probably come to America soon

As regards weather, it's damp unpleasant winter, though today is sunny and nice I've kept very well, on the whole, have got a cold now, but if the sun will only shine, it will go I've been quite happy painting my pictures, and doing my novel I did a little small panel of a negro wedding in the jungle, which maybe I'll give you one day If not that, then another My 'Men Bathing,' and 'Red Willow Trees' is nearly done – how are your radishes? I shall be only too glad to have my eyes popping a bit I don't imagine Earl thought much of my pictures – but why should he? They're not modern enough – not *mâte* enough – not enough

'values' and colour for tone substitution. But I don't want those things, so *nemmeno mal e!* He took me to see a Florentine painter Alberto Magnelli – very self-important and arch-priestly, worse than Gertler, revealing to one the body of the very divinity very 'my work' – very clever work, quite lovely new colour and design, and inside it all nothing – emptiness, ashes, an old bone. All that labour and immense self-conscious effort, and real technical achievement, over the cremated ashes of an inspiration! It put me in a vile temper, which I'm still in, and made me long for a bolshevist revolution which won't come.

✓ I told you *David* is put off probably till April, so I expect to stay here till end of March, anyhow, unless we do some little trip here in Italy. Christine Hughes very nicely invites us to Rome, but I don't feel Romish either. ✓

Your little car seems to cost you a good deal of trouble, and I'm afraid, a lot of expense. I enclose fifty dollars on account of the horses' feed – but send me the whole bill. Did Mabel pay the taxes to Frayne? I like to know everything is straight.

I hear 12 Caprese sailed to America, all unknown to one another, from Naples on the *Mano Bianca* including the Brett-Young. So you will have Francis and Jessie with you in the States. He is to deliver 40 lectures. Better get him to give one in Taos, on culture in Anacapri.

The narcissus flowers are out in the garden, but not yet by the brook. The *contadini* call them *tassete!* little cups. Somehow I feel a certain inclination to go south for a bit. Perhaps it is Earl putting his will over me. Dobrée has gone to Cairo to be English lecturer there and offers us their flat if we go to London. She stays in Hampstead till September. I half believe Gertler is going to Spain. The Merry go Round! Murry, I hear, has a sort of pension from the government for three years, to write two books on Shakespeare. So that lamb of Jesus has again got the wind tempered for him, before he's shorn.

All the news – *hasta otra vez!*

To Gertrude Cooper, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 23 January 1927

My God, what a fight for life! It's no good trying to understand why these things should be. There's no explanation. One can only do one's best and then live or die. One is between the hammer and the anvil.

For myself, I daren't say either have the operation, or don't have it It worries me too much You must go way down into yourself, down till you really *feel* which would be right, to have it or not to have it And then abide by what you feel, in your own soul, would be the best

Eh, one wishes things were different But there's no help for it One can only do one's best, and then stay brave Don't weaken or fret – while we live, we must be game And when we come to die, we'll die game too Listen to the doctors carefully when they advise you But when it comes to deciding finally, decide out of your own real self

The days are already beginning to lengthen, and the narcissus flowers are out in the garden already but the little white wild ones, down by the stream, aren't out yet, nor the wild crocuses There are lots of Christmas roses wild, but they are greenish, they don't come really white, so they're not so pretty

We sat in the sun on the edge of the pine wood and listened to a shepherd playing a tin whistle – very badly They make the weirdest noises, to call the sheep grunts from the bottom of the stomach, then wildcat hisses I suppose it takes a peculiar sound to penetrate a sheep's stupid skull The leading sheep with the bell was called Laura 'Hoy! Laura! Hoy – a – Hoy! Grunt – squish – squee!' so the shepherd kept on at her And she, like an old maid, munched a bit, and tripped ahead, the rest trailing after her

The mountains, the Apennines, are covered with deep snow, and they look very beautiful, sweeping away to the north, the furthest up, at Carrara, glimmering faint and pinkish in the far, far distance And near at hand, the country lies in the sunshine, all open and rolling, with white buildings like dots here and there, and few people It is very different from England One day you must come and really get to know it On a day like today an odd butterfly comes flapping out, and there's a bee now and then The sun is strong enough I even saw the tail of a little lizard go whisking down a hole in the wall

Do you remember in Lynn Croft, when we used to have autograph albums, and put verses and little paintings in them? I can remember Frances chose for somebody's

But human bodies are such fools
For all their colleges and schools

That when no *real* ills perplex 'em
They make enough themselves to vex 'em

And I think that is so true When one gets a job like yours on hand, one thinks what fools people are, grouching and grizzling and making their lives a misery for nothing, instead of being thankful they've got off so lightly

I suppose they're warbling away in Eastwood Congregational Chapel at this moment! Do you remember, how we all used to feel so sugary about the vesper verse Lord keep us safe this night, secure from all our fears – Then off out into the dark, with Dicky Pogmore and the Chambers, and all the rest And how Alan used to love the lumps of mince-pie from the pantry And Frances did her hair up in brussels-sprouts and made herself a cup of Ovaltine or something of that sort! Sometimes it seems so far off! And sometimes it is like yesterday

To E H Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 6 February 1926

Dear Earl Long since I had your letter – glad you find the Villa Giulia nice Do you feel restored to Capri? and have you got a house there for yourselves? – Let me know – From the Villa Bianca I have heard not a single syllable Perhaps that little larvum of a man died outright, or went utterly speechless – It's quite lovely weather here now, but much snow on the mountains I find myself rather fond of this place I've only been in to Florence once since you left – one afternoon and saw nobody I knew Magnelli has not been to see me, and never will He didn't care for me nor I for him And when I think over his pictures, they seem to me pretentious rubbish, and about as formless as a paper-chase Why does one take these little people seriously, even for half an hour – I'm glad you like *Twilight in Italy* They seem to be liking it in England now, after twelve or thirteen years It takes them so long to creep up I am expecting a packet of *Davids* any day, and shall send you one the moment they come

You remember they are supposed to be producing *David* in London in April – in which case I ought to go to England end of March – which knocks our walk But perhaps they won't do it – and perhaps I shan't go I feel an infinite disgust at the idea of having to be there while the fools

mumble-pumble at the dialogue They ruined *Mrs Holroyd* by trailing out the last scene all wrong Why should I bother about them

There's no news this end – we go on very quietly I am in the thick of another picture 'Eve Regaining Paradise' Don't take alarm at a title – that's another bit of modern nervousness As for *mâte surface*, I find, for myself, I hate it I like to paint rather wet, with oil, so the colour slips about and doesn't look like dried bone, as Magnelli's pictures do And I'm not so conceited as to think that my marvellous ego and unparalleled technique will make a picture I like a picture to be a picture to the whole sensual self, and as such it must have a meaning of its own, and concerted action Thanks for telling about the hand and elbow you're right I love a bit of real advice

Tell me when there's any news – Oh, and if I owe Lembo anything I *do* want to pay it Did you speak to him – And did you order the money from America in English or Italian If in English, I'll put it to my English account, but if in Italian, I'll wait and not change much – *au revoir*

[P S] Dear Achsah – You are right to let Harwood read *Glad Ghosts* The sooner they read books that treat of sex *honestly* and with a bit of sincere reverence, the better for them, the young Their great danger is that they are flippant, impertinent and contemptuous to sex – that secret, dirty thing – till they've made a mess of it, and lost their chance – I hope you're working away gaily

My new novel is three parts done, and is so *absolutely* improper in words, and so really *good*, I hope, in spirit – that I don't know what's going to happen to it

*To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,
9 February 1927*

Dear Brett Horrid the time you had with [Carl] Van Vechten and [Andrew] Dasburg – there's a certain impotence about modern men, which runs to smuts But no good bothering The poor things have prurient itch Anyhow, I gather from Mabel's letter you are settled down and cosy again For my part, people don't mean much to me, especially casuals them I'd rather be without

So you're in snow again, gleaming! I don't care for snow It shines

so cold on the bottom of one's heart Here it's a fierce cold wind, olives splashing like water, but sunny I don't mind when the sun shines We are pretty comfortable indoors

Thanks for the Marriage book – what a feeble lot of compromises! It's no good talking about it marriage, like homes, will last while our social system lasts, because it's the thing that holds our system together But our system will collapse, and then marriage will be different – probably more tribal, men and women being a good deal apart, as in the old *pueblo* system, no little homes It all works back to individual property, even marriage is an arrangement for the holding of property together, a bore! But what a feeble lot of writers no guts! No balls, the the colliers would say That's how they are, though

I've nearly done my novel – shall let it lie and settle down a bit before I think of having it typed And I challenge you to a pictorial contest I'm just finishing a nice big canvas, Eve dodging back into Paradise, between Adam and the Angel at the gate, who are having a fight about it – and leaving the world in flames in the far corner behind her Great fun, and of course a *capolavoro*! I should like to do a middle picture, inside Paradise, just as she bolts in God Almighty astonished and indignant, and the new young God, who is just having a chat with the serpent, pleasantly amused, then the third picture, Adam and Eve under the tree of knowledge, God Almighty disappearing in a dudgeon, and the animals skipping Probably I shall never get them done If I say I'll do a thing, I never do it But I'll try And you too have a shot, if the subject tickles you The triptych! Tell Mabel I'll see about the books and let her know

I found the first violet yesterday – and the slope opposite is all bubbled over with little pale-gold bubbles of winter aconites *La Primavera*! Wonder how the horses are! Did you get the money for their feed? Tell me how much more

To A W McLeod, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 10 February 1927

Dear Mac Is Philip Smith already at retiring age? Heaven help us, how quick! I'm 41 – and you're about 43, aren't you? Why didn't you put in your news? Where are you now – are you a headmaster somewhere, gravely ruling? Lord, how queer it all seems! No, one never

forgets What one was, one is Only the years add so many other things, that my Addiscombe Rd self squirms when I look at it I was thinking of Philip Smith a few days ago when I saw the winter aconites in flower on the *poderi* He brought me the first I ever saw, from that place outside Croydon, where he lived I can see him now, laying it before me on the table in Standard VI *Tèmpi passati!* One of my troubled dreams, sleep-dreams, I mean, is that I'm teaching and that I've clean forgotten to mark the register, and the class has gone home! Why should I feel so worried about not having marked the register? But I do

How are you all? How are *you*? – and your mother? Do you still go down to Devon in the summer? How is Miss Mason? – and Aylwin, do you know? And with his wife who jeered at him? And is my landlord Jones still attendance officer? That baby I used to nurse must be nineteen now *Santo cielo, potrei essere nonno!* Tell me the news, but don't tell them all to write to me or I shan't know what to say

We are living here till the fit takes us to go and live somewhere else My wife sends *saluti!*

I enclose two quid for P S – don't know if it's the sort of 'fitting amount'

Do you ever see any of the boys of my period? I've never met a single one, in all my comings and goings

Did I swindle you out of those proofs? I'm so sorry I've quite forgotten I'll write out a poem when I think of one Now I've only a *Glad Ghosts* to send you

[P S] I send you also Coppard's poems which I find boring But you are more patient

Remember me nicely to Phillip Smith, he treated me always very decently

To E H Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 27 February 1927

Dear Earl Imagine your having to move again! But I'm among the people who like Ravello – though Cimbrone is a bit too much of a good thing Will you invite me? Frieda is probably going to Germany about the middle of March If you and Achsah ask me, I'll come to Ravello for a week or ten days, then we'll go on our walking trip I don't think I shall go to England Curse them, let them produce *David* as they like

Why should I mix myself up with them personally! I hate the very thought of them all

Or should we meet in Rome and look at those Etruscan tombs? If I asked Lord Berners, he'd motor us to them all and have extra permits. But he's so rich – such a huge Rolls Royce It goes dead against my stomach I simply *can't* stand people at close quarters Better tramp it our two selves What do you think?

I do think it's awfully important to be honest with oneself I don't see how one can even begin to be honest with other people And as I hate lying, I keep to myself as much as possible You and I are at the *âge dangereuse* for men when the whole rhythm of the psyche changes when one no longer has an easy flow outwards and when one rebels at a good many things It is as well to know the thing is physiological though that doesn't nullify the psychological reality One resents bitterly a certain swindle about modern life, and especially a sex swindle One is swindled out of one's proper sex life, a great deal But it is nobody's individual fault fault of the age our own fault as well The only thing is to wait, and to take the next wave as it rises *Pazienza!* – I feel in you a terrible exasperation One has to go through with it I try and keep the *middle* of me harmonious to *middle* of the universe Outwardly, I know I'm in a bad temper, and let it go at that I stick to what I told you, and put a phallus, a lingam you call it, in each one of my pictures somewhere And I paint no picture that won't shock people's castrated social spirituality I do this out of positive belief, that the phallus is a great sacred image it represents a deep, deep life which has been denied in us, and still is denied Women deny it horribly, with a grinning travesty of sex But *pazienza! pazienza!* – One can still believe And with the lingam, and belief in the mystery behind it, goes beauty Oh, I'm with you there But as for life, one can only be patient – which by nature I'm not – I think men ought to be able to be honest, to a sufficient point, with one another I've never succeeded yet *Vediamo!* And meanwhile one has to preserve one's *central* innocence, and not get bittered O *pazienza!* But one does need a bit of trust, mutual trust You have so many defences, and fences – *Pazienza! chi va piano va lontano! – arriverà*

To Nancy Pearn, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 28 February 1927

Dear Miss Pearn I am sending a 'Scrutiny' on John Galsworthy, for a book of 'scrutinies' by the younger writers on the elder, which is being published by that *Calendar* young man Edgell Rickwood Will you please have it typed for me? I am ashamed of the scribbled MS and will you please send me the typescript again, so I can go over it?

I'm afraid it is not very nice to Galsworthy – but really, reading one novel after another just nauseated me up to the nose Probably you like him, though – But I can't help it – either I must say what I say, or I put the whole thing in the fire

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 8 March 1927

Dear Brett Your letter from the de Vargas and the one from Taos when you had got back, leaving Mabel and Tony in Santa Fe, have both come Bad luck they got flu I got my first slap of it ten days ago – bronchial the same – it went off in three days, but comes back – doesn't *quite* go yet I have today dabbed on the last mustard plasters we bought in Amalfi – at the very moment I feel it nipping – so tomorrow I hope to be up and smiling Too bad it's got me just at the end of Feb February is the bad month I hope Tony and Mabel are better

It is already spring here – wild crocuses and anemones, big purple ones, and primroses and violets We get some lovely sunny days and some wet ones But the country is looking lovely, with the almond blossoms out and the corn so green and the beans nearly in flower Aldous and Maria and Mary Hutchinson came a week ago Aldous still absolutely gone in the grouches – is writing a political novel, heaven save him – Mary Hutchinson seems nice and gentle, very faded, poor dear – almost a little old woman Clive Bell and Co must be very wearing I feel myself in another world altogether They seem to me like people from a dead planet, like the moon, where never will the grass grow or the clouds turn red It's no good, for me the human world becomes more and more unreal, more and more wearisome I am really happiest when I don't see people and never go to town Town just lays me out I won't go to London for *David* I simply won't go, to have my life spoilt by those people They can maul and muck the play about as much as they like

They'd do it, anyhow Why should they suck my life into the bargain? I won't go!

Frieda wants to go to Baden-Baden next week – and stay a fortnight and bring her two girls back here a month The Brewsters, did you know, have moved to Ravello, and are in Cimbrone, Lord Grimthorpe's place, you remember They invite me for a little while I might go – but I don't know It depends if I shake off this flu What I've promised to do is to walk with Earl in the first weeks in April I want to go to the Etruscan places near Rome – Veii and Cervetri – then on the Maremma coast, north of Civita Vecchia and south of Pisa – Corneto, Grosseto, etc – and Volterra The Etruscans interest me very much – and there are lovely places, with tombs – a dangerous malaria region in summer

I doubt if we shall come to America this year It's not a case of settling But long journeys just don't appeal to me I'd love the ranch if I could stride there But America puts me off Whatever else I am, I'm European And at the moment, my desire to go far has left me Probably it'll come back later But for the moment Italy will do for me It seems awful to say it, but I feel I'd sell the ranch if it were mine It's so far, and I'm not American You say you'd buy it – but my dear Brett, what with?

I've done my novel – I like it – but it's so improper, according to the poor conventional fools, that it'll never be printed And I will *not* cut it Even my pictures, which seem to me absolutely innocent, I feel people *can't even* look at them They glance, and look quickly away I wish I could paint a picture that would just *kill* every cowardly and ill-minded person that looked at it My word, what a slaughter! How are your radishes? Since my 'Eve Regaining Paradise' I've not done anything I began a resurrection, but haven't worked at it In the spring one slackens off Then this cursed flu

You've really got the automobile touch Why not – Round the world in the Flying Hart? If there are any dollars over, use them for yourself I did a review of Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven* – poor stuff – and slapped him

We don't see a tenth part as many people as you do So the Florence society is no menace I can see you bouncing on the little *zegua!*

To Miss Nancy Pearn, from Palazzo Cimbrone, Ravello, Italy

22 March 1927

Dear Miss Pearn Tell Secker not to do anything about *Lady Chatterley's Lover* I must go over it again and am really not sure if I shall publish it – at least this year And I think it is *utterly* unfit for serialising – they would call it indecent – though really, it's most decent But one day I'll send it you to have typed

Glad you have 'The Lovely Lady' – tell me what you think of her

I shall probably start on a little walking tour next week – on the 28th – walking north So my address had better be Villa Mirenda again

Will you tell these people they can have 'Snake'?

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from 'Cimbrone,' Ravello, 24 March 1927

Dearest Brett Here we sit around the fire, Uncle David, Earl, Harwood and I We have just been singing a Wagnerian opera (Achsah)

What a pity you aren't here to do *Rhinogold!* The irises are out in the garden, and my blue Venus – you remember – is as blue as ever, poor dear! (D H L)

Please send me that system of meditation which you write of having found of Buddhistic origin I am much interested (Earl)

Mynie, Pam, and Bal came last week for three days We had a very exciting time, playing hide and seek, charades, and Russian scandles Do you know Russian scandles? We always got Dr Monte and Miss Van Kerchoff into them (Harwood Brewster)

If you came riding up on Prince now we would give three cheers and pull up another chair and after tea go out on the *belvedere* to watch the storm clear away (Achsah)

We might also get Prince to kick over a few statues They seem to have had a few young ones since last year – this promiscuity of Mercurys and Niobes! I daren't send you my novel to type, though I'd like to But it's so improper, the American authorities would arrest you Well, well, man is a forked radish! But my novel is done in the two best books you gave me, very neat and handsome – and now Achsah has just given me a red Hindu MS book as big as the hearthrug – I'm waiting for suggestions what to write in it (D. H L)

Uncle David and I are starting within a few days on a 'walking trip' (I never went one yet where any *walking* was done – I mean on a *long* so-called walking trip) But we think to explore the coast between Naples and Terracina Then we may go to Africa, to Libya, or Dahomey (Earl)

Mother and I will probably be going to Capri next week and then Uncle David and Daddy will go off on their walking trip I think it will be mostly trams and motor cars!

Uncle David has had two letters since he has been here from you

We are all thinking of having an auction in the *piazza* of all the statues and old bits of furniture! How Lord Grimthorpe would like it! (Harwood)

Uncle David and Earl are going for a little walking trip next week when Harwood and I go over to Capri It is a lovely spring, with the flowers full blast and the sun agrees with us all When Uncle David arrived he was rather low from influenza but is much better If you were here it would be fun (Achsah)

Don't go up to the ranch until it's really open You'd better not isolate yourself too much What's the point! I'm sorry Mabel was so seedy My whack of flu was much milder than last year, thank heaven, but it has a beastly way of sticking However, the summer is due Yesterday it poured with rain – today is mingled I haven't painted a stroke for a long time – felt a bit discouraged – perhaps I'll start again when I get back to the Miranda But I shan't do a crucifixion, even with Pan to put his fingers to his nose at the primrose Jesus Damn crosses! I'm expecting the proofs of the Mexican essays – will send them along to Mabel's for you Earl and I are going off on the Q-T for a bit – only everybody seems to have heard of it I'll send you p-c's en route (D H L)

Last week I received a book from Aunt Alpha that a girl of nine wrote but as it was burnt she had to write it all over again when she was twelve It has just been published is all about pink tipped white clouds and gold fishes and pink and blue and purple skies etc

Best love and kisses, Harwood

Much much love, – Achsah

Much much mucher love D H L

Ever ever so much love – Earl

I write address D H L
I lick the envelop H B B
I drop it in the box A B
I put the stamp on E H B

To Nancy Pearn, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Italy, 12 April 1927

Dear Miss Pearn I got back here last night, so have an address once more I had a very interesting time looking at Etruscan tombs in Tarquinia and in Maremma – and I want to do a few sketches of Etruscan places

It was nice to hear of you and Mr Pollinger hauling on the ropes of my old barge – though why you should have so much trouble I don't know

I enclose Cynthia Asquith's letter. I wish you would tell me your own opinion candidly, about the story, too

I am in a quandary about my novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* It's what the world would call very improper But you know it's not really improper – I always labour at the same thing, to make the sex relation valid and precious, instead of shameful And this novel is the furthest I've gone To me it is beautiful and tender and frail as the naked self is, and I shrink very much even from having it typed Probably the typist would want to interfere – Anyhow, Secker wants me to send it him at once And Barmby writes that Knopf can't possibly publish till next spring, so I must send the MS to New York 'à la bonne heure' I am inclined to do just nothing What would you say? You and Mr Pollinger – whom I've never met, have I? I think perhaps it's a waste to write any more novels I could probably live by little things I mean in magazines

Anyhow, I hope soon to send you some small things

What about your holiday? My wife's youngest daughter arrives today from London – so if you come out here you will see her – *Saluti!*

To S S Koteliarsky, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 13 April 1927

My dear Kot I got back yesterday and found your book – had no idea that you were sending it, or even had written it. But it looks quite

thrilling, and I shall read it as soon as I feel I'm here – I was away at Ravello, above Amalfi, with friends, then walking and driving in Maremma, looking at Etruscan tombs in Cerveteri and Tarquinia and Vulci and those places I was away about a month – liked it very much Frieda went to Baden for a week or two, and got back a week before me Now yesterday has arrived her younger daughter Barbara, so somehow it feels a bit of an upset However, I suppose I shall soon settle down At present I feel a bit abroad, somehow

How have you been all this time? Is Sonia better, and Ghita getting on well at Oxford? It is spring, and very lovely here, with all the trees in blossom and the birds singing, and the sun good and strong I don't think I could live in a sunless country any more

I heard from Miss Whitworth that *David* is now due in May The man Monck, the producer, also shirked it so I don't know whom they'll get, and don't care much It feels forever so uncertain, I don't think I shall come over

Is there any news? I have none Brett is still in Taos, flourishing as a cow-boy figure, and urging us to come out But not this year, I think

If you see Barbara [Low], tell her I'll write – I'll really have to start in and do some letters What's happened to us? – I feel a stranger to myself Is it a 'change of life'? Do you feel that way?

Write and tell me how things are

Monck Nugent Monck of the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich

To Martin Secker, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 29 April 1927

Dear Secker Many thanks for the *Women in Love* and *Sea and Sardinia* and *Plumed Serpent* I do like the little red books Perhaps now the little dull people will manage to read them, in that cosy and familiar form

I've been thinking about *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and think I'll get him typed in London before long, and let you have a copy, so that you can see how possible or impossible he is But there is much more latitude these days, and a man dare possibly possess a penis

It's sunny weather, full summer, and very lovely weather, not a cloudy day these last twenty days We have come to the lying in the garden stage, and I go off into the woods to work, where the night-ingales have a very gay time singing at me They are very inquisitive

and come nearer to watch me turn a page They seem to love to see the pages turned

To E H Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 3 May 1927

Dear Earl Your letter today So the vacuities are still empty! – especially the material and domestic ones Don't bother about the 'inside' ones *Kundalini* believe me, that is *change of life* It is just change of life William Archer told a friend *how* he suffered, just the same way But you patiently put up with it, and you come through to something else, another, freer self We have been too repressed and too 'spiritual' all our lives and too much insisted on the sympathetic flow, without a balance of the combative Now the hour-glass turns over

I forgot to tell you that forwarded from Cimbrone came a cablegram from Mabel and Brett urging us all to go to Taos There is a house for all of us, quite independent, and lots of room You would have a studio – maybe even two Mabel wouldn't want rent – or only a small sum, if you decided to stay on There are horses to ride And the country is *most* beautiful I think, if you decided to go, you would like to stay at least a year And I suppose we'd come too But our difficulty is that Frieda won't go near Brett again, and is doubtful of Mabel All very tiresome As for the Italian countryside, God knows I'm not sure that one couldn't live anywhere, if one just settled down to it *Don't* take too much notice of your moods *Don't* pay too much attention to your vacuities – they'll pass It's a physiological state, grin and abide and wait till you're through It doesn't matter much matter where you live – within reason

I'm supposed to be going to London at the end of this week, for at least a month They are producing *David* on May 22 and 23 I've promised to go But my *Kundalini* are behaving badly about it I'm afraid they'll refuse to make the move There is something very antipathetic to me about going to London, and especially in fuddling with theatrical people over that play Even *David* itself is quite out of my mood at present – I feel I don't want to see it or hear it or even think about it. – We've got a revolt of the angels going on inside us or of the devils I don't care If my *Kundalini* revolt, let 'em I am prepared for anything If the leopard can't change his spots, perhaps I can mine

Frieda's daughter goes back this afternoon so of course it's raining for the first time since she has been here And we'll be going down with Pietro in the *barrocino*

You heard the catastrophe of Harwood's ribbons just stolen from me Really, it must be about the bottom of the wheel of fortune, with the Brewster family Wheel is bound to make the upward turn now – I'm ordering you the song-book with 'Widdicombe Fair' in it –

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare

I'll buy the ribbons over again

I wrote a story of the Resurrection, where Jesus gets up and feels very sick about everything, and can't stand the old crowd any more – so cuts out – and as he heals up, he begins to find what an astonishing place the phenomenal world is, far more marvellous than any salvation or heaven – and thanks his stars he needn't have a 'mission' any more It's called *The Escaped Cock*, from that toy in Volterra Do you remember?

I'll see if I'm up to Mrs R D [Rhys Davids] and daughter

We've been lent Weege's book on the tombs – all the illustrations – very interesting indeed – I got photographs too from Alinari – and on the one from the *Tomba dei Tori*, the two little improper bits, '*un poco pornografico*,' as brave as life Amusing!

Earl Brewster, in his book about Lawrence (*Reminiscences and Correspondences*), recalled that they were in Grosseton on Easter morning, where they 'passed a little shop, in the window of which was a toy white rooster escaping from an egg I remarked that it suggested a title – "The Escaped Cock – a Story of the Resurrection." Lawrence replied that he had been thinking about writing a story of the Resurrection later in the book of that title which he gave to me, he has written "To Earl this story, that began in Volterra, when we were there together"' Mrs Caroline A F Rhys Davids was lecturer on Buddhism at the School of Oriental Studies, London

To E H Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 13 May 1927

Dear Earl Well how is it with you? I've been malarial and down in the mouth for about ten days, feeling as if I'd never rouse up again *O vital! O mors!* I've put off going to London, in spite of a guilty conscience and lamenting letter – but I really wasn't fit And like you, I've had a spell of loathing the Italian countryside altogether, and feeling that Italy is no place for a *man* to live in I nearly decided to go off to Bavaria But it all costs so much – and I think the discontent is inside me, and I'd better abide and wait a bit But *O miserere!* – I've taken the house at least for

six months more And one had better save up one's resources, for if one really wants to make a long move later No use fidgetting – I heard from a woman just passing from Egypt, she thought Cyprus such a good place – big, beautiful, and still cheap, and hardly touristed and more or less under British guardianship, so one needn't be murdered or robbed
Il y a toujours le Chypre

I didn't see Mrs Rhys Davids I feel I never want to see an unattached woman any more while I live specially an elderly one Christine Hughes now looms – with Mary C But I feel Florence won't hold 'em long If only one felt tough and snorting like a war-horse But I'm absolutely a fading lily I can't hold up to the blast of their *will*

We've had a week's rain, but now it's sunny The country really is the most flowery I've ever known, and I get a certain consolation out of that I found a very fine rare white orchid today, and a dark purple and yellow wild gladiolus, unknown to me

What are you doing? Are you going to the fifty-a-month house on the Grande Marina? Lucky the price is fixed in dollars! How dear everything is! – And no word of Cimbione? You are just as well out of it if only you were in something else – I'm going to try and sit still till July I did paint a bit of my 'Resurrection' picture – *un pòco triste, ma mi pare forte* I got him as impersonal as a queer animal! But I can't finish it *Non ho la Voglia* – I've no will and no guts for anything feel so unlike myself *lo spettro di me stesso!* Time we all did a bit of resurrecting *siamo mezzo sepolti!* *Chissà, come va finire!* – If ever you open your trunks, send me some photographs for postures I get stuck

I've not been into Florence for ages – but I ordered you the songs How is Achsah? Hope all's well

[P S] Brett in a fury that we won't go to Taos Very tempting, that kind of female rage! The lure of it!

Christine Hughes and her daughter Mary Christine (the latter the original of Lawrence's essay 'Laura Philippine') were friends from New Mexico, Lawrence described their visit to Florence ('you might as well ask a dog to look at a picture or a statue') in his 9 June 1927 letter to Earl Brewster

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 13 May 1927

Dear Brett I'm sorry you mind so much our not coming this year to New Mex. But surely you have a very good time out there, probably

much better than if you had us there, and more of the inevitable friction And you must allow me to choose my own life, even to manage my own 'inertia' Anyhow it's nonsense to talk of 'shaking anybody till their ears rattle,' when you know you'll do no such thing For many reasons I would really like to be at the ranch But – there you are, there's always a but, and till it shifts, what's the good! There are things in life which neither you nor Mabel take into count, which yet are very important to other people Try to get that into your head, and *don't* want to live other people's lives for them

Wouldn't you really rather stay down with Mabel this summer? It is much cheaper for you, and much easier, and much more comfortable Why struggle with the ranch anyway? – unless you'd really like to buy it Would you? I guess Frieda would sell it to you You ask her

It's a shame about the little racing mare – even about Poppy That is the drawback to Italian life – the lack of physical freedom I'm getting a bit sick of that But what's to be done! There are so many threads in the twist of one's life, and some of them must run short

To tell the truth, I'm not sure what I shall do I've taken this home for another year – but it is cheap – and I'm sure we shan't stay put much longer, in this country A move is coming – but I'm not quite sure where to Anyhow I'm getting fed up with the certain unfreedom of Italy Probably we shall go to Bavaria for the summer – and in the autumn decide on a longer remove

I hear via Kot that Murry's wife has consumption, and the family is moving to Italy The *Adelphi* finishes in June – at last But J M plaintively ask subscribers for 10/- each, and then he'll issue a little mag written *all* by himself, and published perhaps six times a year He *can't* dry up

David is being played on the 23rd and I'm hesitating about going I may set off tomorrow But London repels rather than attracts me I feel much more like moving away towards the far ends of the earth, than towards the world's metropolis.

I am trying to get snaps of the pictures – if they come out possible, I'll send them I'm glad you're such a success a real *furor* I hear

But whatever else you do, *don't* try to live my life for me I'll do it myself Surely you have your hands full, living your own

I wrote Earl and Achsah again about their coming to Taos But they won't face America

To Richard Aldington, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 24 May 1927

My dear Richard Many thanks for your *Indiscretion*. No need to be in any trepidation on my account – you hand me out plenty of bouquets, as you say I shall save up the ribbons But *caro*, you are so funny Why do you write on the one hand as if you were my grandmother – about sixty years older than me, and forced rather to apologise for the *enfant terrible* in the family? Why will you be so old and responsible *Sei un giovanotto un po' crudo, sai!* – And on the other hand, why do you write as if you were on hot bucks? Is the game worth the candle, or isn't it? Make up your mind I mean the whole game of life and literature – not merely my worthy self You don't believe it's worth it, anyhow Well then, don't worry any more, be good and commercial But don't, don't feel yourself one of the pillars of society My dear chap, *where* did you get all this conscience of yours? You haven't got it, really *Et iteratum est ab omnibus ubi est ille Ricardus?* – I never knew a man who seemed more to me to be living from a character not his own, than you What is it that you are afraid of? – *ultimately?* – is it death? or pain? or just fear of the negative infinite of all things? What ails thee, lad?

We had Osbert and Edith Sitwell to tea yesterday They were very nice, and we liked them much better than we had thought But he [all?] the same makes me feel sort of upset and worried Of him the same I want to ask But what ails thee, then? Tha's got nowt amiss as much as a' that! –

It's summer here, and all the cistus, white ones and pink, wide out in the wood – and fireflies at night, the uncertain sparkly sort It's been a marvellous year for flowers, and promises well for everything We are in the thick of good fat asparagus, and peas, and beans, and *carciofi* and the peasants brought us a basket of the first cherries on Saturday So quickly the time goes by! – But I'm sorry if you won't reap the fruits of Arabella's garden, nice and sevenfold

There's not much sign of reduction of prices yet – except bread And on Saturday the controller said butter must go down from 25 to 15

liras So the shop people wouldn't sell any – only *sub rosa*, to our peasant, for 20 O *Italia! Pour moi, je m'en fiche!*

It is very nice and peaceful – one can be out of doors – and take a *siesta* in the afternoon *La vita non si ferma mai* – The peasants are making hay – They are doing a translation of *Sons and Lovers* in Spanish – I mean a Barcelona firm – I shan't publish my novel this year, anyhow – *Qui non si frega!* – I saw that written on a gate 'Here we don't give a damn!' – I suppose we shan't come to England – go to Bavaria perhaps, end of July And you, what will you do? – Don't read my books – really! – It only interrupts the peculiar rhythm you make for yourself – Love from both to both

'Your *Indiscretion*' Aldington's 'chapbook', D H Lawrence *An Indiscretion*, had just been published in America

To S S Koteliansky, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 27 May 1927

My dear Kot Your letter today I was very glad to hear about *David* from you It seems to me just as well I wasn't there – you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear But if ever the thing is regularly produced, I'll come and see what I can do though I doubt if it would be much Actors haven't enough *inside* to them Anyhow I have a fairly good idea from what you say, of what it was like

I too am sick of these bronchial colds, mixed with malaria I've never been right since I was ill in Mexico two years ago – beastly bronchial trouble, and the germs get it in an instant But *really*, I am stronger I think this climate here is a bit sudden and trying, too In July we'll go to Bavaria, and see what a bit of an altitude will do I loved Bavaria, before the war

Osbert and Edith Sitwell came to tea the other day They were really very nice, not a bit affected or bouncing only absorbed in themselves and their parents I never in my life saw such a strong, strange family complex as if they were marooned on a desert island, and nobody in the world but their lost selves Queer! They've gone back to England now

It is summer, so I'm not doing much – finishing a Resurrection picture – and doing bits of things Oh, I wish you'd ask Edgell Rickword to ask Dobrée to do a 'Scrutiny' of Bernard Shaw. I've done Galsworthy

already – I don't really want to do Shaw slaying my elders only interests me in spasms Do ring up Rickword, and say I suggest *Dobrée* for the 'Scrutiny' on Bernard Shaw

You say they – the Dobrées – will be back in London in June I'll write to them then I have lost their Egyptian address

Is there any further news of Jesus' biographer and better?

I ordered you, and Gertie, a copy of *Mornings in Mexico* – a little book Secker is just bringing out I am holding back the novel till next year, anyhow

How is Sonia? Remember me to everybody

To E H Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 28 May 1927

Dear Earl So you lie and muse of Cyprus – with a 'u' in English, unlike Harwood's hunymoon – and of blo-trees and winding lanes, silence and the sea, long conversations, disciples, and success *Caro*, it's no good We shall never go to Cyprus, not to any other happy isle You will hover round Capri, and I shall go out into the world again, to kick it and stub my toes It's no good my thinking of retreat I rouse up, and feel I don't want to ✓ My business is a fight, and I've got to keep it up I'm reminded of the fact by the impudent reviews of the production of *David* They say it was just dull I say they are eunuchs, and have no balls It is a fight The same old one *Caro*, don't ask me to pray for peace I don't want it I want subtly, but tremendously, to kick the backsides of the ball-less There are so many of them 'S got no ballocks! we used to say of the mealy-mouthed, when I was a boy They must be kicked for it – kicked ✓

I think, later on, I shall go back to America for a time That rouses the fight in me America is a good fighting country – There's no spunk in Europe Probably even I'll take my pictures to America and show them there Doesn't that rile you, to think of? Why don't you do the same? – How's your Jew, by the way? Doing anything for you? Heaven helps him who helps himself Spunk, my boy! and a fight Probably we'll go to New Mexico next year – one knows the pit-falls and the snares – but one must keep one's pecker up You've never fought enough I, perhaps, too much But *avanti, uomini! Siamo sempre uomini liberi!*

I still propose Bavaria in July I would like mountain air for a time, and to be among a fighting race One goes a bit saddened in Italy I believe I could never stay in this country longer than two years on end Perhaps not in any country What's the odds! You'd better prepare to come along to America too, later on

I finished my 'Resurrection' picture, and like it It's Jesus stepping up, rather grey in the face, from the tomb, with his old ma helping him from behind, and Mary Magdalen easing him up towards her bosom in front Now I must think of a really thrilling subject for a new [one] – have you got any idea?

Achsaß didn't mention those Clapps – or Klapps – He looked like a rat, exactly – a large, beady, foraging sharp rat – and she like a weevil – I've ordered a book with the pictures of the other Indian Cave – forget its name – not Ajanta The India Society is just bringing it out – 2 guineas but it looked very attractive

Would you hate to send me a pair of those rope-soled Capri shoes – as strong as possible If they're easy on you, they fit me And a pair for Frieda – she takes one size smaller we can't buy them in Florence, and I like them in summer so much Let the tradesman post them and send the bill, and I'll send you the money – *Au revoir*

[P.S.] Neither Anna di Chiara nor Christine Hughes has yet turned up Tell Mrs di C. to send us a line when she's here!

To Mabel Luhan, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 28 May 1927

Dear Mabel You are right about that 'change of life' business It's what ails me, as I said in my other letter And partly the reason why I lie low here, is to let it happen, and not interfere with it, so it gets through as soon as possible It's hell while it lasts – but I think I sort of see a glimpse of daylight through the other side One emerges with a body all right – but a different one, perhaps, not so mentalised

Anyhow I began to feel like bursting out again I doubt if Europe will hold me many more months And obvious thing is to come back to New Mexico But I'd better wait still, to see how many more set-backs I get It's no good moving till I am sort of sure on my pins But I'm getting to feel very stuffy and shut in, here in Italy

I hear Secker is publishing his *Mornings in Mexico* on July 9th – don't

know if Knopf comes out simultaneously He ought to But I ordered you both an English copy – and I'll order you another American

They produced *David* last week I heard the audience was really rather enthusiastic, but the press notices are very unfavourable It's those mangy feeble reviewers, they haven't enough spunk to hear a cow bellow The worst of the youngish Englishman is, he's such a *baby*, one can't imagine his backside isn't swaddled in a napkin and such a prig, one imagines he must either be a lady in disguise, or a hermaphrodite We had Osbert and Edith Sitwell here to tea the other day They were very nice He loathed America But my God, it makes me want to come back there, to get away from these European pap-drivelling little boys They see *nothing* in America at all not even the *real* menace and none of the gum Yankee dauntlessness, which has *not* got its bottom swathed in a napkin Anything, anything, anything for a bit of dauntless courage

Italy is rather down in the mouth and pippy – over the rise of the lira, the flight of the tourist, the necessity to put down prices and wages Altogether nobody shows any sign of real spunk, anywhere, it's tiring

I haven't been able to get my pictures snapped yet But I've finished the 'Resurrection,' also a story on the same theme I think I'll bring my pictures to New York, and show them Shall I? Never show them in Europe at all I've got six big ones and some small Shall we show them in New York – in autumn or early spring? And then move out to Taos and paint some more? It would be rather fun I'm just getting into my own style

You don't owe anything over the books – we'll probably owe you some few dollars, as I said. But the bill for freightage to New Orleans hasn't come yet

I'm glad Spud is back After all, what's the world worth! – One can only kick it, when one gets a chance. I'm afraid change of life doesn't change one's feelings much in that respect One can never make success in the world – only against it

I'm holding my novel back – not even having it typed Much better if I print only periodical stuff

Do you ever hear anything of Nina [Witt]? It will soon be two years since we stayed with her Wonder what she's like by now We expected Christine Hughes through from Rome, but no sign of her so far – dead silence

We may go to Bavaria in July, for a bit – but I feel I'm coming unstuck from Europe

Hope all goes well Remember me to everybody

To E H Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 9 June 1927

Dear Earl Many thanks for the shoes, which came yesterday They are a great success, and Frieda is very pleased with hers says they're gothic – nearly as good as that Mrs Clapp – or Klapp – who said 'To me it's Châtres! Châtres!' – over the little old knitted silk tobacco pouch I enclose cheque for ten bob – hope it's enough

Christine Hughes and Mary Christine are in Florence Did I tell you they had a bad motor accident – one of Mary Christine's Roman 'boys' driving them 'like hell' to pass another car overturned them, car rolled over twice, hit Christine etc – this is a month ago – they were in hospital a bit – no serious damage – but voices bluer than ever Really, *nothing* is worse than these Americans They've cut out *everything* except personal conceit and clothes I was in the Uffizi – Uffizi – Uffizi? – with them yesterday – 'My, look what awful hands she's got!' is all that comes out of Mary Christine for Lippo Lippi – they've never even *heard* of Botticelli – call him Bo 'acelli, with the stopped breath instead of the 't' – they don't know what the Renaissance was – Standing in the Piazza Signoria I say – There's that Michelangelo 'David' – and they reply Which one is it then? – that one at the end? – meaning the Bandinelli Then Mary C discovers that – 'that guy's got a stone in his hand, so I guess he's the nut' – It's partly affectation, but it's such a complete one that it's effectual They simply *can't see* anything you might as well ask a dog to look at a picture or a statue They're stone blind, culturally All they can do is to call a man 'that guy' or a woman 'that skirt' Christine would *like* to be able to see but it's too late the American cataract has closed over her vision, she's blind. Mary C frankly loathes anything that wants to be looked at – except herself, other girls, clothes and shops – But it's a process of atavism so rapid and so appalling, I could kill them dead It's pure atavism They've negated and negated and negated till there's *nothing* – and they themselves are empty vessels with a squirming mass of nerves God, how loathsome! They're coming this evening to us – then leaving for Venice

tomorrow – and sailing for New York end of the month. It's horrible. And it's largely the result of an affectation of 'freedom' from old standards, become a fixed habit and a loathsome disease – Because there's the elements of a nice woman in each of them. But oh, how glad I shall be to see the last of them – And I feel I'd rather go and live in a hyaena house than go to live in America.

So much for me!

Nevertheless, I think the world must be fought, not retreated from. Did you get *Mornings in Mexico*? I had my copy.

I began the Etruscan essays – have done Cerveteri and Tarquinia so far. They interest me very much. One can get lovely photographs from Alinari's, so one could make a fine book. Perhaps Frieda and I will do a trip to Cortona, Arezzo, Chiusi, Orvieto, Perugia next week or the week after – before we go to Germany – so I could do enough essays – or sketches – Sketches of Etruscan Places – for a book. That would keep us here till end of July – then we'd go to Germany. I think I shall cut out England this time – The worst of travelling now in Italy, it costs so much, with the exchange where it is. Any country is cheaper.

The time goes by quickly, now the hot weather is here. But I like it like this.

Thank Achsah for her letter. You'll be glad to settle down in Cim-bione again – not long now.

I believe it's going to rain!

To S. S. Koteliarsky, from Villa Mirenda, Scandinavia, 13 June 1927

My dear Kot! Your letter today! No luck with Rozanov! I'm sorry! But not surprised. What dirty rag of a paper would dare print the review! The world goes from bad to worse. But cheer up, we're not dead yet!

Maria Huxley came yesterday, with the Franchetti. He is a Jew, Balone Luigi – and as rich as Croesus. He plays the piano very well, and is quite nice – but I agree entirely – I have absolutely no basic sympathy with people of 'assured incomes.' All words become a lie, in their mouths, in their ears also. I loathe rich people.

We are going on Wed. for a couple of days with Maria to Forte dei Marmi – north of Pisa, not very far from here. Aldous did not come in to

Florence with Maria, as he is working very hard, to finish a book by July God help him—[J W N] Sullivan arrives there—at the Huxleys'—on Monday—20th—but we shall be back here by then Two days is enough—Perhaps Maria will bring him over—Sullivan—to see us I would like to see him, because of associations, but I no longer expect to care about people, one way or another

I am working at my Etruscan book—a piece of hopeless unpopularity, as far as I can see But the pictures may help it We shall probably do a bit of a tour to Etruscan places when we get back from the Huxleys'—I think we shall be here till end of July—though the weather is queer and uncertain

I feel a bit like you nothing nice ever happens, or ever will happen I dreamed I was made head of a school somewhere, I think, in Canada I felt so queer about it such a vivid dream—that I half wonder if it is *my* destiny! A job!—But I manage to make a living still

I feel sometimes tempted to go back to America Europe is like a dying pig uttering a long, infinitely-conceited squeak—At least America isn't so depressing I feel tempted to go in the autumn

I wish you would go and see Milly Beveridge—she too was at *David* and the discussion—and she had a little house here this spring The address is 20 Rossetti Garden Mansions S W 3—you remember we had 25 last summer She is nice and intelligent—not young—has an assured income but not a very big one—paints—and I like her, and I think you would Ring her up one morning about 10 o and go to tea with her I told her I'd tell you

Suddenly pouring with rain It'll be no fun motoring to Foite if it continues I'll let you know what the visit was like

Poor Ottoline! I really begin to sympathise with her I shall write a book from *her* point of view—all the little artists coming—etc—etc That [W J] Turner is small beer may even be successful small beer, as he has a cadging sort of nature

Brett flourishes in Taos—has a fine motor-car of her own, which she drives herself—two horses, which she rides—and fell off lately—and exhibits pictures in the 'hotel' which cause a '*furor*'—She is furious because we don't go out there—but really, these wonderful women begin to scare my soul

I'll tell you any news if any crops up Meanwhile it's a desert

Greet everybody from me
[P S] Where did Murry get the *Adelphi* money, do you know? And is he yet come to Italy?

The *Calendar* [of *Modern Letters*] is in all probability dying next month

To E H Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, [25 June 1927]

My dear Earl Many thanks for your letter just come – and card from Anderson I am sad about the photographs But I have written to Moscione – Fotografista – Roma – and it may get him Anna di Chiara came Sunday – and she will *try* to get hold of a man she knows – else no luck I *must* get those photographs – Also the Tarquinia book I want is out of print – oh Lord!

Forte dei Marmi was beastly, as a place flat, dead sea, jelly fishy, and millions of villas But the Huxleys were very nice with us, and they have such a nice little lad – we motored home via Lucca – It is much the best here, where we have space and cool and the woods to go in We took supper out last night, and from the top of the hill watched the fireworks of San Giovanni day in Florence – it was amusing – and man with his fireworks seem curiously silly, in the distance But up there was almost cold – too cool, anyhow

I had imagined you transferred to Cimbione God! the place will be thick with ‘huney’ by the time you get there How beastly it all is! I do think you should find yourselves any bit of a house, rather than be left at other people’s mercies and honied delays Do look in Anacapri for something

I wrote my essay on Volterra – made me think of you One day we will really go after more Etruscans together Meanwhile I think I shall go to Arezzo and Cortona, Chiusi, Orvieto, Perugia with Frieda, towards end of next week I’d like to do those places before we leave With Cerveteri and Tarquinia, Vulci and Volterra, that makes nine of the great cities – the twelve. – But it leaves a whole bookful of little places – Veii, Civit  Castellana, Norchia, Vetulonia, Cosa, Populonia, Bieda – we might do those, and make a second vol – after

Don’t dream of paying Routledge anything – He’ll make good for his side As for yours, it’s God help us, when it comes to earning money by sincere work I manage still to scramble through, but no more

The world is beastly, and gets beastlier, and what are we going to do!
The only solution is to need little

We stay on here – thinking of going to those Etruscan places I had a sore chest again this week, and felt ‘low’ It’s not really better yet What have the gods got against us I feel really *sfortunato*, sometimes

Tell Harwood I’ll write her a letter

My dear chap, don’t expect heaven – in the shape of other people – ever to do anything for you You’ll be let down And remember, one of your most dangerous troubles is a certain *idleness* – forgive me, I don’t mean ‘do-nothing’ – what Rochefoucauld calls the *passion de la paresse* – ‘*le repos de la paresse est un charme secret de l’âme – la paresse est comme une béatitude de l’âme, qui la console de toutes ses pertes, et qui lui tient lieu de tous les biens*’ – And I’m afraid the danger of Buddha to us, is that he tends to foster in us a peculiar *paresse de l’âme* – You ought really to solve at least a bit of your present difficulty – the homeless houseless bit These hotels and Cimbrones are no good Decide something, really This indecision for you is like a sickness You’ve drifted now long enough to realise that you aren’t moving anywhere, you’re only becoming water-logged and really derelict *Decide something*, before the first ‘days’ of July!

To E H Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, ‘Monday’

[?27 June 1927]

Dear Earl I got photographs from Anderson of the *Tomba della Caccia e Pesca* today – good – they are Moscioni publications but nothing, alas, of Vulci – Perhaps even Moscioni don’t do that *Que faire?* – But many thanks, really! They sent no bill so do you either send it on to me, or tell me what is it, and I’ll forward the money

Your letter and Achsah’s also came Glad you like *Mornings* I like ‘Indians and Entertainment’ and ‘Hopi Snake Dance’ best but all women seem to like ‘Corasmin’ best

About Cyprus really, would it, even if it were nice, be very different from here? Here we have space and quiet, and can be left absolutely alone if we like – and there’s the woods to go in – Cyprus might add the sea – but then also it would add a thousand difficulties of distance and language – I don’t a bit agree with Achsah and Milton – I usually

disagree with John – that the mind to me a kingdom is. At least, it is a kingdom, but so is England a kingdom, a tight and unsatisfactory one in which I should die outright if pinned to it. So with the mind. One's *ambiente* matters awfully. At the same time, you *like* Capri – you always want to go back to it when you've been away – and you stay a good deal within your own gates, when you've got any. So that the odds, even for you between Capri and Cyprus are not enormous – As for building, it seems to me a terribly expensive moment. the same for buying. Yet if Achsah has the money, and the real will to do it – well, then it's her affair. She doesn't want to be dragged off to distant and difficult places that's flat. If she'll be happy all her life on Capri – then you'll be as happy there as anywhere else. Remember how you can't rest on your feet, when you are away, until you get back there again. *Don't have* ideas about places, just because you're not in them. All places are tough and terrestrial. If Achsah wants to fix up a place on Capri, *really* then don't prevent her. You'll live there peacefully enough, most of the year, tourists or no tourists. and once you've got a place of your own, you'll be able to leave it for some weeks at a time, and try other spots. – There was a good villa and garden – twenty bedrooms, lovely great drawing-rooms – sold for £2000 the other day – near here. That is nearly ten thousand dollars. But didn't seem to me dear – though myself, I'd never want a huge place.

Seems to me the best thing for you to do is to let Achsah fix herself up in the way she wants to – if she *really* wants to – and you accommodate yourself as far as is necessary. *You* have nothing to propose except places in the air. So let Achsah go ahead.

As for Cyprus, we'll go there one day – why not. But an island known is better than twenty isles unknown. You stick to Capri. It's easy to leave, any fine morning – for twenty liras. Cyprus would cost twenty pounds sterling to get out of.

I enclose Brett's letter. That's the way she writes now! Seems to me cheek. 'You come over here and keep me amused –' – then wraps it up in 'acts of faith'.

I want to go etruscanising at the end of this week – weather being decent. It's wild windy and weird today.

I don't know of any decent American book on the yoga – the one I read, the very first I ever read, was called *The Apocalypse Unveiled* – I

forget the author It's not important But it gave me the first clue It is quoted by writers – western – on yoga matters – usually rather scornfully

Well, I do hope you'll fix up something about an abode It's no good going on as you are – I suppose you got the letter I addressed to you at Hotel Belvedere Anacapri instead of Bella Vista

It's a pity one needs houses and homes But one *does* no matter how much the mind is its own country

[P S] Hope you're feeling better – I am, more or less

To S S Kotliansky, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 12 July 1927

My dear Kot Poor me! I'm in bed again with bronchials and bronchial hemorrhage – for the last week – so sick of it I have the best doctor from Florence – but he can only give Coagulin – says not to bother – but I really get depressed The doctor says best to go to the mountains, about 2000 ft, to pine woods If I'm well enough, I think we shall go to Austria, to the Worthersee, near Villach, in a fortnight I hope I can go, I am sick of this business – Frieda's sister and husband from Berlin will be there – at the Worthersee – for August

There isn't any other news, except that I am sick

How are you all? Don't be black-moodish, think, you might have bronchial hemorrhage and many other ills

To Dr Trigant Burrow, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 13 July 1927

Dear Trigant Burrow You are the most amusing person that writes to me It is really funny – resistances – that we are all of us all the while existing by resisting – and that the p-a doctor and his patient only come to hugs in order to offer a perfect resistance to mother or father or Mrs Grundy – sublimating one resistance into another resistance – each man his own nonpareil, and spending his life secretly or openly resisting the nonpareil pretensions of all other men – a very true picture of us all, poor dears All bullies, all being bullied

What ails me is the absolute frustration of my primeval societal instinct The hero illusion starts with the individualist illusion, and all resistances ensue I think societal instinct much deeper than sex

instinct – and societal repression much more devastating. There is no repression of the sexual individual comparable to the repression of the societal man in me, by the individual ego, my own and everybody else's. I am weary even of my own individuality, and simply nauseated by other people's. I should very much like to meet somebody who has been through your laboratory, and come societally unrepressed. Is there anybody? If it weren't for money, the peasants here wouldn't be bad. But money is the stake through the bowels of the societal suicide. What a beastly world, *societal*!

This is to say, if you come to Europe, do let me know. I should like to meet you. I love the way you pull the loose legs out of the tripodds of the p-a-tytical pythonesses.

Of course, men will *never* agree – can't – in their 'subjective sense perception'. Subjective sense perceptions are individualistic *ab ovo*. But do tell them to try! What a scrimmage among the mental scientists, and a tearing of mental hair!

Mental science, anyhow, can't exist – any more than the goose can lay the golden egg. But keep 'em at it, pretending.

I think we shall be in Austria – near Villach – for August and in Bavaria – near Munich – for Sept. Are you coming to Europe? – to the p-a-thing in Innsbruck?

Every Jew is a Jehovah, and every Christian is a Jesus, and every scientist is the Logos, and there's never a man about.

I've got bronchials and am in bed for a bit, and furious.

You can convince a man that he lusts after his grandmother – he doesn't mind! – but how are you going to bring him to see that as an individual he's a blown egg!

I'll try and find your paper on the 'Genesis and Meaning of Homosexuality' – you should have said 'Genesis and Exodus'. But I've long wanted to know the meaning – and there you told it in 1917!

[P S] Letters to here will follow on when we move.

To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 'Friday'

[?15 July 1927]

Dear Aldous and Maria. No luck! I've been in bed last eight days with bronchial hemorrhage – and Dr Giglioli! Getting up a bit now – but not

terra firma – We shall go away if we can in about ten days – to Austria, near Villach – other side of your Dolomites – must go *up* a bit – am so weary of myself

We'll send the books back *Proust* too much water-jelly – I can't read him *Faux Monnayeurs* was interesting as a revelation of the modern state of mind – but it's done to shock and surprise, *pour épater* – and *fanfarons de vice*! – not real

Did Sullivan come? I'm sorry we shan't see him But in the autumn, when we come back, we'll have a meeting, and plan for a for-gathering in the snows of the New Year

Meanwhile many *belle còse* to you all

To Upton Sinclair, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 16 July 1927

Dear Upton Sinclair Many thanks for the copy of *Oil* I read it with keen interest, and consider it a splendid novel of fact It is absurd for anyone to call it indecent it is never indecent, neither in word nor suggestion, but very honest and very decent If they put a ban on it, it will not be for its indecency

And why should they put a ban on it? The real hero is 'Dad' – J Arnold Ross – and the thrill of the book is the way he becomes an oil magnate the old American thrill of a lone hand and a huge success The book won't make Bolsheviks whoever reads it will want to be like 'Dad,' not like Paul or Bunny And so long as people want to be like J. Arnold Ross, what danger is there! Anyhow he's more of a man than any of the other characters

But the novel seems to me a splendid big picture of actual life what more do they want?

Anyhow, here's success to you and the book!

To Mark Gertler, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 31 July 1927

Dear Gertler I am up and creeping around – feeling limp – but better I had the best doctor in Florence – Prof Giglioli – head of the Medical Profession for Tuscany It's chronic bronchial congestion – and it brought me on a series of bronchial hemorrhages this time I've had little ones before It would be serious if they didn't stop, he says. but they do stop so it's nothing to worry about – only one must lie in bed when

they come on – and always be a bit careful – not take sea-baths, as I did at Forte I think he's about right He says now we're to go to the mountains so we're leaving for Austria – D V – on Thursday night I can get into a sleeper in Florence, and stay in till Villach, so I should be all right I'll send the addresses there, as I'm not sure These hemorrhages are rather shattering – but perhaps they take some bad blood out of the system The doctor says no good going in a sanatorium, if I will only lie down when I don't feel well – and not work Which I shall really try to do – I don't really feel bad

So tell Kot to get a doctor himself, and not bother about me

We saw [J W N] Sullivan – he came with the Huxleys – and he was nice, but sad – I thought he would be rather bouncing – not a bit He's coming back to England directly

Ask Kot to tell Barbara [Low] I'll write from Villach

I do hope you're well – cheerful Frieda sends her love, with mine [P S] Did we ever thank you for your booklet of pictures – everybody looks at them They nearly all like the Child best

To Reginald Turner, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 31 July 1927

Dear Reggie (*du côté de chez Schwann*) Pino is here and says you're going to Lucerne, so write there It's very hot – but I'm up again – went downstairs yesterday and sat in the garden – but felt like a *gir' arrosto*, with the hot wind going over me We hope to get away Thursday night to Villach in Austria – pray to the gods for us, for I want to go

Pino is here today – has had *mal di pancia* – but is better and chirpy We drank Gancia, and he was quite '*spumante*' He's going to Vallombrosa tomorrow We and the Wilks are the last remains in the *tierra caliente*

The peasants report that those Robertsons near here (is it?) – those Chileños or Peruvians – have decamped and left many debts – even to the Scandicci barber! *Questi ingles!*

Giglioli still rushes up at dusk and tells me all the news in three minutes I never knew a man who did Frieda such a lot of good Stoimy as he is, he calms her like Jesus on the waters He's really very kind – and I still swallow his abominable Coagulena

I hope you're being well treated by the world, and *moderately* happy You'll never be more – *Tante còse!*

Dear Trigant Burrow Your book came three days ago, and I have now read it I find it extremely good Your findings about sex and sexuality seem to me exactly it that's how it is and your criticism of psychoanalysis as practised is to the quick I believe as you do – one must use words like believe – that it is our being cut off that is our ailment, and out of this ailment everything bad arises I wish I saw a little clearer how you get over the cut-offness I must come and be present at your group-analysis work one day, if I may Myself, I suffer badly from being so cut off But what is one to do? One can't link up with the social unconscious At times, one is *forced* to be essentially a hermit I don't want to be But anything else is either a personal tussle, or a money tussle sickening, except, of course, just for ordinary acquaintance, which remains acquaintance One has no real human relations – that is so devastating

I didn't like your last chapter One should never bow to one's audience As for 'forgiving,' I never know what it means *To forgive all is to understand all* Whatever do you mean? There is no such animal Can one 'forgive' the social unconscious? – in oneself or outside? What's the point? But you have some special meaning for forgive Only that last chapter has a bit of a humble Christian apology sound – and the rest was so brave

And then there will *never* be a millennium There will *never* be a 'true societal flow' – all things are relative Men were never, in the past, fully societal – and they never will be in the future But more so, more than now Now is the time between Good Friday and Easter We're absolutely in the tomb If only one saw a chink of light in the tomb door But your book too is a chink

But do you know, I think you are really more a philosopher, or artist, than a scientist – and that you have a deep *natural* resistance to this scientific jargonising – which makes your style sometimes so excruciating – whereas, the moment you let go, it is perfect to your matter

And I do think that man is related to the universe in some 'religious' way, even prior to his relation to his fellow man And I do think that the only way of true relationship between men is to meet in some common 'belief' – if the belief is but physical and not merely mental. I hate religion in its religiosity as much as you do But you, who like etymologies, look

at religion Monism is the religion of the cut-off, father-worship is the cult of the cut-off but it's the cut-offness that's to fault There is a *principle* in the universe, towards which man turns religiously – a *life* of the universe itself And the hero is he who touches and transmits the life of the universe The hero is good – your own effort is heroic – how else understand it? It's only this image business which is so hateful Napoleon was all right it was the Emperor that was out of gear

Do you know somebody who said *On connaît les femmes, on on les aime, il n'y a pas de milieu?* It's Frenchy, but I'm not sure it isn't true I'm not sure if a mental relation with a woman doesn't make it impossible to love her To know the *mind* of a woman is to end in hating her Love means the pre-cognitive flow – neither strictly has a mind – it is the honest state before the apple Bite the apple, and the love is killed Between man and woman it's a question of understanding *or* love, I am almost convinced

Where the apple reddens never pry
Lest we lose our Edens, you and I –

The Edens are so badly lost, anyhow But it was the apple, not the Lord, did it There is a fundamental antagonism between the mental cognitive mode and the naive or physical or sexual mode of consciousness As long as time lasts, it will be a battle or a truce between the two How to prevent suburbia spreading over Eden (too late! it's done) – how to prevent Eden running to a great wild wilderness – there you are But you're wrong, I *think*, about marriage Are you married?

How to regain the naive or innocent soul – how to make it the man within man – your 'societal', and at the same time keep the cognitive mode for defences and adjustments and 'work' – *voilà!*

As for myself, I'm in despair I've been in bed this last week with bronchial hemorrhages – due, radically, to chagrin – though I was born bronchial – born in chagrin, too But I'm better – shaky – shaky – and we're going to Austria tomorrow, D V – whoever D may be – to the mountains

I shall write a review of your book if I can Probably even then nobody will print it But it is most in sympathy with me of any book I've read for a long time Pardon the egoism – what is one to say! I hope we may meet, really.

To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Hotel Fischer, Villach, Karnten, Austria,

8 August 1927

Dear Aldous and Maria Well here we are – got through on Thursday night in the *wagon-lit* – not too tired and no bad consequences I feel already much better What with cool air, a *cool bed*, cool mountain water – it's like a new life I never *would* have got well, down there in that heat in Tuscany I hope to heaven you are feeling all right But if one is well to start with, one doesn't mind

It is such a mercy to be able to breathe and move I take little walks to the country – and we sit by the river – the Drave – in the little town, under the clipped trees, very 18th-century German – Werther period The river comes from the ice, and is very full and swift and pale and silent It rather fascinates me – And the people are so queer – those big bare Germanic legs, in *Tyroler Lederhosen* – the big bare bodies lying in the sun along the lakeside – a queer impression as if the clock was going rapidly backwards – the reversal of time – everything quiet, sort of vague – yet not dead – and everything going like the river, by itself – no apparent government, no apparent control at all There is something restful about it – makes one wonder I think it really is a *Schöpferische Pause* But one has to get into the backwater of the pause, to realise it a bit

I hope you are all gay Is Sullivan still there? Is Rose mahogany by now? – Two kisses to the boy, to thank him for his nice letter

Send us a line Love

[P S] I think so often of the lotus flowers – I *must* paint them one day

Rose Maria Huxley's younger sister, Rose Nys

To Dorothy Yorke, from Hotel Fischer, Villach, 11 August 1927

Dear Arabella Your man Slonimsky sent his letter from Florence the day we left and it has just come on here If you write him, tell him I'm sorry we missed him

We usually get out of the heat earlier, but this year I was in bed with bronchials and bronchial hemorrhage all July, and felt a poor specimen Also it was terribly hot – no rain for three months But I crawled into a *wagon-lit* and we got here Friday It is cool, among the mountains, and I feel a good deal better But I am afflicted with these bronchials of mine.

Frieda's *junger* sister is here with her husband, staying on the Ossiachersee about six miles away F has just gone there swimming – it's her birthday – I shall go out to lunch I can't swim, or bathe – or even walk very far Makes me so cross But it is pleasant here, in this big Gasthaus in the little town – all the Tyrolean mountain people going through – and the food is really good Also I like Villach – little old German place – and the nice full river – the Drau – that goes so quick and silent

I think we shall stay till about 24th – then move north – we're supposed to spend September in Bavaria

Be sure and tell Slonimsky – and I hope you're having a nice summer

To G Orioli, from Hotel Fischer, Villach, 'Saturday'

[?13 August 1927]

Dear Pino I wonder if you are still at Vallombrosa – and if it has rained Here there have been great thunderstorms and torrents of rain, and it is almost cold I am thinking of woollen underwear nippy!

What is your news? how is Reggie? and is he still at Luceine? is your boy back again, and how did he like being up there in Piedmont? We hear only from the Wilks, who faithfully sent me on my letters, they are almost roasted alive in San Polo, and I think a bit bored But they too go to the hills next week

Is everywhere crowded? here there are endless numbers of tourists, everywhere full up but they are all Austrians, no *Inglese* nor *Americani* I am the only phoenix I like it all right – we make little excursions in the motor-buses, to the various lakes, which are quite beautiful Frieda's sister is on the Ossiachersee, just near – we see them a good deal – but she, my *cognata*, is not very contented, having got a newish bourgeois banker husband, ten years older than herself, instead of a ne'er-do-well ex-army officer – she changed them four years ago – the husbands, I mean, and the good bourgeois bores her and oppresses her, and she is in a bad humour, having always lived a gay life, and altogether I think the female of the species is a trial nowadays

Please tell me what part of the anatomy are the *fròge*? when the *cavalla gonfiava le fròge al pari di un mastino ringhioso* – which part of her precious self did she swell out? – and what do you imagine is a *campiere*? a *campaio* I take it is a man in charge of certain fields – but what is a

campiere? – and if you see a good fat dictionary with no *crusca*, do peep in and see how much an *onza* was worth – about 15 lire, I believe – But about the last, don't bother – As you may guess, I translate my Verga on rainy days, and I still like him, and still worry you about him

I think we shall be here till the 28th – so write to me

'Your boy' Carlo Zanotti, who worked in Orioli's bookshop

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Hotel Fischer, Villach, 14 August 1927

Dear Brett We came here a week ago – it was fearfully hot and dry at the Mucnda, and I had rather a bad attack of the bronchials. However, it is passing off here in the mountains

This is a little German old-fashioned place N E of Venice. There's a full, quick river flowing through, and Tyrol mountain tourists with bare knees, you know the sort, and lots of beer. Austria feels very happy-go-lucky, poor as ever, but nobody bothers about anything. I think we shall stay here till end of August, then go to Bavaria for September. I don't feel in any hurry to get back to Italy, prefer to be in the mountains for a time

I enclose snaps of five of my pictures – there's a fight with an Amazon – not here – and two little ones. I don't think the photographs give one much idea. We heard from F's daughter Barby that Dorothy Warren has got the smartest private art-gallery place in London – asked Barby to show her pictures – and she, B, sold one to Lord Something Churchill, she didn't say for how much. Dorothy Warren wants me to send my pictures to her, but I'm diffident, don't feel very showy

I had your letter about Clarence [Thompson]. I'm sorry he is so stuck in those movies. How is Spud, by the way? Nobody tells me

I think if my bronchials remain stuck, we'll have to bust all our money sailing round the world to San Francisco – the sea voyage does one good. But I'm hoping they'll clear up

Tell Mabel I'll send her snaps if she wants them. Did you ever get your copy of *Mornings in Mexico*? How is the weather at the ranch. Sudden deluges here, but nice after the dryness of Italy – Do send snaps of yours

To E H Brewster, from Hotel Fischer, Villach, 22 August 1927

Dear Earl I had your letter – glad all goes well at Cimbrone – but don't envy you that heat It's almost cold here – and I like it – but sunny I'm much better, though now sneezing violently, for a variation

I think one can summon up energy – in fact am sure But it is much easier to summon it up if one has an object in view – that is, for some definite purpose – than just for the sake of having the energy And curiously, it seems much easier to summon up energy for some egoistic or mercenary purpose, particularly for the enforcing of the egoistic *will*, than for a good purpose For a good purpose, or a good flow, it seems much easier to summon up energy collectively – if two or three are gathered together But the charlatan and the witch and the fakir can summon up a lot of energy just for their own ends I'm surprised what a lot of that there is in the world – especially in the business world – a fakir-like energised charlatanry, consciously self-energised I believe Henry Ford and President Wilson were that way, and very many others *Que veux-tu?*

We are still here – shall stay presumably another week, till the 29th Then from the 1st Sept the address will be per Adr Fiau Dr Jaffe-Richthofen – Irtschenhausen, Post Ebenhausen, presso Monaco di Baviera We shall have a wooden chalet-house there – belonging to F's sister – and shall stay the month, I expect

I enclose this little cheque which I found in my bag If the other one has already turned up, give this to Harwood, and she can buy herself a powder-puff and a pot of rouge

Today is *Jahrmarkt* here, and I hear the lowing of cattle and the neighing of horses in my ear, so will get up and look at the spoil of the Amalekite It is a sunny day with an almost chill air, a bit of snow on the mountains

I'm glad you are all busy painting Do my orange-coloured nymphs and fauns look a sight? I bought water-colours here, but so far, have not wet a brush

I don't think we shall stay long in the Mirenda Probably in the New Year we shall go up into the mountains, perhaps Cortina, to the snow The mountains seem better for me Alas, the lotus is not my blossom, though it's a lovely flower –

What are your plans too? indefinite Cimbrone? I should think lotus flowers would grow well in a pool there – if there is ever a pool instead of the roses of the late lord's ladies – *Herzliche Grusse*

To Mabel Luhan, from Hotel Fischer, Villach, 25 August 1927

Dear Mabel Heard from Brett today – she says you are learning to drive the Buick and stepping on the gas like ten heroines Don't do it *Camminando si arriva* Stepping on the gas one goes over the edge, which is not an arrival

We've been here three weeks – me convalescing, and not very pleased with myself I had a miserable month at the Mirenda with my bronchials and hemorrhages – seems to get me in July – and I'm still only about a third there I do hate it We're going next week to a house of my sister-in-law's in Bavaria, to stay a month, as arranged but send me a line c/o Frau Baronin von Richthofen, Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden

I think still with hankering of the ranch in the early spring – If I can, we shall come A change of continent would do me good Except that the altitude, for bronchials, is what the doctor calls a bleeding altitude But who knows – I was so well again there that last summer

What about the Memoirs? are you waiting a while?

And were those books all right? I'll bet when you saw them you only cursed them But we did our best

Austria is queer – seems to have gone quite void It's like being at the centre of a vital vacuum The people are healthy, rather handsome, and don't seem to care about a thing – a void, where caring is concerned Most queer! But the peasants look unpleasant and stunk of greed – This queer vacuum is the centre of Europe I wonder what wind will whirl in to fill it up Anyhow the world is far past my understanding A German wrote a book called *Schöpferische Pause – Creative Pause* I don't know whether this is one It seems to me more than pause, even more than a blank full stop Yet with such healthy bodies bathing and lying by the lake, you never saw California on a small scale *L'ideale del vuoto*

Taos sounds nothing but a mad Valkyrie of motor cars in Brett's last. Send in a line to say you are all soothed down to ten miles an hour

*To Mrs Emily King, from Irschenhausen, Post Ebenhausen, Germany,
7 September 1927*

My dear Sister It is such lovely weather here the days slip by like nothing – then Johanna came on Monday, on her way from Austria to Baden-Else met us in Munich when we arrived – so you may guess there is a chatter all day long, with the three sisters

I like this place very much – It is fourteen years since I was here last – 1913 – one can hardly believe it – and the place is just the same, only the trees grown taller and the paint got shabby One feels my brother-in-law Edgar so strongly – he died in 1918 [1921] – almost as if he were somewhere about the place He loved his little Bow-wow! as he called it – meaning a dog-kennel It's a nice little wooden house – a little chalet – in a meadow of its own on the hill shoulder in a corner of the forest The forest goes on for miles behind – with open places – and in winter and spring the deer all come out – but now they're retired away One wanders about where one will – nothing is shut off, all the country is open I really like it very much, one feels free, on the open earth Italy is so very much more occupied There are very few people here We've got a good servant – Edgar's Anna of 14 years ago – and I drink goat's milk, and really feel better I hope the lovely autumn sunshine will last and the moon in the fresh nights

Johanna leaves tomorrow for Baden – and Else next Monday for Heidelberg – then we shall be alone a few days, and Barby Weekley will come – she is visiting a professor's family in Cologne The old Grandmother Weekley died last week, at the age of 86 she whom Frieda was supposed to be hurrying to the grave with grief fifteen years ago!

My agents just told me I lose 20% of all the money I make on my books the govt takes so much tax on royalties due to all persons living abroad But if I lived in England I suppose the income tax would be about as much Anyhow one can't help it

One feels much more cheerful not being in Austria That poor country is absolutely broken – and endless poverty, and no hope because the Versailles treaty took away all the industrial regions It's a scandal Germany is busy and flourishing – everywhere so spick and span and cared-for, everybody working so hard, and life fairly cheap much cheaper than Italy

I suppose Joan's back at school, and Peg at work I hope Sam's shop does well – Love!

*To Mrs Margaret Needham, from Irschenhausen, Germany,
13 September 1927*

My dear Peg Your mother says I owe you a letter I'm afraid you're not the only one I really hardly write any nowadays, except just business notes

It's sharp and nippy here, the autumn crocuses looking very pink in the grass it means winter before long And you're thinking of night-school again! Spanish or German, you say? Spanish is much easier – but what are you going to do with it? – unless you get with a firm that has Spanish-American correspondence It's not worthwhile learning Spanish to read *Don Quixote* You'll have to choose for yourself Which of the two countries do you think you'll travel in?

You might one day come here, it's very nice, with the forest behind the house, and the wide open valley in front, with the big mountains beyond This morning we saw a few deer in the clearing about five minutes from the house a red stag hiding behind a clump of trees to watch us, and just leaving his inquisitive rump in sight, for a hunter to shoot at They are very curious creatures – full of curiosity

Your mother asked me what I wanted for my birthday, but I don't think there is anything Frieda's mother sent me six hankies – and socks. But perhaps you might send some tea to my two sister-in-laws It cost 10/- a pound here, and bad at that Your mother might send them each two pounds of good light India tea – not Ceylon then I've kept my promise I know the big tea-firms send tea abroad and pay the duty and they do it very nicely I have seen advertisements in the paper.

I'm feeling better – have just come in from a walk, about three miles, and not tired Only this bronchial cough is still a nuisance but I must say, much better It suits me here, the stillness, and the good food and milk We have a servant who is an excellent cook – and Emil [Krug] has sent me 30 bottles of special malt beer – I am looked after hard, I can tell you Else went away yesterday, so we are alone for a bit but probably Barby Weekley will turn up, just for a day or two, at the weekend The old Weekley grandmother died, aged 86, and the Weekleys are

making as much tragedy over it as if she'd been a young Ophelia
Sentimentalising lot!

We've had some rainy days – bright again now, but sharp cold I hope
it's decent in England It's a good thing I didn't come this year – wasn't
well enough, anyhow But next year it will be fine and we'll come for a
longer time

I'll put the two addresses for the tea I hope the shop flourishes and
you all are well – Love to you all

Frau Dr Else Jaffe-Richthofen, Bismarkstr, 17, Heidelberg, Frau
Johanna Krug, Nymphenburgersr 99, Berlin/Schoneberg

Johanna gave me a travelling barometer – it's just moving up to 'fine'

To Franz Schoenberner, from Irschenhausen, Germany,

20 September 1927

Dear Mr Schoenberner Many thanks for your letter and for the
criticisms the latter are at least very much more intelligent than some
I received this morning from America – The bundle of *Jugends* has not
turned up – no doubt it has been stolen in the post It is a nuisance, the
way one loses *Drucksache* Is it true, as the postman here said, that one
cannot *emschreiben* the *Drucksache* in this country? Is it possible? Because
I gave him some MS to send to England as *Drucksache emgeschreiben*,
and he sent it without registering – a great nuisance if it gets lost

I haven't been able to find a story of my own short enough for you
yet Perhaps the one I am sending to Frau Jaffe would do if you used it
in two parts But I'll try to get hold of a little 'dog' story

If we come in to Munich it will be next week, so I shall let you
know The weather is bad, it is no use setting out anywhere

We got a copy of *Jugend* – the one with 'Mord in Neapol' – so I think
I see the kind of story you want

My wife sends greetings, with mine, and we'll see if we can't meet
next week

Franz Schoenberner, who wrote of Lawrence in *Confessions Of A European
Intellectual* (1946), was at the time he knew Lawrence the editor of the magazines
Jugend and *Simplicissimus*

To Franz Schoenberner, from Irschenhausen, Germany, Saturday

[24 September 1927]

Dear Mr Schoenberner Many thanks for the *Jugends*, which came safely yesterday We looked at them all the evening – but I haven't read the stories yet, only the jokes! Some of them are very good – and the whole thing is alive – but the curious sexual cynicism is a bit alarming, because it's just how the world is But whatever will be the end of it, if there is nothing to counterbalance it? I tell you, when I've looked through ten *Jugends*, I feel thoroughly frightened

I think we shall come to Munich next Thursday, or if it rains, Friday – and perhaps we might meet somewhere for coffee, at about 2 o'clock if that is convenient We'll have lunch in town first – meals are a bore anyhow

I forgot to say I should be very pleased to meet Hans Carossa – and if a poet who is a doctor can't tell me what to do with myself, then who can?

Do you know anything of Max Mohr, the dramatist? I hear he might possibly come and see me.

Let me know if Thursday or Friday will do for you and Frau Schoenberner, and for Carossa – All good wishes!

To Else Jaffe, from Irschenhausen, Germany, 'Sunday' [25 September 1927]

My dear Else Many thanks for the pen, which I am so glad to have in my fingers again – it's an old friend it wrote *Boy in the Bush* and 'St Mawr' and 'Princess' and 'Woman Who Rode Away' and *Plumed Serpent* and all the stories in between not bad, even if it is a nasty orangy brown colour But I've got even to like this colour They seem to have mended it all right, it goes well

This is the horriddest day of all, after tea and still pouring with rain. and I would like to go out! If only I had strong boots and a rainproof. I would of course if we were staying – Yesterday was lovely and sunny till teatime

This weekend we are alone – Anna is coming tomorrow Then I suppose the Meyers will come and the Kahlers – and I've promised to go to Schoenberner's, and to meet Hans Carossa there I heard from England that a man who writes plays and thinks I am the greatest living

novelist (quote) and who lives in Tegernsee, may come and see me Max Mohr do you know anything about him? I don't

I began the little bag – with green grass waves and dandelion seed-stones – you know, the fluffy balls – and it's going to have bees But today is so dark and the stuff is so black! But it will be rather a small bag

I suppose we shall stay here till Monday week – is that December [October?] 2nd? I don't feel a bit anxious to return to Italy – but I think Frieda does I don't mind, for the time being, if it rains and is dark – By the way, you should see how pretty your garden looks, with the gold, and the mauve of the Michaelmas daisies, and the big autumn daisy, and the pink phlox it looks really gay, on a sunny day – We have gathered the apples – so bright and red – and the last two hazel-nuts, I'm afraid either squirrels or children had fetched the others The woods are simply populated with mushrooms, all sorts, in weird camps everywhere – really like strange inhabitants come in We eat the little yellow ones, and keep picking *Steinpilze* and throwing them away again The cows come every afternoon on to our grass, with a terrific untinnabulation, like a host of tinkling Sundays There is a Jersey who is pining to come to tea in the porch – and a white calf that suddenly goes round the moon Frieda reads Goethe, and I play patience – today I have finished my *Cavalleria Rusticana* translation now I've only to do the introduction if that fool of a young postman hasn't lost my bookful of MS that I sent to England Frieda told him loudly *registered*, he says he sent it unregistered – and *Drucksache* I shall curse him if I have to do it all over again

It's nightfall – I think I shall go out, spite of rain, for a few minutes – *Wiedersehen!*

To S S Koteliansky, from Irschenhausen, Germany, 26 September 1927

My dear Kot I had your last little De Profundis the worst of you is, there's never any *oro te* follows Now what's the matter? anything new, or just the continual accumulation of the same old badness? It seems to be a fight between you and time whether Time will wear out your inertia, or your inertia will wear Time out *Caro*, there's nothing to be said to you one has long realised the futility But If I can do anything for you, let me know And meanwhile, *omnium desperandum*

We are still here shall be here I suppose another week The weather

alternates between marvellous black steady days of rain, and marvellous warm bright days of sun I likewise alternate between feeling much better, and almost sprinting along the road in my old self, and then feeling still a bit of a wreck The Lord knows what's in it I feel a bit like Noah's dove who has lost the ark and doesn't see any signs of an olive bough – and is getting a bit weary on the wing An olive tree is a low little tree, and doesn't grow on mountain tops How is it that dove didn't come home with a sprig of fir or birch or beech? I think I'll take a pine-needle in my beak, not wait for olives.

There's no news – except the govt now takes 20% of the royalties of persons living abroad I begrudge it I don't feel very keen on going back to Italy – don't know why But the climate will drive us back We're due to stay in Baden-Baden a fortnight, anyhow I like it here, the stillness and the forest and the still-unbroken quality of the silence The deer go rushing past in front of one – Let me know when I can be of any avail

To Else Jaffe, from Hotel Eden, Baden-Baden, Germany, 'Friday' [?7 October 1927]

My dear Else You also have a birthday, but it seems to me one must be four or eighty to have important birthdays Of the number we won't speak

I had your letter Yes, we saw Hans Carossa, a nice man, mild like mashed potatoes He listened to my lung passages, he could not hear my lungs, thinks they must be healed, only the bronchi, and doctors are not interested in bronchi But he says not to take more inhalations with hot air it might bring the hemorrhage back. The journey was vile, many people, much dust, and I had a cold But it is better We are very grand here, two rooms, a bath and the food very good

Yesterday it was goose Michaelmas goose, I can eat better but they bring so much, wagonloads of potatoes, and cutlets big as carpets, and how the people feed! It takes my shy appetite away a bit

The mother-in-law grows younger and younger We must go back like this on her next birthday 66 next time, then 55 years It is thus with old age, the only real youth without trouble, after seventy

Max Mohr came in a car from Tegernsee, where he has a pleasant

house – with wife and child – a man thirty-six years old or so

He wants to be a child of nature but we were disappointed in the nature. But he is good and interesting, but a last man who has arrived at the last end of the road, who can no longer go ahead in the wilderness nor take a step into the unknown. So he is very unhappy, is a doctor, prisoner of war in England, and his psychology a little like Hadu's. We have his plays, we send them to you.

When are you coming? Come this weekend. We stay till the seventeenth. We are very fortunate here, but the world seems dark to me again. That scares me and I want to go south.

I send you the story – too long for *Jugend* – but you might sell it somewhere else. Would not 'Tickets Please' and 'England, My England' be just right for *Jugend*? Have you got them? The piece about the dog I can't find. But come and we can talk it all over. Are Friedel and Marianne there? Greet Alfred and them.

[From the German]

To S S Koteliarsky, from Hotel Eden, Baden-Baden, 8 October 1927

My dear Kot. Your letter about your scheme came on today. I am a useless person to consult commercially. You know Secker asked me if *Jud Suss* was worth publishing in translation – and I said no! Luckily he did it, and saved his life and almost made his fortune. So there am I, as a business adviser!

Do you think you could sell such little books as 8000 words at 15/- each? I doubt it, unless you had something very special, and a bit risky, inside. But where will you get anything very special and risky? It's as good as impossible. Unless you think of something clever. You see no man today will risk himself in print, at least under his own name. Everybody turns out the expected stuff. Unless you could persuade a few people to do you an *anonymous* declaration – a *confessio* or an *apologia* in which he really said all he wanted to say – really let go. If you could get Wells to do a black prophecy and somebody else to reveal other intimate things that can't get into print – that [Katherine] Mayo woman saying the *worst* about India – that kind of thing – all say the worst they all feel – you might get something even worth 15/- – But they'd have to be anonymous. And you'd have to have at least half a dozen MSS. before

you made any announcement – Otherwise, I doubt if you'll possibly get anything worth printing You won't be able to pay enough – What you might do, you might write to a few people who have strong feelings, and ask them if they have anything that no paper would print, which they would like to have printed – anonymously or otherwise – then see Otherwise nobody will give you anything really worth having And you can't offer the world tripe at 15/- for 10,000 words – Then if you want to do Nonesuch Press stuff, you must leave out Kuprin and me That Nonesuch sort of stuff is for the pretty-pretty public If you can really catch the pretty-pretty public all right – but not with coin like mine My dear Kot, *do* do something But it must be feasible Publish books at 15/- for 10,000 words if you like But first find the things to publish, worth publishing I should be a bit ashamed to see a story like 'The Man Who Loved Islands' done up at 15/-, when the *London Mercury* will print it in the ordinary course What is your point? very exquisite production? Then do the classics, that people feel safe about

I believe you could do something But you've got to hit a special line I'll try and think of something But I of course incline to something cheap – a tiny little magazine at 6d that honestly says something

But I'll try to think of something – Did Leonard Woolf's stuff – his little books – sell? – But they didn't cost 15/- Why 15/-? What justification?

To Mrs Emily King, from Hotel Eden, Baden-Baden, 'Sunday'

[29 October 1927]

My dear Pamela We had your letter and Peg's note So now it's Joan's turn! I hope to heaven she was able to pop into the hospital and get that job done It's not much in itself, but one is relieved when it's all well over.

I was examined again by the Doctor in charge of the Bath here he looked me over last year – says I'm really rather better than I was last year – catarrh clearer on the lower lungs, but still not clear at the top, and bronchial passages inflamed And I don't weigh enough – but I never did. He wants me to go into a sanatorium for two months, just to build up. But my Florence doctor, one of the best in Italy, said there was no need to go into a sanatorium, especially if I could eat with appetite And I'm just getting my appetite back, and beginning to feel really really more

myself And doctors and sanatoriums only lower my spirits I shall take inhalation cure for ten days or so here – sort of all from the radium springs – and if I keep on as well as I am, I shan't go into any sanatorium Why should I? The only thing is to get better – and I'll really try to do that and nothing else

It was a lovely day – clear sun all day, and the woods just yellowing I've got a fine big room in this hotel – and Frieda a smaller room – with one bathroom between us – food very good – what more can one have? Look at poor G [Gertrude Cooper] and sanatoriums I'm sure the thought of her simply breaks my heart a year now And it's no joke for Ada having her home, with all the responsibility

To Alfred A Knopf, from Hotel Eden, Baden-Baden, 10 October 1927

Dear Knopf We aren't back in Italy yet – but hope to depart next week I'm doing a bit of an inhalation cure here for my miserable tubes I think Europe is a bit depressing – but especially northern and central Europe Austria was awful, and Germany, just underneath her new-assumed sprightliness, is awful too What the devil's the matter with the world?

About a new MS – you know Secker is doing a vol of short stories in the spring – though I suppose you don't call that a new MS, since they've all appeared somewhere or other But I wish you'd ask Curtis Brown to let you see the six Etruscan sketches *Sketches of Etruscan Places* with the photographs I believe *Travel* is publishing four of them, with pictures beginning next month

I intended to do twelve sketches, on different places – but when I was ill, I left off at Volterra I wanted to do a book about 80,000 words, to be illustrated with some 80 or 100 photographs You'll see the idea from the first six sketches – Now I don't care very much whether I finish the thing or not In my present state, I feel I never want to write another book What's the good! I can eke out a living on stories and little articles, that don't cost a tithe of the output a book costs Why write novels any more! Then the Brit govt takes 20% of the royalties – and there's the agent – what do I get out of it, after sweating myself to nothing! Not good enough – The novel I wrote last winter is good, but they'd call it pornographic, so I shan't publish it

But that's not the point The point is, if you felt at all keen about the Etruscan book, I'd sweat round Arezzo and Chiusi and Orvieto and those places, and do the other six sketches this autumn But if you feel cool about it, then none of us need bother I'm glad when I needn't make any effort whatsoever – don't feel up to much

Let me know just how you feel – you didn't like the *idea* of the Etruscan book – and I don't really care

Remember us both to Mrs Knopf It's lovely autumn now, and I almost wish I was in America Europe really *is* a dud I wish I was at the ranch – anyhow there's *room* there

[P S] Write to the Villa Muenda

To S S Kotchiansky, from Kurhaus Eden, Baden-Baden, 'Monday'

[?10 October 1927]

My dear Kot I can more or less see the possibility of your 'intimate series,' if you can get hold of any MSS that are in any way really intimate But as far as I know authors, it's next door to impossible Myself, I find it terribly difficult to write intimately – one feels colder and colder about unbosoming oneself And you'd need at least six genuine good MSS before you start I shall see Douglas and Huxley in Florence – and I'll put the matter to them, privately Then there's E M Forster – perhaps A E Coppard – Osbert Sitwell – Edith Sitwell – Gerhardt – Dos Passos – Sherwood Anderson – Gertrude Stein – Robert Graves – all *might* do an interesting thing, *if they will* And one could think of others But I doubt so terribly if anybody will write and *sign* anything truly intimate or particularly worth having And there must be some point to the series – you don't want just to start out cadging 15/- or 21/- for limited edition stuff which is only like all other stuff Myself, I'll give you anything I can give but what in God's name am I to write *intimately*? If there were some clue – some point upon which we're to be intimate, so that the things hung together a bit, if even only a suggestion from everybody of what they think the most important thing in life – something of that sort But you *must* have a point

And I'm a bit doubtful of the sixpenny stories Better perhaps a little fortnightly or monthly of ten or twelve thousand words a little magazine something like that *Laughing Horse* from Santa Fe – did you

see the number Spud Johnson did on me? – it wasn't good, but a little private sort of magazine like that can be made to pay, just to pay, especially if you canvass personally for material, and appeal only to a decently educated public – not like the *Adelphi*, which wanted all the chapel and church imbeciles, and fell through the holes in its own socks. The point is, you've got to offer something genuine – there's plenty of hotch-potch already. You'll never make much money with genuine stuff, but you'll be sound.

There goes the dinner bell

– But you've got to get down to some bed rock somewhere – there have been too many piffling little 'enterprises'

To Max Mohr, from Kurhaus Eden, Baden-Baden, 10 October 1927

Dear Max Mohr. Awfully nice of you to send the Rousseau lion and the Jean-Paul book. The first is very naive and touching – as for the second, I shall read it this winter when I feel *kraftig*. I have already read your Tulpin play. It has a queer flavour of its own, you should not abuse it. But you are bad at heroes. Your Colombus always seems to be weeping into a wet pocket-handkerchief. Your villainous Christys are much more alive and frisky. My *Schwiegermutter* was very amusing about it. '*Aber das ist kein Kunstwerk! Und die Sprache, die sie sprechen! Aber nein, der Mohr, der ist kein gebildeter Mann*'. All the same, she is really interested, and goes on reading. As she says '*Einmal haben sie uns Iphigenia vorgestellt, und jetzt! Aber wie die Welt herunter gekommen ist, nein, ein Schauer!*'. But whatever your plays are, you have a queer power of putting one right into the scene, whether one wants to go or not. I am reading your *Improvisationen im Juni* now.

As for one's old works I feel just the same as you about it. I read five pages of one of my own books, and shudder, and put the thing away.

Here my manhood, as you call it, patiently listens to *Konzerten im Kurgarten*, goes to tea in the *Waldkaffee* with the beloved women, and in the morning sits in a white coat and hood, in a vaporous room with other figures vaguely seen through the mists in more white mantles and hoods, like a *Fehmgericht* doing an *Inhalationkur*. It is my one desire, to get well as soon as possible – but really well. I am sick of books and all things literary, especially *Quatsch* and *Wortenquellen*. I should love to set out

with the *Ziehharmonika* and turn my back on the world. As soon as this beastly cough goes down, we'll do it, shall we? Go to Greenland with a *Ziehharmonika*! But I am afraid, if there's a sound of *Ziehharmonikas* anywhere, one at least of the beloved women will not be left behind. We shall have to pretend we are going to a literary gathering of the international Pen Club. Ugh! how awful! But if we set out with music and light heels, how can you expect the women to let us go alone? *Aspettiamo pure!*

Really, in Baden one ought to be at least 75 years old, and at least an *Excellenz*, at the very least a *Generalchen*. This place is such a back number, such a chapter in faded history, one hardly dares exist at all. I efface every possible bit of my manhood, and go around as much as possible like a paper silhouette of myself.

The chief monument at the moment is a white Hindenburg bust, marvellous, standing among all the *Wurst* and *Ripple* in the sausage shop, and made '*aus feinstem Rinderfett*' *Dass es nicht blosse Schweine-schmalz ist, Gott sei Dank!*

We hope to leave next Monday, 17th, for Italy. The address there is *Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Florenz*. Greetings from us both, also to the *Frau Gemahlin*, and I'll tell you when to tune up the *Ziehharmonika*.

To S. S. Koteliarsky, from Kurhaus Eden, Baden-Baden, 'Sunday'
[postmark 16 October 1927]

My dear Kot. All right! though personally I don't like expensive limited editions, if it's a good way to start, then let it be so. I'll try and write something suitable when I get back to the Mirenda, and I'll tackle Huxley and Douglas – though it's hard to get anything out of Douglas, he's so irritable and nervy and can't work much. You'll have to keep E. M. up to the scratch – he's not dependable either.

Personally I think nothing of Gertrude Stein, and not much of Gerhardt. But they have the sort of limited-edition public, I believe.

As for the 'Jimmy [and the Desperate Woman]' story, you'd be perfectly welcome to it, only Secker is bringing out a volume of short stories, my stories, in January probably, and including that, of course. We'll have to think of something else.

We leave on Tuesday morning early, and should be at the Mirenda by Wednesday evening

Do you know anything of Murry, and his wife? – how she is?

And do you know Campbell's address? Perhaps I'll write to him

I'm still doubtful of the 6d story series – so hard to get 'em going – Will write from Italy

[P S] We might get something decent from Compton Mackenzie, or Francis Brett Young

*To E H and A Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Italy,
21 October 1927*

Dear Earl and Achsah We got back here yesterday – had your letter, Achsah, the last days in Baden I hope the dentisting is done miserable job I've got a tooth started to hurt, so am in for it as well – *miseria!* Frieda had her whack in Baden

Well what news have you got? – that sort of no news which *isn't* good news still? I hate to think of you suspended over the void, but apparently it is in your destiny As for myself, I don't feel much *terra firma* under my feet I wasn't a bit keen to come back to Italy I don't know why, but Italy has sort of gone dead for me seems sort of stupid I have fits like that Still, I suppose we shall stay here a few months, since here we are then pull out, I don't quite know where to But out of Italy anyhow Frieda loves it here but since I was ill, I look round at it all, and it means nothing to me, though it's quite nice So between now and January or February I'll think of a move We can't afford anything expensive am afraid shall have to refuse the invitation to Egypt But even that doesn't trouble me vastly Am in a don't-care mood

I don't feel a bit like work yet shall have to tackle a few things Secker wants to do my collected poems that means typing them out and arranging and doing then he's bringing out a vol of short stories in January and then I *ought* to finish the Etruscan Essays, of which I've done just half But I feel terribly indifferent to it all, whether it's done or not – Four of the Etruscan Essays are to appear in *Travel* – beginning in November I think – with pictures You see they have to go in a picture magazine. But they'll be cut down – Then that resurrection story *The Escaped Cock*, suggested by a toy at Volterra at Easter – that the

American *Forum* has bought – a weird place for such a story I don't know which month they'll do it They did my 'Nightingale' sketch in Sept., and seem to have got off with it very well – As for the novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, I'm keeping it under lock and key I won't publish it, at least now

I might begin a painting of Adam and Eve pelting the Old Lord-God with apples, and driving him out of paradise – but I've got no canvas, and shall never go to Florence – and I don't care either

So there's David sitting on his thumbs

So I hope you've really had a lucky streak, and come across something Perhaps in destiny Italy is finished for us

I enclose ten liras for the postage of the painting – perhaps the sight of that coy nymph and grinning man – very orange, I remember them – might start me daubing a bit, if Earl wouldn't mind sending the canvas – I know posting things is an awful bore

What is Harwood doing, amid the general irresolution? saying nought, like a wise child still?

Well send us a line, anyhow – Love!

To Lord and Lady Glenavy, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,

21 October 1927

Dear Gordon and Beatrice Here's a voice from the past! But Kot said Beatrice was in London and somehow I've been thinking about Ireland lately (does Gordon still say 'Ahrland,' with gallons of tears in his voice?)

We've just got back here from Germany – and I've a suspicion that I'm really rather bored by Italy and the Italians, and I have an idea that next year I should like to try the Wild Irish Should I, do you think? Do you think F and I would like to spend a year in Ireland – rent a little furnished house somewhere romantic, roaring billows and brown bogs sort of thing? Do you think we should? And is it feasible, practical, and all that? somewhere where the rain leaves off occasionally Of course Ireland is to my mind something like the bottom of an aquarium, with little people in crannies like prawns But I've got a sort of hunch about it, that it might mean something to me, more than this Tuscany

It would be great fun to see you both again, especially in native setting I hear Gordon writes plays furious tragedies, no doubt And Beatrice

no doubt appropriately weeps, and the children sob in concert My heaven, the children will be as big as I am! It's awful I'm 42! No, things have gone so far, the plays will have to be comedies

Do you still keep up with Murry? – he's licked all the gum off me, I'm no longer adhesive

I'm serious about Ireland, next year So write and stop me if I ought to be stopped Meanwhile all sorts of greetings, *tante belle còse* from us both, and be sure and send a line in answer

Gordon Campbell had become Lord Glenavy, director of the Bank of Ireland

*To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,
'Sunday' [230 October 1927]*

Dear Aldous and Maria Awfully nice of you to ask us so warmly to Forte and we'd like to come, but for the weary fact of another removal at once I feel dead sick at the moment of shifting about But that won't last very long Whatever flesh I've got on my bones isn't *Sitzfleisch*, though it mayn't be much of anything else – Today – Sunday morning – it's quite a thickish fog – it is with you? – gets my chest a bit and makes me bark Is it so by the sea? Almost every day the morning starts a bit foggy, and Florence is always deeply buried Then the sun comes out so *hot* – Under cover of the mist, the *cacciatori* are banging away – it's a wonder they don't blow one another to bits – but I suppose sparrow-shot is small dust And it's Sunday, *sacra festa*

I don't find myself settling down very well here feel, if I move, I'd like to clear out of Italy for good I think I shall do so next year – and either try Devonshire or somewhere nearer home Time to go home, I feel – But if I'd any money I'd take a long sea-voyage first But I haven't got any money – or a minimum

Poor Kot, he'll be depressed about his 'scheme' I haven't heard from Douglas yet – he's in Prato But he's an erratic bird, I've not much hope of him Poor Kot – I do what I can for him – but why should anybody want to be a publisher?

I'm glad Maria has met Miss Beeton she's one of the few women worth knowing and cultivating Right-o! Maria! You wait a bit, and I'll be eating your puddings for you God gives us a good meeting, as the Methodists'd say – Though I'm sorry Rose has gone The boy

must miss her terribly, lessons or not! – Maria, have you greased the car? – I feel I don't want to do a thing, except curse *almost* everybody Never mind! *Hasta la vista!*

To S S Kotelhansky, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 31 October 1927

My dear Kot Huxley said he was writing to you to say he's tied up to Chatto and Windus, and can't give you anything And I enclose Douglas' letter – don't mind that he calls you a little Jew, it's merely Douglas – That's how people are! They're like fish that will only nibble at a fly that looks like a lot of diamonds They do so love to say No! – because that gives them a sense of power. Myself I began a thing for you – but the thick morning fogs gave me a bit of cold again, and I've left off trying to work But still, if you can get anybody else, I can have my MS ready for Christmas for you – Perhaps you might try A. E. Coppard – I know they 'collect' him But I'm afraid you'll find most writers too cautious, too anxious for their own selves and pockets If I said you were a millionaire just starting publishing, they'd rise at once

Altogether the world is depressing – and I feel rather depressed My bronchials are such a nuisance, and I don't feel myself at all I'm not very happy here, and I don't know where else to go, and have not much money to go anywhere with – I feel I don't want to work – don't want to do a thing – all the life gone out of me. Yet how can I sit in this empty place and see nobody and do nothing? It's a limit! I'll have to make a change somehow or other – but don't know how.

I'm sorry about Douglas and Huxley – but rather expected it People are very small and mungy nowadays Tell me if there's anything else I can do Anyhow if you want my MS. by Christmas, I'll get it done – though it may be a bit *long*

To Max Mohr, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 31 October 1927

Dear Max Mohr Had your letter today – and so you have actually sailed down the Danube on a raft! It sounds great fun but when one comes to dead cities with exhausted people, the gilt goes off the gingerbread But what a restless soul you are! No, you must learn to be more peaceful

inside yourself, or one day you'll just explode like a rocket, and there will be nothing left but bits

✓ It's awfully nice of you to take so much thought and trouble for *David*. But don't you bother too much about it, you'll hate it and us in the end. I know the translation is very unsatisfactory – my sort of German, which, like your English, must go into a class by itself. And of course the whole play is too literary, too many words. The actual technique of the stage is foreign to me. But perhaps they – and you – could cut it into shape. I shall be very much surprised if they *do* play it in Berlin. The public only wants foolish realism. Hamlet in a smoking jacket. ✓

We shall be very pleased to see you in January, wherever we are. We may be here – we may be in Cortina – or we may just possibly go to Egypt, to Cairo, where we have friends. Would you come even there? and bring the *Ziehharmonika* to play to the pyramids? I unfortunately can't yet promise to dance – my bronchials and my cough are still a nuisance. But I want so much to be *able* to dance again. And I think if we went somewhere really amusing, I should quickly be well. My cough, like your restlessness, is a good deal psychological in its origin, and a real change might cure us both. The sun shines here, but the mornings are foggy. And I no longer love Italy very much. It seems to me a stupid country. But where is one to live after all! I don't know if you would rather I wrote in my bad German – you must tell me *Tante belle còse alla Signora, anche alla figliòla, e non dimentichiamo la capra*

To Mrs Hamilton Eames, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 8 November

1927

My dear Marian. Your wedding card just come – imagine this sudden hop into matrimony! Anyhow, I believe it's better than the theatre. I mean the matrimonial stage is a nicer one for you to shine on, than the theatrical. I hope you are feeling chirpy and all serene. You seemed to me a very nice and patient and long-suffering child, so you should make a real good wife, if the man doesn't spoil you. Anyhow, here's luck! in a drop of Kirschwasser which happens to stand at my elbow.

Write and tell me who or what Hamilton Eames is, besides your husband. Is he connected with the theatre? And my congratulations to him.

And how is your mother? I'm thankful she hasn't married that prize-fighter, I forget his name (Len!') – I was wondering about her only two days ago, whatever she is up to now! But I'm thankful to see that she is still Mrs Witt. And is it still Behaviourism and white rabbits and babies and reactions? Or is there a new *ism*? Anyhow, better a new 'ism' than a new husband.

We came back a fortnight ago – I was ill here in the summer, afraid I'd leave my bones in the Campo Santo. Am still a bit groggy and not very well pleased with myself – but painting pictures of large and ruddy nymphs and fauns, to keep me in countenance.

We may come to America in the spring. If so, I hope we shall see you and your husband – also Nina. Meanwhile all my unbishoply blessings on you, and remember your mother's dictum: 'Nothing matters, so long as one keeps one's heart warm.' She said that to me last time we were there. It's frightfully true – but I suppose every different body means something different by it.

I'll send you one of my books, having nothing else to send. My wife adds her good wishes, and I hope we'll all meet soon.

Nina Witt, mother of Marian Eames, was a Buffalo friend of Mrs Luhan's, she had married Lee Witt in Taos, her daughter had married the son of the opera star Emma Eames.

To E. H. Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 8 November, 1927

Dear Earl. Frieda went in to Florence yesterday and got the ruddy nymphs. Those people never notified us – I think I like it almost best of my pictures – at the moment.

How are you, and did you find a villa? I have wondered all these days. It's all right for you to be suspended over the void – but not for Achsah, I'm afraid. Myself I wish I were a bit more suspended too. We've got this flat till next May, but I'm sure I doubt if we'll stay half that time in it. I *am* somehow bored by Italy, and when a place goes against my grain, I'm never well in it. I do really think one is heaps better off in New Mexico – sometimes I pine for it. Let's go in spring – and you help me chop down trees and irrigate pasture on the ranch. I'm *sure* you'd be happier – if we were all there. After all one *moves* – and this deadening kind of hopeless-helplessness one has in Europe passes off. Let's all go in.

March – let's go I'm sick of here – India is largely illusion – besides, we aren't rich enough – And let's make an exhibition of pictures in New York – what fun! For Easter, an exhibition of pictures in New York, then go west We might afterwards sail to China and India from San Francisco – there's always that door out Let's do it! Anything, anything to shake off this stupor and have a bit of fun in life I'd even go to Hell, en route

I've got a book on the Bagh Caves – not nearly so thrilling as the Ajanta caves – but interesting Did you know that in ancient Buddhism, the '*stupa*' occupied the holy central position in the cave, or the temple and when the Buddha figure was invented, the standing Buddha took the place of this *stupa* Now it looks to me as if this *stupa* was just the monumental phallic symbol, like the Etruscan '*cippus*' And the standing Buddha has still a phallic quality They invented the seated Buddha later My book says 'in the early caves the central cult object is the *stupa* or relic monument' – Do you know precisely what the *stupa* was? It looks just like the Etruscan phallic '*cippus*' in the illustration

I did a little picture of a jaguar jumping on a man – but am not happy for working It was a long strip of canvas left over, and cut on the skew Now I can't afford to cut it down, to get it squared Could I stick or sew a bit on the top edge? Otherwise I'll have to cut my jaguar's ears off

I doubt if we'll get to Egypt – if we're going to America in the spring I simply haven't enough money – it comes in slowly, much more slowly than anybody would imagine

I'll send you a copy of *Travel* with the first of the Etruscan sketches It has got pictures, but disappointing because they're too small But you'll recognise the whole thing I think they're doing four sketches – As for the rest, I doubt if I'll ever finish them – I just don't really want to do anything

Achsa is right about this climate – it's not good enough But lately it's been all sunshine – I'm feeling really better – I'm better when I grumble – like my old grandmother, who never was anything but worse and fading fast, for forty years, till she was dying, at 75, when she protested she felt a bit better, and a bit better and so she passed out

There's no news – I've not been to Florence, and seen nobody but the Wilks They are actually taking us a motor-drive to San Gimignano – It will remind me of the bus that brought me from Volterra.

Let me know where you are Many thanks for sending the canvas I had forgotten it was so big! What a shame you should have had to bother with it

Well, here's luck Let's pull out of Europe in the New Year – But perhaps you're just moving into a 'sweet' villa

Frieda sends her greetings – she says the man's head at the bottom of my picture is 'a young Earl'

To Mrs Maria Cristina Chambers, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,

11 November 1927

Dear Mrs Chambers Is it possible you really are the godmother of Rosalino – the actual Rosalino of Oaxaca? Or do you mean, in the spirit merely? (pardon the merely) But if in the flesh, do you know how he is, poor lad? The last I heard from Father Rickards he was in hospital, and not likely to live Poor Rosalino, such a shy gentle soul – it's an awful shame

And did you really write the story in the *New Criterion*? I wondered very much what woman it was knew the Indian so intimately – And it is so well written too – but perhaps your husband helped you Or are you so much at ease in English? How I detest Guadelupe anyhow! I mean Villa de G

I haven't seen the *Literary Digest* of Sept 24th – do send it me.

Perhaps if we come to New York in the spring I may see you and your husband, to talk about Mexico and to digest a little more literature –
Con tanti salute e ossequitando le

Mrs Chambers, a Mexican woman married to the editor of the *Literary Digest*, knew the Rosalino Lawrence wrote of in *Mornings in Mexico*

To Aldous Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 'Monday'

[?14 November 1927]

Dear Aldous Many thanks for *Proper Studies* I have read 70 pages, with a little astonishment that you are so serious and professorial You are not your grandfather's *Enkel* for nothing – that funny dry-mindedness and underneath social morality But you'll say I'm an introvert, and no fit judge. Though I think to make people introverts and extroverts is bunk – the words apply, obviously, to the *direction* of the consciousness or the

attention, and not to anything in the individual essence. You are an extrovert by inheritance far more than *in esse* You'd have made a much better introvert, had you been allowed 'Did she fall or was she pushed' – Not that I care very much whether people are intro or extro or anything else, so long as they're a bit *simpatico* But, my dear, don't be dry and formal and exposition all that – What's the odds! I just read Darwin's *Beagle* again – he dried himself – and *tant de bruit pour des insectes!* – But I like the book

We sit here rather vaguely, and I still haven't been to Florence It's colder, and we warm up in the evening Frieda, inspired by Maria, has launched into puddings boiled batter and jam I do bits of things – darn my underclothes and try to type out poems – old ones Reggie and Orioli and Scott-Moncrieff and a young Acton came *en quatre* – I poured tea, they poured the rest

We shall have to be seeing you soon and making plans for Xmas and Cortina or rather New Year and Cortina I think we shall go to Florence for Xmas – somewhere where we can eat turkey and be silly – not sit solitary here Will you be in Florence, too?

I'm reading Beethoven's letters – always in love with somebody when he wasn't really, and wanting contacts when he didn't really – part of the crucifixion into isolate individuality – *poveri noi*

Love – whatever that is – to all!

[P S] I don't mean I didn't find the 70 pages good – they're very sane and sound and good – only I myself am in a state of despair about the Word either written or spoken seriously That's why, I suppose, I wrote this, when I wasn't asked – instead of holding my tongue

*To Baroness von Richthofen, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,
16 November 1927*

My dear Mother-in-law This time I want you to do something for me our neighbour at the ranch, Rachel Hawk, wants toys for the children She wants two boxes – a fairmyard and a village, not too small, to cost five marks The people in the shop can send it direct Mrs Rachel Hawk, Del Monte Ranch, Questa, New Mexico And in the shop buy also animals and trees and men, as small as possible, also chickens, and little houses and carts and so forth for my niece Joan and my nephew

Bertie, for about ten marks They can be sent straight from the shop to my sister Emily

I send you two pounds, that will be enough You like doing it, yes? In the shop on the *Augustplatz*, where the large autos stand

How are you? We are well It has turned cold, but sun all day today I was on the top of the hill, I saw Florence, lying there in the sunshine, so light and clear, the lilytown

Tomorrow we are going for lunch with Reggie, the first time I shall go to town since we came back If it is fine like today I'll go with pleasure

We are both busy – I am writing stories and am typing all my poems, they are to be collected in one volume Frieda has finished her jacket, very pretty, from the violet velvet Nusch gave her It is really pretty, a short jacket with silver buttons, quite Florentine Renaissance

In the evening we have a fire in the stove The day is warm, the sun streams into the room But the evenings are cold

Max Mohr writes always very nicely and will come to see us in January Perhaps we shall go to Cortina, we are not going to Egypt But if we both keep well, we shall stay in our own house

I always have a 'patience' in the evening and I think the mother-in-law has a game at this same hour Yours comes better than Else's If your little one is called the demon, then Else's ought to be called 'devil'

Else sent me Beethoven's letters But what a cut-off man! He could not come near to anybody and his house, what untidiness, what a mad show! The poor, great man! Thank the Lord, I am still small enough to mend my socks and wash my cup

Frieda has written to you the letter lies about these last two days, half finished You will get it finally, when it arrives

I greet you, *mère éternelle*! A pity we can't send you our roses, they are so lovely

[From the German]

To Lord and Lady Glenavy, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,

16 November 1927

Dear Campbell and Beatrice Many thanks for the letter, cautious but encouraging Was I a monster of impatience? – Whether I still am, I don't know I think I'm a very much sadder and wiser man – but I can

still see you pulling long faces at me No, but I'm patient We've had this house nearly two years

I really think, if we don't go to America to the ranch, we'll come to Ireland – about April But I get so sick of Europe altogether (impatient too) that I feel I *must* go to America for an antidote For America is somehow an antidote – so tonicky, and one *can't* be weighed down with problems there, one doesn't care – then there's the ranch – the horses to ride – the space and the freedom I remember your insisting that stone walls do not a prison make To me they make one absolute, I must move But of course America is tough and anarchic and soulless – but not as mercenary as Italy

I should like to see you again – and Beatrice – and hear your melodious melancholy voice like a sort of bagpipe I wish we could come in this very evening – you could drone and I could flourish, and the women could come in like kettle-drums – wouldn't it be fun? I'd love to have a bit of fun again, in the Selwood Terrace and Bucks style – and you'd *have* to weep because nobody loves you Or perhaps you don't weep any more now you're going to be a Lord – you're not one already, are you? I love to use a title when I can, so for heaven's sake let me know – I don't care what anybody says about you – or even might say in Dublin Yes, I'd listen to it all with joy – but there is a certain melancholy Gordon in a silk hat, but a bathrobe first, with a Mrs Conibear singing in the basement – *what* was it she sang? ('Scenes that are brighter') – that Ireland knoweth not, nor politics either

I think, you know, most probably we'll come Won't you dread it! Never mind, Beatrice can handle us Where is that sister, by the way, of Beatrice's? – And your Aggie? or was it Haggie? My God, what fun! But the thing that will terrify me will be the grown-up children *There* I'll be judged! I don't care Let the skies fall! – Dear Beatrice, do please write us some news, he can't

*To Richard Aldington and Dorothy Yorke, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,
18 November 1927*

Dear Richard and Arabella Your letters this morning – I was ill like the devil here in July – hemorrhages, but bronchial – and creeping about like a fly in Austria and Germany – and still feeble, too much cough –

but better – *poco a poco* I didn't write, feeling sort of disheartened altogether – but chipping up a bit. You shouldn't offer your hard-earned savings – my goodness, I damn well ought to have enough to live on – so I have, by living like a wad-sweeper. But *basta!* But I saw the end of my days, and my only, or chief grief was, I couldn't spit in the face of the narrow-gutted world and put its eye out

Scott Moncrieff said he'd write you. He has a nice side to him – but really an obscene mind like a lavatory. But obscenity must be either witty or robust

We've been back a month – and I went to *Firenze* yesterday for the first time – the *barrocino* fetched us up from Vungone – but for all that, I am sitting in bed this morning on the strength of it. Nothing enages me like not getting well. I think I must have a robust temper, in spite of chests. We've had lovely weather – but now it's cold, with a bit of a frost fog

Imagine, I met Kouyoumdjian – Michael Arlen – on the Lungarno yesterday. He's taken a flat in Florence. Did you know him in the Bloomsbury days? He's thinner, perhaps sadder – otherwise much the same. But he too was ill – some sort of tubercular tumour – and has been curing at Davos. There's something about him I rather like – something sort of outcast, dog that people throw stones at by instinct, and who doesn't feel pious and Jesusy on the strength of it, like Courmos, but wants to bite 'em – which is good. He's one of the few people I don't mind making their pile – just to spite 'em

Dear Arabella, I had that apron on my mind. But they don't have them in Bavaria – and in Baden we were seeing doctors and doing a cure, and F being dentisted, and altogether disheartened. But I have learned to play patience – I mean actually, at cards – so I play it. And when we come next within reach of a coloured apron, I'll send one

I wonder if we shall go to the ranch in the spring – I believe I should feel better. I feel rather come down, after two years of Europe and weary of Italy. But perhaps of myself most. That is, of being unwell

Did you sell two editions of that pamphlet, Richard? I saw it quoted somewhere – But I find most people look on me as if I was a queer sort of animal in a cage – or should be in a cage – sort of wart-hog. *sin amor y sin dispresias*, as my dear song says – Well I hope you are happy in the Malthouse, and busy at things you like. We may go to Cortina in January 'curing'. Dobrée invited us to Egypt – but suddenly didn't write

again – don't know why – sudden scare of the wait-hog and his grunts,
I suppose – anyhow we won't go

Nice little artichokes for lunch, Arabella – pity you can't be having one
with us How did your garden grow, this summer? Here it was so dry,
they had to sell or kill the oxen – and still the wells are almost empty

Awfully nice of you to offer an egg from your ill-laying goose But
I'm not hard up – and when I am, if ever I am, I'll make richer people
fob out

To S S Koteliansky, from Villa Mnenda, Scandicci, 22 November 1927

My dear Kot Well how are things with you now? I was disheartened,
because I had a cold and didn't feel myself, and nothing seemed worth
while But I'm bucking up again now And now Frieda is in bed these
two days with a cold But I expect she'll be up tomorrow she's much
better It's this unnatural autumn – now hot like an orchid-house, hot
and damp

Have you done any more about your scheme? Judging from the
notice of Forster's last book, he must be rather a piffler just now And I
read the *Celestial Omnibus* again – and found it rather rubbish Those
things don't wear But if you can get anything out of him, do – The
devil will be, to get manuscripts and it's entirely useless your beginning
till you've got *four* a series must at least begin to be a series

I'm thinking I shall publish my novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover* here in
Florence, myself, privately – as Douglas does – 700 copies at 2 guineas It
is so 'improper,' it could never appear in the ordinary way – and I won't
cut it about So I want to do it myself – and perhaps make £600 or
£700 Production is cheap here And the book must come out some
day – But don't mention it, will you, among people

Michael Arlen came to see us Saturday – ill poor devil – tubercular
trouble He's much thinner – not much changed – the Florence snobs
cut him dead – he's absolutely *persona ingrata* now, after they made so
much fuss of him He turned all his money in America into a trust, can't
touch it till he's 35 – now he's 31 – But then he'll have a large income,
perhaps £10,000 a year But what's the good! he's a sad dog

But tell me about the scheme, and what's to be done

Huxley's *Proper Studies* is a bore!

My dear Kot I was very much distressed to hear about Ghita – but thankful there'll be no ill consequences I hope by now you've got her safely at the Cave, and she's about well, and all serene Damn all motor cars and I hope they've got to pay good substantial damages

I suppose the Cave is not being abandoned, after all?

About the printing – dear Kot, what is the good of beginning with just one? My novel I'm writing all over again, so that's in abeyance But *how* can you begin the little books with just me? You'd begin and you'd end there You've just got to *wring* a few MSS out of people, if you're going to start The worst of it is, what people? They've all got commercial contracts

Have you seen the German magazine *Querschmitt*? It's a very good modern-popular sort of magazine I believe, if one were going to do anything new and popular today, one would have to be quite bold, jump in with two feet, be unconventional, improper at times, print good nude pictures, and give the thing a *kick* There's absolutely no public for merely 'good' stuff there really isn't The public wants pictures and bits of text But *live* pictures I'll send you a copy of *Querschmitt* The good Jehovah has got to be a bit of a devil if he's going to do anything today You'd far more easily find artists and draughtsmen for a magazine, than writers Then the text becomes subsidiary – all the better – and you can put in snappy things of all sorts

If we don't go to the ranch in the spring, I think we really shall go to Ireland

Can you get from Gertler any explanation of Dobrée's curious behaviour? He wrote very warmly in Sept, asking us to go to Egypt. I replied we'd like to, if we could And since then, not a word from him – only a note from her, saying she hadn't been able to think of journeys – and evidently not badly wanting us – She's a perfect right not to want us – but then in mere politeness he should answer my letter, and say, do we mind putting the thing off I'm surprised at his lack of manners. But I suppose there was some mischief made somewhere However, I was polite, and so can they be

I expect we'll be here for Christmas – weather dull, most other things too

Dear Else I can't help laughing at the end of Frau Katherina's [Kippenberg] letter – gets quite snappy However, that's that I suppose by 'Holy Ghosts' (imagine daring to pluralize it!) she means *Glad Ghosts* I sent you a copy last year – didn't I! – little yellow book I don't mind what they put in a volume – I suggested 'Woman Who Rode Away' and 'Princess' and 'None of That' – all more or less Mexican But let her put in 'Glad Ghosts' if she likes Anyhow we have got her hipped Don't suddenly go and say you don't want to translate the things – or haven't time, or something – just when I've got it into order It would be just like you

Very grey and misty and unsatisfactory here I am in bed, as the best place out of it all But I'm all right – cough a nuisance still, but nothing extra I'd get up if the sun would shine Anyhow I'll get up this afternoon

I'm writing my *Lady Chatterley* novel over again It's very 'shocking' – the *Schwiegermutter* must never see it – I think I shall publish it privately here in Florence

We are staying here for Christmas and making a tree for the peasants This year there'll be at least thirty of them Dreadful thought But Frieda wants it

And we aren't sending out any Christmas presents – so please, Else, don't send us anything The post is so tiresome here, and altogether one feels so unchristmassy I'm sick of Jesus, and don't see at all why he should go on being born every year We might have somebody else born, for a change *Toujours perdrix!*

The Huxleys will be in Florence for Christmas, then going to Diabrets I don't want to go there, another San Moritz, where Michael Arlen has gone I'd have liked to go to Egypt, but the fates seem to say no So it's just San Polo!

The *Schwiegermutter* says you are having *fêtes* in Heidelberg, so I suppose you are wearing your best clothes and going it Nothing like earning, for setting people on the hop

Anyhow I hope you're having a good time, and the children too – Love from both

To Rolf Gardiner, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 18 December 1927

Dear Rolf Gardiner You never answered my last – did it annoy you? Never mind – take it as it comes But write to me from time to time and tell me what you are doing and how you are getting on, because I'm always interested, even if I'm a Job's comforter now and then My own tiresome bronchials exasperate me, that's the worst of it But they're rather better

Anyhow, I think if you could revive the old round dances and singing among the men of the mines and ironworks, you would be doing a very valuable thing, an invaluable thing But I do think you'd do better to work from a centric, and send out shoots and branches I wish it could be done – really, health or not, I'd come and lend a hand It's not talk that'll help nowadays – or only a minimum

I have decided to give up this place in March or April and if I can't face England, then I shall go back to the ranch in New Mexico Anyhow, there's space out there, and a desert to ride over

I thought when I was in Germany, I thought there was a new sort of stirring there a horrible disillusion, a grinning awful materialism, but under it, a stir of life It's too soon to look for results If I were talking to the young, I should say only one thing to them don't you live just to make money, either for yourself or for anybody else Don't look on yourself as a wage-slave Try to find out what life itself is, and live. Repudiate the money idea

And then I'd teach 'em, if I could, to dance and sing together The togetherness is important

But they must first overthrow in themselves the money-fear and money-lust

But, anyhow, send a line to say how your things are going

To S S Koteliansky, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 23 December 1927

My dear Kot Well here is Christmas once more – and such beastly weather you never saw – first bitter cold, now clammy wet warm mist Talk about this sunny south¹ – and never any rain, the wells dry – only *damp* At the ranch it is sun every day, and frosty nights¹¹

I'm glad it's not so bad with Ghita, but my goodness, bad enough
Makes me furious, damned automobiles

My dear Kot, I do think this is the low-water mark of existence I
never felt so near the brink of the abyss But in 1928 something is
bound to begin new must We're trampled almost to extinction – we
must have a turn soon

As for my novel, it's half done, but so improper, you wouldn't dare
to touch it It's the most improper novel ever written and as Jehovah
you would probably find it sheer pornography But it isn't It's a
declaration of the phallic reality I doubt if it will ever be published But
certainly no English printer would print it When one is in despair, one
can only go one worse I am driven to *le plus plus pis aller*

Oh dear, why are you so Jehovahish! I could wish you a little Satanic
I am certainly going that way *Satanasso* It's a nice word I'm weary of
Jehovah, he's always so right

So your scheme will have to wait a bit But I think others besides
ourselves are being driven to extremity And when it reaches the limit,
then surely something will begin I'd come to England if there were
anything to come for I'd work in England if there were anyone to work
with But I don't want to found either a beshitten *Adelphi* or a noble
magazine

It's the low-water mark, it really is As for Christmas, damn it
We're having in the peasants to the tree, Saturday night, and spending
Sunday in Florence with people the Huxleys are staying with Nothing
more! *De profundis oremus omnes*

1928

In January Lawrence completes the third and final version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, after which he and Frieda go to Switzerland until March. In May the short-story volume, *The Woman Who Rode Away*, is published. In June the Lawrences leave the Villa Mirenda forever, returning to Switzerland, where they stay (chiefly at Gsteig bei Gstaad) until September, when they go again to Baden-Baden. Meanwhile, in July, copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* have begun to circulate, in September, Lawrence's *Collected Poems* are published. In October, Lawrence and Frieda join Richard Aldington, Brigit Patmore, and Dorothy Yorke ('Arabella') at the Île de Port-Cros, off the coast south of Toulon. In November the Lawrences remove to Bandol, in the South of France, where they spend the winter at the Hôtel Beau Rivage.

*To the Hon. Dorothy Brett, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Italy,
6 January 1928*

Dear Brett. So you are definitely down at Mabeltown, and the ranch is really shut up! I think it's good for you to have the change. You can't really turn into a hermit up there. And I guess you've got snow now. It even snowed here this week, but only lasted a day. So probably you are fairly deep in.

That's a bore about the Ruffian. She's a nasty piece of goods. But don't let Mabel scare you about counter-charges and all that. Mabel likes to make one's blood run cold, anyhow, chill, now and then.

There's not much change here. Christmas came and went without much disturbance. We have a good big Christmas tree, ten feet or more, that Pietro stole in the wood, and on Christmas Eve we had seventeen peasants in. They sang, and were very nice. On Christmas Day, Maria and Aldous motored us into Florence to a friend's villa. They have gone now to Switzerland, to the snow, and they want us to join them. I'm waiting to hear from them, what it's really like and how dear it is. We may try it for a month.

Anyhow, it is fully decided to leave this place for good in March or April I don't want to keep it on If my broncs will stand it, I really want to come to the ranch in April But Frieda doesn't want to come Still, we'll see! My cough is still a nuisance, and the weather is the devil icy wind, then snow, then slush, then warmish fog, then feeble rain, then damp warmish days with weak wet sun a bore I just stay in bed a good deal I feel that *somewhere* I'm really better and stronger But my cough goes raking on It is, as Mabel says, probably a change of life one has to undergo

I've been re-writing my novel, for the third time It's done, all but the last chapter I think I shall re-christen it *Tenderness* And I really think I shall try to publish it privately here, at ten dollars a copy I might make a thousand pounds with luck, and that would bring us to the ranch nicely If only the fates and the gods will be with us this year, instead of all the time against, as they were last year If only one were tough, as some people are tough!

I can see you make your life a good deal with the horses I don't wonder They're better than people

Well, I do hope you'll have a good year, and that we shall come to the ranch and have good times One pines for a bit of a real good time, if only things will fit

To Rolf Gardiner, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 7 January 1928

Dear Rolf Gardiner Your long letter today – I'll answer it at once, while it's in my mind

I had the Northumbrian report and was interested The German *Bunde* has the sound of a real thing – but the English side seems not to amount to much It's very difficult to do anything with the English they have so little 'togetherness,' or power of togetherness like grains of sand that will only fuse if lightning hits it They will fool about and be bossed about for a time with a man like Hargrave – but there's nothing in it Think of all the other mountebanking cliques that exist – the Fontainebleau group and all the rest The Germans take their shirts off and work in the hay they are still physical the English are so woefully disembodied God knows what's to do with them I sometimes think they are too sophisticatedly civilised to have any future at all And you

too, if you'll let me say it, are just a bit disembodied too reaching for earth rather than on it You strive too much I agree with you entirely one must be conscious And also one must have a centre of gravity, on which one comes to rest That is what you want, you never quite come to rest within yourself Patience, you are young But perhaps you should spend part of your time forgetting other people and not caring about them Don't forget, you are striving with yourself so hard, you hit other people in the eye fighting your own phantasm And they resent it Your time is too mapped out You need to find a centre, a focal point within yourself of real at-one-ness At present you strive and strain and force things a bit, and don't find it *Pazienza!* Give yourself time Anything worth having is *growth* and to have growth, one must be able to let be

It seems to me a pity you couldn't have made your farm a sort of little shrine or hearth where you kept the central fire of your effort alive not all this hard work business not this effort You ought to have a few, very few, who *are* conscious and willing to be conscious, and who would add together their little flames of consciousness to make a permanent core That would make a holy centre whole, heal, hale Even the German *Bunde*, I am afraid, will drift into nationalistic, and ultimately, fighting bodies a new, and necessary form of militarism It may be the right way for them But not for the English The English are over-tender They must have kindled again their religious sense of at-one-ness And for that you must have a silent, central flame, a flame of *consciousness* and of warmth which radiates out bit by bit Keep the core sound, and the rest will look after itself What we need is reconciliation and atoning I utterly agree with your song, dance and labour but the core of atoning in the *few* must be there, if your song, dance and labour are to have a real source If it is possible The German youth is almost ready to fuse into a new sort of fighting unity, it seems to me us against the world But the English are older, and weary even of victory

Well, enough of this! I'll let you know what I think of the *Kibbo Kift* book when it comes

And do come and see us I should like very much to talk to you seriously, if you wish it, unseriously if you don't I'm sorry there's nowhere really in this flat to put you up it's not very comfortable but I'm giving it up finally in April done with it But you can come out by

tram from Florence And if you call at Pino Orioli's little bookshop, 6 Lungarno Corsini, he'll always give you any information – in English – about getting here or anything else He's a friend of ours, and will be of yours

If I don't go to the ranch, I shall try to go to Frankfurt this summer I believe my bronchials are beginning to behave better I should very much like to meet Becker and Gotzsche, and to be at the camp But we can talk about it I have a sister-in-law and husband – bank-manager, but nice – in Schoneberg – Berlin My wife would like to see the real German youth too We always go to Baden and Heidelberg and there's a bit too much of the old stink there

Let me know if you really think of coming here The Huxleys – Aldous and wife – want us to join them in the snow in Switzerland We *might* – just possible but probably not I want to keep my limited resources – financially this time – for the summer, to be able to move about then

Well, don't be too *affauré* and don't expect too much of the world

To Nelly Morrison, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 8 January 1928

Dear Nelly Morrison I wasn't surprised when I got your letter, had rather expected it before I felt, almost as soon as I'd given you the MS that I had made a mistake It's my fault entirely, not yours to me the blame, not you

It was very kind of you to have done so much, to have gone on, feeling as you say you did about it, just because of your friendship for me

And remember, although you are on the side of the angels and the vast majority, I consider mine is the truly moral and religious position You suggest I have pandered to the pornographic taste I think not To the Puritan all things are impure, to quote an Americanism Not that you are a Puritan nor am I impure

I'll call shortly and relieve you of the MS What a mercy you haven't seen the rest! I finished it today

Every man his own taste every woman her own distaste But don't try to ride a moral horse it could be nothing but a sorry ass

All the same I am awfully grateful to you for having done as much as

you did, and am really sorry I asked you to do something so distasteful to you. You must forgive me for that.

Meanwhile, for heaven's sake, don't do any more. Pack the thing up for me when I call, I hope Tuesday or Wednesday. Then let us forget the whole show, stand as we did before, and leave the recording angel to write the last word.

To Catherine Carswell, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 10 January 1928

My dear Catherine. I wonder where you are – if in the Harzgebirge. I want a little help. I wrote a novel last winter, and rewrote it for the third time this – and it's very *verbally* improper – the last word, in all its meanings! – but very truly moral. A woman in Florence said she'd type it – and she's done 5 chapters – now turned me down. Says she can't go any further, too indecent. Dirty bitch! But will you find me some decent person who'll type it for me at the usual rates? You'd do it, I know, if you were a person of leisure. But you're *not*. So turn over in your mind some decent being, male or female, who I could trust not to let me down in any way, and who'd do the thing for the proper pay. And write me soon. But not here. I think we shall go, either on Sat. or Monday, to Switzerland, to the snow. It's so damp here. You might send me a line c/o Aldous Huxley, Chalet des Aroles, Diablerets (Vaud), Suisse. We intend to join them there and take a little flat they have in view. Stay perhaps till end of February. I want really to try and get myself better – cough still troublesome – and I want to lay hold of life again properly. Have been down and out this last six months.

Then I think I shall publish my novel privately here in Florence, in March – April – 1000 copies, 2 gns. each – and so, D. V., earn myself a thousand pounds, which I can do very well with – rather low water. I'll call it *Tenderness* – the novel.

But please don't talk about it to anybody – I don't want a scandal advertisement.

Hope the boy is real well – and you and Don. How is the Burns book?

I do hope I'm not bothering you. But I feel I must get another blow in at the lily-livered host. One's got to fight – *Tante còse!*

[P. S.] I *might* of course find a typist – somebody in Diablerets.

To Nelly Morrison, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci [January 1928]

Dear Nelly Morrison Will you please give the MS to Orioli's boy who will wait for it? We are busy getting ready to go to Switzerland up to the snow for a month or so – leave in a day or two I think it will do me good Do come and see us when we get back I'll let you know

Very many thanks really for what you have done As you won't tell me what I owe you, I will count the words myself, and send you the *soldi* Don't refuse them, or you will offend me properly!

To Rolf Gardiner, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 'Monday'
[?16 January 1928]

Dear Rolf Gardiner I read the *Kibbo Kift* book with a good deal of interest Of course it won't work not quite flesh and blood The ideas are sound, but flesh and blood won't take 'em, till a great deal of flesh and blood have been destroyed Of course the birthright credit too is sound enough – but to nationalize capital is a good deal harder than to nationalize industries The man alternates between idealism pure and simple, and a sort of mummery, and then a compromise with practicality What he wants is all right I agree with him on the whole, and respect him as a straightforward fighter But he *knows* there's no hope, his way – *en masse* And therefore, underneath, he's full of hate He's ambitious and his ambition isn't practical so he's full of hate, underneath He's overweening, and he's cold But for all that, on the whole he's *right*, and I respect him for it I respect his courage and aloneness If it weren't for his ambition and his lack of warmth, I'd go and kibbo kift along with him But he'll get no further than holiday camping and mummery Though even that will have *some* effect All luck to him But by wanting to rope in *all* mankind it shows he wants to have his cake and eat it Mankind is largely bad, just now especially – and one must hate the bad, and try to keep what bit of warmth alive one can, among the few decent But even that's a forlorn hope

But I wouldn't write a criticism in a paper against him Rather praise him Because his reaction is on the whole sound Only it is too egoistic, like all modern things – even you are the same – and Gotzsche, too,

probably The lack of the spark of warmth that alone can kindle a little fire today Hargrave would do all right for a *fight*

I wonder how much following he has – Hargrave? I should say small, and insignificant There is a note of failure and rancour underneath He doesn't forgive you for leaving him Still, he's a man But not a leader for today The leader today needs tenderness as well as toughness I mean a constructive leader otherwise fight!

Of course I got a cold which prevents our leaving for Switzerland today But I hope we shall get off on Wed or Thursday – be in Diablerets anyhow on Saturday

To Nelly Morrison, from Villo Mirenda, Scandicci 'Monday'
[?16 January 1928]

Dear Nelly Morrison We hoped to get away on Saturday, so of course I caught a cold which sent me to bed instead for a day or two But I am much better, so we'll go Wednesday or Thursday

I enclose the *soldi*, which please accept without further demur, or I shall be enraged I didn't mind your not doing the novel, but I did mind the tone of judgment However, *à la guerre comme à la guerre* We need think no more about it

To S. S. Koteliansky, from Châlet Beau Site, Les Diablerets, Vaud,
Switzerland, 22 January 1928

My dear Kot We got here Friday night – a rather lovely journey over the Simplon, sun and snow but a bit long Came tinkling from the station in a sledge There are about a hundred tourists in the place, winter-sporting, but I'm not starting in yet We've got a little flat in this *châlet*, cosy and warm Outside there is good snow, dry – and it isn't cold, because there's no wind I really like it, for a change, and I really think it will do me good One needs a tonic, after Italy. – I suppose we shall stay a month at least – see how it suits me.

What about you? have you got a job yet? and are you flattening out your employee?

I am getting my novel typed out, and think I shall make a private edition in Florence, and an expurgated edition for Secker and Knopf

Meanwhile I'm collecting poems together for my *Collected Poems* I'll sort of feel I've got everything behind me, when they are done, – and the novel 'Then what next? Some sort of a new start? If we don't go to the ranch, I shall come to London at least for a time But I am terribly sceptical of being able to do anything The swine, as you call them, are too many and vulgar finance and Beaverbrook are laying their hands on the last remaining remnants of freedom Well, let them! Perhaps when nothing independent remains at all, a few people will stir up Meanwhile I see no signs

I hope anyhow this place will be good for my health – that's all I'm here for I'd like really to feel well again

How are Ghita and Sonia?

To Lady Glenavy, from Châlet Beau Site, Les Diablerets, 3 February 1928

Dear Beatrice. Your letter came on here – where we came a fortnight ago, for my wretched chest – bronchials really to wreck a ship They said – people, even doctors – altitude and snow But snow's no good for bronchials, makes 'em worse though the altitude is tonicky after Tuscany, which is relaxing Well, there's my wail I cough and pant, but sound worse than I am, maybe I expect we'll stick it out here till about end of this month – then back to the Villa Muenda, to wind up there – There's deep snow here – a certain amount of winter-sport – none for me – and now it's snowing again – tinkle of sledge bells – me sitting on my bed, with a German feather-bolster over my feet – Frieda lying on her bed reading Andié Gide's *Corydon*, which is a damp little production and no sound in the white and crumbling world We've got a flat in this châlet

Well, there's the *mise-en-scène* – there's no drama We still keep the Ireland idea But we've got to drag our effects out of the Villa Muenda And moreover I've got on my conscience a novel I wrote, and which is much too shocking – verbally – for any publisher Says shit! and fuck! in so many syllables So if it's going to be published I'll have to do it myself – therefore think of bringing it out this spring privately in Florence – 1000 copies, half for England, half for America – at two guineas So perhaps earn some money, very welcome But it's a good novel – love, as usual – and very nice too, but says all the things it

shouldn't say If I do that – publish it in Florence – it'll keep me there till end of April Even so, May is a good time to arrive in Ireland

We're really due to go back to the ranch in New Mexico – you know about it – owned by Frieda – on the west side of Rocky Mts – altitude nearly 9000 ft – looking over the high plateau to Arizona – four horses, buggy, forest, all that It's very lovely, and I'd be well there But it's fearfully far and dear to get there – 3 days in train, one in motor-car Brett looks after it now But I doubt if I'll go so far Ireland is much nearer I'd like to see you all Lord, how those children have come on! Makes me nervous Poor old Gordon! soon be a grandfather!

Did you know I painted pictures last year – seven or eight big oils – nudes – some people very shocked – worse than my writing But I think they're rather lovely and almost holy. I always remember when you scolded me for making Paul in *Sons and Lovers* paint dress-lengths I agree, after many years – it would be rather boring I did a picture of the Boccaccio story of the nuns and the gardener – much more fun than batik

Are there three children? somehow I only had track of Biddy and Paddy and now they're jazzers and golfers! *Dio mio!*

Is your hair still the same colour? F is a bit grey, and I found two white hairs in my beard *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*

I'd really like to come to Ireland, and see you all, and Liam O'Flaherty – and Dublin – and go to the west I hope it wouldn't always rain, and I wouldn't have a political aspect, and be shot or arrested But I'd like to come, and I think we will, once the Mirenda is wound up – in April – and that novel more or less off my hands Somehow I can form no picture at all of Ireland – much more easily of Ecuador or Manchuria But I think a country which doesn't really exist and doesn't assert its non-existence violently any more – as Italy does – must be rather a relief Geographically nowhere, as you say. Suppose one painted nudes in Ireland – not tough stucco John ones – would one be thrown in the Castle dungeons? Do the policemen wear orange trousers and goosefeathers no, orange is Belfast green green and pink policemen, and money made of glass, and all motor-cars pale pink by law? And a state harpist at every street corner – and tunes over all the house-fronts – and the pavements with poems let in in little white pebbles – and lordly gentlemen in bright collars of gold, like Malachi, and two-edged swords, forcing every

civilian to pronounce six words in Erse before he passes on That's how I imagine it, so don't disappoint me And in some streets no walking allowed, forced to dance a jig from end to end And ladies at night walking with their white bosoms lit up with a necklace of tiny electric lights And nuns in scarlet, and priests in lemon colour Oh Ireland! And Gordon in a leopard-skin! – Never mind! *Au revoir*

*To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Châlet Beau Site, Les Diablerets,
12 February 1928*

Dear Brett Your letter yesterday about your teeth Do you really think it was necessary to have them *all* out? Sounds to me very drastic I think you might have gone a bit more gently And whatever you think, I'm afraid you'll hate false teeth I've got five, and I've always hated them However, it may be all for the best I'll have one of my big molars looked at when I get back to Florence He may be causing me trouble, the brute

We've been here three weeks, in deep snow For two days it has snowed all day – today it seems to be raining thaw I must say I rather hate it and my cough is as bad as ever, in fact I believe snow is bad for bronchials But in myself I feel much stronger, and am much stronger – if this infernal cough would go down I can't go up-hill – simply pant Bronchials are more devilish than you can imagine Still, I'm stronger in myself

Rolf Gardiner came up for three days to see us – the young man who does Morris dances and all that He's very nice, but not much in my line Maria is going back to Florence on Wednesday, to get the car, then going on to England where they're spending the summer I expect we shall stay here until the 1st March, then go back to the Mirenda, to pack up and clear out of there I'm glad to pull out of Italy. But in Florence I want to do my private edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* I am making an expurgated version for the general public – but I do want to publish 1000 copies of the unexpurgated edition, and fling it in the face of the world I expect you'll hate it really, but it's got to be done

I've also collected my poems, for a collected edition, and I expect that will come out in the autumn – rather nice And this spring they are bringing out the collection of short stories, *The Woman Who Rode Away* I'll order you a copy, and Mabel You know most of the stories those

you typed when we first came to Taos They're quite good, I think.

I'm working here on the typescript of my novel Maria typed out the second half for me, and I was very grateful to her – am But she makes far more mistakes than you do – oh, a simple chicken-pox of mistakes The first half is being typed in London, and damn them, they don't send it on

Rachel just wrote that they are back in their old cabin I hope things will settle down at Del Monte If we get back, it would be nice to have them calm there, and the old man safely away

You sound pretty extravagant, getting a new car I do hope you're not running hugely into debt Be sure and let me know what I have to pay, taxes and horses and anything else

Our coming back depends on my beastly cough They say if I stay two months here – I've been three weeks – I ought to be very much better

Well, do take care, with those teeth, *don't* get chills Let me know if it really makes you feel better, later on, to have them out I wish it were sunny here – thawing like hell now – And *au revoir*

In London, Catherine Carswell had undertaken the typing of the first part of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*

*To Mrs Maria Cristina Chambers, from Châlet Beau Site, Les Diablerets,
18 February 1928*

Dear Mrs Chambers Your *Century* and letters came on here after us. The story was nearly first-rate but the gods didn't want you to be a writer. at least of fiction they refused to put the bright spark at the point of your pen. The gods are very tantalising they give so much, and then withhold the last bit Perhaps they have some other destiny determined I sent the magazine back to you yesterday, by registered post, so you will have it safely – Did you ever try writing straight autobiography? That would probably come more direct and more *you*, off your pen

I had also the copy of the [*Literary*] *Digest*, with Rosalino – and many thanks

We came here for my health – up to the snow My bronchials have been so bad this last two years, I've been perfectly wretched It's partly my age – I'm 42 – sort of change of life I want very much to go back to our little ranch in New Mexico – near Taos But the altitude is over 8000 ft, and the doctors say it's too high, till my bronchial tubes have

hardened off a bit I came up here to try to hurry them up – but it's a slow business. We may have to put off America till next year But I *don't want to* I'd like to come at the end of April or early May If only the gods won't be spiteful to me – I do feel better here – so there we are! – Did you ever read *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* – that the Centaur Bookshop in Philadelphia published? – That's the ranch – and I do want to go back And my wife and I, we should both like so much to come out and see you at Great Neck, under the cherry tree in flower, *en passant* And one day you and your husband might turn up at that little ranch in New Mexico All possibilities – if only the gods were with us.

I've been busy getting my novel ready – *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, for lack of a better title The vulgar public would find it too pure and undiluted as it stands so I am having to impurify and dilute it for the market But I want to publish in Florence a pure and undiluted edition, for the non-vulgar public We'll see!

I expect we shall go back to the Villa Mirenda early in March for about six weeks Then I shall give up that house, so that at least I am quite *free* to come to America And if we can't come west, we shall probably summer in England and Ireland and Germany – so we might see you in London *Quén sabe?* I'm in despair, never able to say *I will come* or *I will go*, because of my wretched chest

Did you find your soul? I've just about lost mine – but not in a bad sense One's soul, also, bends, to be too cerebral

Well, there's nothing to do but invoke the gods

The Mirenda address is best – *Tante belle còse!*

To Harry Crosby, from *Châlet Beau Site, Les Diablerets*,
26 February 1928

Dear Mr Crosby Many thanks for your *Chariot of the Sun* I'm glad somebody reaches a finger towards the real Ra And dip your hand in Osiris too, since you're there It makes real poetry I'm so glad when somebody waves a sunny hand towards me for once And so thankful to catch a glimpse of a real poet in the real world not a strummer on a suburban piano

What is *The Enormous Room* – and by whom and when? I never heard of it.

As for a manuscript of mine – I burnt most of the earlier ones *The Plumed Serpent* lies in the cabin of the ranch in New Mexico good sun there I suppose I could get it And I think the MS of the story 'Sun' is in Italy or London I'll see But I never sold an MS and I hate selling anything How lucky you are to be able to print just 48 *exemplaires hors commerce* But if you like I'll sell you an MS When I go back to Italy in a fortnight's time – Villa Mirenda, *Scandicci* (Florence) – I'll see what there is there, and let you know, and you can give me just as much 'gold' as you can easily spare, and I'll turn it into sun some way or other

But let us meet somewhere, shall we?

To Martin Secker, from Châlet Beau Site, Les Diablerets, 5 March 1928

Dear Secker I posted off the MS of the novel to Pollinger today – changed the title to *John Thomas and Lady Jane* which I hope you like, as it's much more suitable than the other I don't at all know how much you'll react to the book, probably you'll hate it Aldous Huxley and Maria liked it very much – so they said Juliette went into a fearful rage over it – a moral rage They're the only people who have read it so far

Then the expurgations – I did a fair amount of blanking out and changing, then I sort of got colour-blind, and didn't know any more what was supposed to be proper and what not So you must consider it Don't all in a rush be scared and want to pull whole sections out Just consider a bit patiently, in detail, what is *possible* and what isn't I know it's not easy to judge And then if there are little bits you can leave out without making obvious gaps, then I'm willing you should leave them out But if you want any substantial alteration made, then consider the thing carefully, in detail, and mark it carefully in blue pencil, and send me the pages you want changed, and I'll do my best I think we ought to manage to make it feasible

I leave in the morning for Milan, where I meet Frieda I do hope I shan't get any cold or anything going down, for I'm a good bit better now This evening it's trying to rain – warm spring rain on sudden snow Just as well to descend for a bit

Well, I hope you won't hate the novel – though you easily may It's a bit of a revolution in itself – a bit of a bomb

Juliette Aldous Huxley's sister-in-law, wife of his brother Julian (now Sir Julian)

To E D McDonald, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Italy, 9 March 1928

Dear McDonald I wonder if by now you are bored by me and my books – and all the rest of books¹ – but if you are, don't let me bother you. Probably Mason told you of my wanting to print a private edition of my new novel *John Thomas and Lady Jane* – that's the title I want, instead of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which it was previously – here in Florence. I took the MS. to the little printer today – very boldly. In Diablerets – we've just come back from there, in the mountains, for my unhappy chest – I tried very hard to expurgate the two duplicate MSS. but didn't get very far. I felt just blind to the purple of impropriety. So I expurgated what I could – all the man's touching address to his penis, and things like that – and sent on the MSS., one to Alf Knopf and one to Martin Secker. They can fall foul of them if they like. But if they want to publish, I don't mind expurgating more and more for them, so long as I can publish my own immaculate and blemishless edition here in Florence – 1000 copies, 500 for America, at ten dollars – ready about May 20th. Mason wrote me rather scared about the censor and smut-hunting authorities – what do you think? Do you think there is much risk in the mail? I want to mail to individuals direct, but of course don't want those individuals to be let down. Do, if you're not bored, write and tell me what you think. And give me any wise hint you can.

Of course the book *isn't* improper – but it is phallic. I shall expect Mrs. McDonald anyhow to stand by it. If she did pour salt water on your sprouting lawn, she won't pour any on my sprouting phallic seed. I shall expect you to stand by it too. One may get awfully fed up – as you were – but for all that, one must fight. And the phallic reality is what one must fight for. So there! I was a bit abashed by Mason, because he told me that *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* was the best book that had been through the Centaur's stable in a year – and I found it a dull dough-nut with artificial jam in it. Cookies! So I sort of feel I had better say no more to him about my own production – though he's kind as an angel.

I wanted to come to New Mexico this summer, but my wife won't – says I'm not well enough. It's true I've felt rather Gummidgey and 'low' and disheartened these last two years – but now I really think I'm picking up, getting my pecker up again, and on the war-path therewith once more. So perhaps we might go to New Mexico in the winter – I want

to The world of man is all alike – a bad egg, which one would rather go without Nevertheless, there is the other world, world without end amen, and a few people in it So when we *do* come west, I shall try to see you and Mrs McDonald – and if you come to Europe – which isn't really a cheering thing to do – I hope you'll come and see me We finish with this house at the end of April then we shall be like the tramps of no fixed abode But write me here before then

Many greetings from both of us to you and Mrs McDonald

To A and M Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 9 March 1928

Dear Aldous and Maria Today I lunched with Orioli, and we took the MS of the novel to the printer great moment Juliette, who read the MS and was *very* cross, morally so, suggested rather savagely I should call it *John Thomas and Lady Jane* Many a true word spoken in spite, so I promptly called it that Remains to be seen if Secker and Knopf will stand it – Afterwards, Juliette was *almost* reconciled to the novel but she still thought *what* if Anthony were 16 and read it! – What indeed! However, tomorrow night I shall have a specimen page from the printer – and by Monday I may hear what Curtis Brown and Secker think of their expurgated MS I'm prepared for anything – but shall go ahead here – Saw Douglas today – but nothing new about him, still thinking of Jerusalem and preferring Chianti

We wound up very nicely in Diablerets Juliette and her mother and Mademoiselle all looked after me like angels, and we made a paradise with a woollen serpent! Juliette brought it to the station for a last word of advice – me as paradise-manufacturer – and nearly died of shame because Mademoiselle stood like an easel holding it for me to see – on the platform – and I cocked my eye – and all the station peeped and peeped at Juliette's Adam and Eve nude in hisle thread and pink wool!

Tomorrow F's elder sister due to come – House full of violets and anemones Wilks depart at end of month – Disgustedly!

'A paradise' an embroidery Lawrence designed

To E H Brewster, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 'Sunday'
[?11 March 1928]

Dear Earl We got back here Wednesday night – so it has rained ever since I really think it is nicer in Switzerland warmer even at least I *felt* much warmer, and the sun was lovely Italy enervates one, and so one feels the cold much more As for the southern mode, it seems to me it is dead Italy just makes me feel exhausted I'm ten times the man, on the other side the Alps

My sister-in-law, Else, came yesterday, with Prof Alfred Weber they've been as good as married, and as bad, for many years Alfred is one of the best-known German professors, but myself I don't get much out of him, though he's really nice But Else you will really like, both of you will like her, if she calls on you She is Frieda's elder sister Frau Dr Else Jaffe – They have gone on to Rome today and they may or may not come to Capri But I gave her your address

So for the future, what's to be done? I'm almost sure the best thing would be to march off to New Mexico and have done with it There one has sun, and altitude, and lovely landscape and moderate expenses But I'll have to stay here a bit, as I am going to print a private and unexpurgated edition of my novel here For the public it will have to be expurgated It is a phallic novel, but very nice and tender So I *must* issue it complete here – at ten dollars too! – I took the MS to the printer – I doubt I won't have the thing done till end of May, which means hanging around here, more or less – I wasn't going to tell you, as it's not really in your line, or Achsah's But you'd know some time

So I might take some little excursion, between now and May But not to Africa Those Arabs don't interest me much Anyhow it costs too much And I doubt if Frieda will want me to go off alone I might go to Cortona, Arezzo, Chiusi, etc and finish the Etruscan essays but feel very vague I don't feel a bit settled here – ready to leave almost any day We may come to Capri for a little while I'll have to rouse myself and make some sort of plan But for the novel, I wouldn't stay here at all

Many thanks for the photographs Some of them are very nice and will no doubt be useful Unfortunately most of them are deliberately – and artistically posed – which rather spoils the effect I wish one could get absolutely natural photographs of naked people just walking about or

jumping or sitting, with no idea of art. What are the other photographs like? – you said there were many – The man comes out best – and one or two of the girl. But why pose like a Velasquez Venus, so obvious? If it's not asking too much, you might send me another batch, and I'll hunt through them, and send them you back, keeping one or two for use. But I'll send them all back safely – I did a water-colour since I'm here – a torch-dance – two naked men – rather nice I think – not particularly 'natural'. Photographs are a great help with water-colours, where the figures are smaller than in oil, and more set in.

As for a show of pictures, somehow I don't care anyway. If we went to New York we might do it. But I've lost any interest I ever had in showing. Are you arranging a definite show, at a definite time? I wouldn't mind occupying a corner – but can't rouse myself to bother about it.

I'll order you a copy of my new book of stories, which should come out just now.

And we'll meet before long, when this vagueness and indecision pass off.

I shall expect a grand meal from those young bacchanals when I come. Shall I be allowed bacon? – or is it strictly buttered leaves and grasses?

Am correcting proofs of the poems. How it brings up the past! Shall be glad when it's over.

To Witter Bynner, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 13 March 1928

Dear Bynner. I sniffed the red herring in your last letter a long time. then at last decide it's a live sprat. I mean about *The Plumed Serpent* and the 'hero'. On the whole, I think you're right. The hero is obsolete, and the leader of men is a back number. After all, at the back of the hero is the militant ideal – and the militant ideal, or the ideal militant, seems to me also a cold egg. We're sort of sick of all forms of militarism and militantism, and *Miles* is a name no more, for a man. On the whole I agree with you, the leader-cum-follower relationship is a bore. And the new relationship will be some sort of tenderness, sensitive, between men and men and men and women, and not the one up one down, lead on I follow, *ich dien* sort of business. So you see I'm becoming a lamb at last, and you'll even find it hard to take umbrage at me. Do you think?

But still, *in a way*, one has to fight But not in the O'Glory 'sort of way I feel one still has to fight for the phallic reality, as against the non-phallic cerebration unrealities I suppose the phallic consciousness is part of the whole consciousness which is your aim To me it's a vital part

So I wrote my novel, which I want to call *John Thomas and Lady Jane* But that I have to submerge into a subtitle, and call it *Lady Chatterley's Lover* But I am printing here in Florence an unexpurgated edition of this tender and phallic novel, far too good for the public The expurgated will come in the autumn But this, the full, fine flower with pistil and stamens standing, I hope to have ready by May 15th – 1000 copies, of which 500 for America, at ten dollars a copy I shall send you a few little order-forms, and *do* please send a few out for me, to the right people You can reach a lot of the right sort of people in the universities I shall mail direct from Florence, as soon as the book is ready a good book And why should the red flower have its pistil nipped out, before it is allowed to appear – So I shall trust you in this

We are in this house till May 6th, then I don't know where I want to come to New Mexico – perhaps even earn a little money this way to come with – *Tante belle còse!*

✓ To Harriet Monroe, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 15 March 1928

Dear Harriet Monroe Long since I heard from you – or even of you – since that day in Chicago and the ice on the shores of the lake, which I shall never forget, so wild and American still, with that wild forest of a city behind Something queer and terrifying about Chicago one of the strange 'centres' of the earth, more so than New York

I hope we shall go back to New Mexico some time this year, and if so, that we shall again see you in Chicago I feel it's time I connected up again with the west

Meanwhile, I'm busy here printing my new novel in Florence – 1000 copies, of which 500 for America It is a nice and tender phallic novel – not a sex novel in the ordinary sense of the word I don't know how much you sympathise with my work – perhaps not much But, anyhow, you know it is quite sincere, and that I sincerely believe in restoring the other, the phallic consciousness, into our lives because it is the source of all real beauty, and all real gentleness And those are the two things,

tenderness and beauty, which will save us from horrors And I think with *Poetry* you've worked for those two things And in my novel I work for them directly, and direct from the phallic consciousness, which, you understand, is not the cerebral sex-consciousness, but something really deeper, and the root of poetry, lived or sung

So I shall send you a few order forms, and if you will give them to a few people who may care for the book, do so, please But if you don't want to be bothered, throw them away

To Max Mohr, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 22 March 1928

Dear Max Mohr So, we are back again in Italy, and it is cold and rains every day, and I don't like it Diablerets suited me very much better though, it was a shame you had such ugly days, and caught influenza into the bargain I do hope you are better

No, I didn't really like *Venus in the Pisces* it is too modern for me you know I am a bit 'altmodisch' really And it is true, you have written drama so much, you are more concerned with the mechanism of events and situations, than with essential human character That is where I think the novel differs fundamentally from drama The novel is concerned with human beings, and the drama is concerned with events A drama is *what happens*, and a novel is *what is* And you don't care very much *what is* You are not *really* interested in people you don't care what they are, inside themselves You only care for their 'figure,' in the American and in the Italian sense – of what they're worth and what they look like So you write novels as if your characters were puppets much more than when you write plays But perhaps the public will like it I am no judge ✓

Here I am busy with my novel, which is being printed in a little printer's shop in Florence I send you one or two leaflets, and if you know any rich man in Berlin who might buy a copy, send him a leaflet, will you? It is too dear for you to buy – 40 marks – but later I shall give you one – not of this 1000, because I've promised not to give any of these away – but of the next lot, quite soon For England, it is a very shocking novel – shocking! But that's because they are fools It is really a novel contrasting the mental consciousness with the phallic consciousness

Do you remember saying that Rosanow is wrong, making *sex* the

new great liberator But I think even Rosanow was trying to express the phallic urge and consciousness, not merely the sexual It is quite true, sex today is all mental intellectual reactions reflected down on to physical process and that is repulsive, *hasslich und widerlich* But the phallic reality is a free consciousness and a vital impulse, and is the great and saving reality

I hope it's nice at Wolfsgrube We shall stay here till May – then perhaps go to Switzerland I don't know I want to go to New Mexico I don't like it here

I do hope the novel of the *Jungfrau Max* is going nicely and gaily If you write straight about yourself, no doubt it will be less 'dramatic' With regards to the *gnadige Frau*

[P S] 31 March Look, I wrote this letter nine days ago, and I thought you had it – but somebody put it under a book, and I've only just found it! Too bad! You may well wonder why I don't write I had your letter, you sound a bit sad But *be* sad It is far better to be sad than to laugh in a *Lachle-Woche*. And I do hope the Pilatus play will amuse you, then you'll do it well I'm so afraid I may depress you by not liking *Venus* But it is no good unless one speaks the truth And I do think your plays are more amusing than this novel

To Martin Secker, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 'Friday'
[?23 March 1928]

Dear Secker I was not surprised at your decision about the novel – I'm going ahead with my edition A little printer's shop in Florence where nobody understands any English, and some of the men, printers, can't even read I shall make a nice book, at £2 – And hope I shall sell it, or I'm broke I enclose you a few slips, and if you can get me one or two orders, *benissimo*! Write your order on one of the forms, will you? – you may not want three copies

I sent back proofs of the poems I'm interested to hear what Robert Bridges says Barby suddenly turned up this morning from Allassio – and of course it still rains, but is not so cold

Tell Rina, in case I forget, to take tram 16 from the Duomo to *Vingone terminus* The inn is at the terminus – But we'll be writing again before she comes – and if weather is decent we'll meet her in Florence The inn

charges lir 30 or lir 35 a day We shall be all busy packing up to leave – so it won't be so nice, alas!

To Aldous Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,

27 March 1928

Dear Aldous Your letter yesterday – glad you liked the porc – I got yesterday two copies of *Scrutimes* – the book with my Galsworthy essay in it Some of 'em hit fairly straight but Edwin Muir, real Scotchy, is overpowered by Bennett's gold watchchain I'd like to write an essay on Bennett – sort of pig in clover

Your ideas of the grand perverts is excellent You might begin with a Roman – and go on to St Francis – Michael Angelo and Leonardo – Goethe or Kant – Jean-Jacques Rousseau or Louis Quatorze Byron – Baudelaire – Wilde – Proust they all did the same thing, or tried to to kick off, or to intellectualise and so utterly falsify the phallic consciousness, which is the basic consciousness, and the thing we mean, in the best sense, by common sense I think *Wilhelm Meister* is amazing as a book of peculiar immorality, the perversity of intellectualised sex, and the utter incapacity for any *development* of contact with any other human being, which is peculiarly bourgeois and Goethian Goethe began millions of intimacies, and never got beyond the how-do-you-do stage, then fell off into his own boundless ego He perverted himself into perfection and Godlikeness But do do a book of the grand orthodox perverts Back of all of them lies ineffable concert

Was in Florence yesterday – saw Douglas – looking very old – off in a week's time to Aleppo – or so he says – by Orient Express – do you remember its time-table in Diablerets? From Aleppo he wants to go to Baalbek – and then, presumably, to rise into heaven He's terribly at an end of everything

I haven't got proofs yet of my novel, but they'll begin this week – and say they'll only take about three weeks The phoenix is printed, very nice I shall send Maria one Orioli is very keen I've got about two thousand liras in orders Orioli thinks if we got on well with this book, perhaps he can do others, and the author give him a percentage Not a bad idea Might be the nucleus of the Authors' Publishing Society of which I spoke, however, to Kot, so no doubt he'll bombard you I don't

like his letters sort of bullying tone he takes, with an offended Jewish superiority

Did you get the order-forms? Do get private people to send money if you can – so that I can see if I can sell enough without the booksellers, who take a third commission in America, and a quarter in England – and then hold the book back and sell it for double the price I hate middlemen, and want to eliminate them as far as possible If I can carry this thing through, it will be a start for all of us unpopular authors Never let it be said I was a Bennett

I was reading Aretino's *Ragionamenti* – sometimes amusing, but not created enough I prefer Boccaccio We had one sunny day, but grey and windy again now – no fun – F's daughter here, but leaves tomorrow The Wilks mere wraiths, having packed up every old rag, pot, pan and whisker with the sanctity of pure idealists cherishing their goods

Had a cable from Brett asking me to send my pictures to New York for exhibition on May 1st Too short a notice

Wish the sun would shine

Even if we had to go to Switzerland, we could get away early in July, and go to Toulouse or wherever it is

To Dorothy Warren, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci,

27 March 1928

Dear Dorothy Warren Barbara Weekley is here, and said you might like to exhibit my pictures There are seven biggish oils, 1 yard x 1½ yards and so on – also three littlish ones – and six water-colours We're giving up this house 1st May, so I've got to pack my pictures and do something with them So I might exhibit them – though really I'm not keen, and I don't want to sell them – unless one or two of the smaller things, and perhaps the waters So what do you think? The oils are framed in plain wooden frames which I painted to fit the picture – buffish or greyish I'd rather the pictures were left in their frames as they are. Only the waters need framing But I can't afford a heavy expense Just let me know what you think

I enclose a few order-forms for my nice new phallic novel If you know anybody who'd like it, possibly, do give them a form, if you'll be so good

How are you after a fair number of years? Chirpy still, I hope – though people say, disillusioned. Well, that sounds romantic. And when you're through with it, you can just start being illusioned again, which is very nice.

We may be in England about August – when I shall come to your gallery, if it is open. Perhaps it shuts through the dog days, and you depart far off.

Meanwhile I hope things are going fairly gaily with you.

To Harry Crosby, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 1 April 1928

Dear Harry Crosby. That was very nice of you, to send me that little pseudo-book full of red gold. How beautiful the gold is! – such a pity it ever became currency. One should love it for its yellow life, answering the sun. I shan't spend it if I can help it.

I have hunted for MSS – I'm afraid I burn most of 'em. I found 'The Man Who Loved Islands,' which is a good story – came in the *Dial* and in the *London Mercury*, also 'Two Blue Birds' – from *Dial* and *Pall Mall*, also 'Smile,' a slight thing of four pages, which I like. Then 'None of That' – a story of an American woman and a bull-fighter in Mexico City – coming just now at the end of my vol. of short stories – a fairly long story, then the 'scrutiny' of the works of John Galsworthy, just appearing in a vol. published by Wishart – What a pity there is nothing exactly sunny! But I have written to London to see if the MS. of 'Sun' is there. And 'Man Who Loved Islands' is a good story. I should like so much to give you something you would like. Shall I send you 'Man Who Loved Islands' and 'Two Blue Birds' and 'Smile', and then 'Sun' if it luckily turns up? Or perhaps a poem or two, those I changed for the *Collected Poems* which will appear this autumn? Tell me, will you? I am having the MSS. which I've got bound in a simple cover, and I'll send you what you like and certainly 'Sun' if it exists, as well.

I enclose one or two little forms for my new novel, which I am printing here in Florence. It is a phallic novel, but good and sun-wards, truly sun-wards, not widdershins nor anti! You might like it.

In May we shall go to Switzerland again, I think, for my health. But in early July we ought to be in Paris. I shall let you know of course. And in autumn I want to go back to New Mexico, where we have a

little ranch, near Taos You are American, are you? But do you always live in Paris?

To Aldous Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 2 April 1928

Dear Aldous Awfully good of you to go to Curtis Brown They are furious in that office that I publish my novel dare'n't say much – but their quotation of Johnny Cape, which I enclose, shows It seems to make 'em all very mad Why, in God's name? One would think I advocated sheer perversity instead of merely saying merely natural things I'm beat by their psychology – don't understand 'em But I can see they'll get the wind up I shall ask Curtis Brown to send MS to you – do you mind? Perhaps Maria will deposit it somewhere for me – and when I have got all proofs in Florence, we can burn it Damn them all Let — put a sheer patch of beauty on his — I'll bet he's got an ugly one – I'll have to leave out *John Thomas*, shall I? What a pity! But it's too late to leave it from the leaflets – You were sent 25 leaflets the very first, wonder who took 'em? – one suspects everything — is forbidden to be sold in Italy, by Big Ben, and it is withdrawn by the publishers in England So there's a mouse among the vestals once more! – 'For my own good,' they want me *not* to publish *Lady C* – *not* to destroy my at last respectable reputation Too late! I am embarked You must stand by me, when the seas rise Larboard watch, ahoy! All overboard but John Thomas – Oh, captain, my captain, our fearful trip's begun – *John Thomas* – Hip – Hip! ' for he's a jolly good fe-llow —!

I've corrected 41 pages of proofs, and it was *almost* Maria's typing over again Dear Maria, all those little mistakes you made, and I followed like Wenceslas's page so patiently in your footsteps now it's a Florentine printer He writes dind't did'nt, dnd't, dind't, dim't, didn't like a Bach fugue The word is his blind spot

Well, I painted a charming picture of a man pissing – I'm sure it is the one Maria will choose called 'Dandelions,' for short. Now I'm doing a small thing in oil, called 'The Rape of the Sabine Women' or A Study in Arses – I might send my pictures to Dorothy Warren to exhibit – but I shan't sell 'em – unless perhaps the waters Maria can have any one of the water-colours they are seven 'Adam Throwing the Apple,' and 'The Mango Tree' those you know Then 'The Torch Dance,'

'Yawning,' 'The Lizard,' 'Under the Haystack,' and 'Dandelions' If I sell my novel, I might reproduce them in a portfolio, and sell that – 500 copies I'm a lost soul to the publishers But Maria can have any one of them, but if she'd rather have an oil she must wait a bit

It's the most awful weather – pours and pours with rain F's sister comes back to Florence from Capri to-day – it's rained all the while she was there – now she'll stay a bit with us, and it'll go on raining My cough is as ever but I'm no worse really rather well, I think Does me good to feel furious about the novel

Dear Maria, do tell Lady Colefax to come to tea if she'd care to. I don't know anything about her, but take your word for it Tell her we shall be delighted, etc

If we go to Switzerland in May, why shouldn't we have a little *giro* in France in early July – those Pyrenees – something *nice* And I should so like to see the St Cloud house and the Seine also

[P S] Dear Maria – if you're passing by Curtis Brown's office with the car, will you call and demand the MS of *John Thomas*, and carry it away from them I don't want them to have it any more And you can do what you like with it – You ask for Mr Pollinger I've told him to hand it over

I do wish you were coming in to tea – or we to you for it rains, the country is motionless, there is no sound, the little narcissus in the jar smell wallow (?), and we've not seen a soul to talk to happily since we left Diablerets

To Laurence E Pollinger, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 2 April 1928

Dear Pollinger If you haven't sent over the MS of *Lady C* to Chatto's office, please don't send it I don't want any more publishers trying to cover their nakedness with 'large patches of sheer beauty' and sighing, 'It's a great pity' It is!

Instead, will you either give the MS to Aldous Huxley, or Mrs Huxley, should either of them call for it, otherwise post it to Aldous Huxley And do you mind sending up the enclosed to the Foreign Department

Very rainy here

To S S Koteliarsky, from Florence, Italy, 'Tuesday' [postmark 3 April 1928]

My dear Kot What do you think of this letter of Shearman? I felt rather mad – but sent him his £10 at once I can't remember the loan – and if he lent it, I'm sure he gave the impression of *giving* it

Curtis Brown and the publishers are very angry with me for publishing my novel – they say it will only do me harm – etc , etc They'll put any obstacle in the way they can

Sad to think of Fox [the dog] gone – I can't believe he is no more in the cave

At last a day of sun

Lawrence had received a letter from Montague Shearman saying he had received a subscription notice for *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and lamenting a lost friendship at least Lawrence no longer came to see him at his Adelphi flat when in London, and no longer rang him up, he still thought highly of Lawrence and on his forthcoming trip to Mexico planned to take *The Plumed Serpent* as a guide But perhaps Lawrence had forgotten that, years ago, he had lent Lawrence £10 as repayment, could he have 'a free copy of the work that you are now advertising for sale'?

To Witter Bynner, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 13 April 1928

Dear Bynner I got *Cake* and read it with a good deal of amusement It is often very witty, and in parts really funny It's not particularly 'Mabel' – rather a type than the specific person – so she needn't 'get her hair off' about it It's fault is perhaps in scattering the scenes over the earth, so destroying some of the unity, maybe But it remains very amusing – and at last just spiteful, which of course tickles me But you notice the chief mischief of Mabel in your letter – her effect on the Dasburgs I don't mind her passion for cake – it's her passion for breaking other people's eggs and making a mess instead of an omelette, which is really dangerous She seems to hate anybody to care for anybody – even for herself – and if anybody *does* care for anybody, she must upset it – even if she falls herself out of the apple-cart Do write a play about that – the helpless way a woman *must* upset any apple-cart that's got two apples in it just for the fun

My health's a good bit better – and if I can sell my novel, and have some money, I want to start off sailing round the world with Frieda in the autumn – there's a grand cheap way, by the Messageries Maritimes – and land in San Francisco – and come on And then really, I think – Frieda certainly thinks – it would be better to stay in Santa Fe for some

time, till we could go to the ranch. It would be fun. And perhaps one could have friends among one, instead of *ces femmes*. It would be nice to feel something stable. I begin to feel a bit battered, one way and another.

Do you by the way know how much Mabel got for the MS. of *Sons and Lovers*? Has she *really* sold it? News!

You'll help me what you can with my novel, won't you? It seems to be rousing already a lot of gratuitous hostility. *Povero me!*

Well, *pazienza!* don't be irritated by me – I'm really more good-natured than most people.

We leave the Mirenda for good at the end of this month, so write, c/o Pino Orioli, will you. And I'm looking forward to a proper reunion, really.

I think it's *very silly* of Ida and Andrew [Dasburg] to be at outs and made mischief by people who have lived together had best stick together. You can only change for the worse.

To Alfred A. Knopf, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 17 April 1928

Dear Knopf, I was awfully pleased to get your letter saying you didn't find *Lady Chatterley* an abomination and still more pleased with Mrs Knopf's letter. Because the London people have all been trying to make me feel tremendously in the wrong, and holding up pious hands afraid of touching pitch which I don't forgive 'em, and shan't – I shall write Mrs Knopf to London.

As you say, the situation has changed. Secker seems to have shrivelled up, as if somebody had put salt on his tail. I believe Chatto and Windus have the MS. now – but I doubt they'll make nothing of it. And I shall not let any other London publisher see it. Enough of their baby terrors! You must see what you can do – and if the thing can't be dished up for the public, it can't, and I don't care. But at least you won't have lifted shocked hands of virtuous indignation, like that London lot.

I am in the middle of proofs – hope to have done them all by next week. Then they'll begin to print.

Do you really want three copies? If you do, fill in one of the order forms and send it to Orioli, because he'll do the mailing.

We leave this house May 1st – for good. So address me c/o Curtis

Brown, 6 Henrietta St, London W C 2 And we really will meet somewhere in Europe during the summer

To Juliette Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 17 April 1928

Dear Juliette Why do you say I laugh at you? I may laugh at some things about you I laugh at you when you say, 'What if Anthony were sixteen, and read this novel!' He'd be too boied at 16 but at twenty, of course, he *should* read it Was your mind a sexual blank at sixteen? Is anybody's? And what ails the mind in that respect is that it has nothing to go on, it grinds away in abstraction So I laugh at you and shall go on laughing when you say What if Anthony were 16, and read your novel! What, indeed! But of course I don't laugh at *you*, nor at your mother either For absurdities I laugh at everybody, including myself and why not? But at the essential person I don't laugh And of course, you ought to know it, and not have those silly misgivings

I've been having a tussle with my novel publishers, agents, etc, in London holding up hands of pious horror (because it may affect *their pockets*), and trying to make me feel disastrously in the wrong Now the Knopfs write from New York they like it very much, and hope to be able to get it into shape to offer to the public I doubt they can't But it's nice of them

I'm in the midst of the proofs – hope to finish them this week But I still haven't chosen the cover paper The orders came in very nicely from England Are you risking a copy, or not?

It's been nasty weather – not really nice since we came back But today looks promising Tomorrow Lady Colefax is due to come to tea I'm busy finishing off my pictures – think I shall send them to Dorothy Warren for her to exhibit in her gallery in Maddox St – she wants to But don't go and see them – you'd only be in a rage as you were that morning in les Aroles

We want to leave this house on the 30th – so we've not much longer I may stay in Florence to see my book out on the 15th, then to Switzerland, to cure I think we'll go to Vermala Montana, above Sierre (or is it Sion?) – because it's a flat plateau and I can walk without gasping My chest is so-so – but I'm better really

Anyhow, we'll see you during the summer – perhaps August Remember me to Julian, and I hope the book goes gaily, and he'll feel nice and chirpy doing it and not try to do too many other things Frieda has actually written too How are the children? Is Anthony at school?

[P S] I suppose your mother is back in her Neuchâtel Remember me to her when you write.

To Harry Crosby, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, Italy, 17 April 1928

Dear Harry Crosby Send your complete book of poems, and I'll write a little introduction for it – about 2000 words, do you want? I really like the poems Send it soon, so I do it before we leave here

And I'll send you the MSS – 'Man Who Loved Islands' – and 'Sun' – and a few poems But I'm afraid the old MS of 'Eagle' is burnt – I might write it out for you I'm taking the stories to be bound, as best they can be, here will let you have them when the binder is through

Thanks for the order for the book We leave this house May 1st but c/o Pino Orioli will find me – 6 Lungarno Corsini, Florence

And we'll meet in the summer – you say 'we' – are you also married?

To Helen W Bramble, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 17 April 1928

Dear Miss Bramble Many thanks for your letter and the copies of letters about *The Escaped Cock* But what a lovely little anthology! I am delighted to have them Now I know I've committed the unpardonable sin, I feel all right I always was so afraid I might be saved like ten dollars in the bank No more fear of that! But, oh, I do so want to know how many souls were *lost* through my maleficence and the editor's The more the merrier! Do you think Carrie J Hill, who has nothing but sympathy in her dear old heart 'for us both' – one at a time, my dear – might be able to tell me? No wonder the *Forum* looks red, fiery and Mephistophelian Let it be more so. Long live the cloven hoof!

Of course you may have lost a few subscriptions *pro tem* But believe me, those lost souls will either come back or send delegates You won't lose in the long run Deadness is what loses in the long run Anything that makes 'em wriggle becomes at last indispensable *Vive le gai coq, et le coq gai!*

I hope Carrie Hill will read my novel – and that it will fall into the hands of the son of nineteen, and that he'll read it aloud to the gaudy end before a stunned and aghast parent can stop him Oh, what a lot of hypocrites!

So I enclose a few order forms, and please send one to George Williamson, Litchfield, Mich., and to Carrie dear, and a few others I might even get them to lose their souls, instead of saving 'em which would be so much more becoming

Your sincere 'traitor and enemy of the human race,' [D. H. Lawrence]

The first part of Lawrence's short novel, *The Escaped Cock*, had appeared in the *Forum* (New York), of which Miss Bramble was an editor

To S. S. Koteliansky, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 18 April 1928

Dear Kot Thanks for your letter and the Behrens order – We have now got about 150 orders – eighty-odd paid – only two from America, because they haven't had time – so these are all English A good many people haven't ordered who will do so, I think – like E. M. Forster and his crowd – and W. J. Turner and so on People don't like ordering far in advance – Orioli says he will keep you no. 1 and no. 17, and let the rest go out promiscuously – he's marked it down against your order – I'm sorry about Ottoline – Tomorrow Lady Colefax is coming to tea, I'll get her to help – And of course I want to see American results – I had a letter from Mrs Knopf yesterday liking the novel very much and wanting to publish it if they can get it possible for the public – So if they do it, no doubt they'll have English rights too I think Chatto are considering the MS now but I shan't let it go to any other London publisher If I can cover expenses before the book appears, I don't mind I put £130 in the bank today – opening an English account here in Haskard and Casardi's

Dull weather here – rather gritty for the chest – Awfully nice of you to take so much trouble

[P. S.] I enclose you a phoenix – these I had printed just to use as *ex libris*

To Catherine Carswell, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 26 April 1928

Dear Catherine Really! – you know Yvonne Franchetti – perhaps you don't know Maria Huxley – but another *lingua cattiva* Of course I

never said anything more than expletives That damned Catherine hasn't sent me any typing etc But nothing malicious, why should I? – But you know what young spoilt women are – and Maria, I know, is *terrible* when she gets with a woman like Yvonne a public danger She's really very nice, Maria but with certain people her nerves go all to pieces, and she's a bit crazy London does it to her too Nay, when things are repeated, always judge the *repeaters* What can it be but *cattiveria* which repeats, or pretends to repeat, malicious things? And why listen seriously to the *cattive*? Or course the typing and everything was all right – only a bit slow – at which I, of course, fumed a bit – *quite unnecessarily* – *ma*!

Didn't you get an acknowledgement of your cheque? That's because it came *before* we got the slips from the printer Orioli does all that business But I was pleased you wanted the book – Your brother Gordon hasn't ordered yet

It goes pretty well – the orders from America only just coming in – just beginning – I've only had *half* the proofs so far – and I do want to get it done and get away We must go back to Switzerland for a couple of months for my chest – it's no worse, but I'd better look after it I want to leave at latest May 20th – so we shan't get to England till August We are keeping on this flat, so if you'd like to come and camp here, do so, it'll be standing empty And Giulia, our peasant girl, will help you all you want, for liras 20 a week.

I'm sure the New Forest is fine – and I've never been, except through in the train – I do hope you'll have some luck at last, with Don's play perhaps Money – luck! Though it's best to be well I wish my chest healed up

Perhaps I'll send my pictures to Dorothy Warren, to her gallery in Maddox St, to be shown Make a few more enemies But you'd like some of them I'll tell you

It's rather a spoilt spring here too – but not so very bad

Things like Maria chattering depress me One feels one should have no 'friends' – they do one so much harm, not really wanting to, but they can't help it

To Juliette Huxley, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 26 April 1928

Dear Juliette Just a word to acknowledge your cheque, and to ask you if you know a nice *un* in Switzerland, altitude 3 to 4 thousand feet, where you think Frieda and I would be happy – and where I might walk a few level yards We want to leave about 15th May – if only my book is out – and go direct to Switzerland

And send me your mother's address, will you? One day I will write to her I was quite happy with Madame Baillot

I hope Maria doesn't repeat things maliciously Just had a long indignant letter from a friend [Catherine Carswell] saying all that Maria said I'd said, carried on by Yvonne Franchetti, and home by a sister of the maligned – and much worse than anything I *really* said, casually and explosively It's too bad! Of course I say all sorts of things – you yourself know perfectly well the things I say about people – but they aren't malicious and *méchant* things, just momentary People who *repeat* things are really wicked – because they *always* pour in vitriol of their own

We are keeping on this flat – so if ever you and Julian want to come and camp here, do Our peasant girl Giulia – Juha – will help you all you need, and very cheap

It's all a question of taking an open honest attitude to things Usually one leaves things vague, and so one gets in a stew

Regards from us both, and to Julian

To G Orioli, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 'Thursday' [?26 April 1928]

Dear Pino Thank heaven we've got the last of the proofs I return the others On the title-page we agree to cross out the subtitle Is it necessary to put the name of some publisher or bookseller, as Giuntina says? If so what shall you put? Yourself? I don't really mind whether the Giuntina put themselves at the back or not – I suppose they want it If they don't care, then we'll leave it out But if they do care, we'll leave it I don't mind really

No orders here either America very slow!

Tomorrow then

[P S] If it makes it simpler, we can leave out 'Florence' on the title page, and just put 'Privately Printed' as Douglas did

To Lady Ottoline Morrell, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 8 May 1928

My dear Ottoline I was so sorry to hear of you ill and in all that pain – so was Frieda But now thank goodness you are a lot better, and soon one can think of you going nicely around again and being there in the world I do hope you'll keep well I consider people like you and me, we've had our whack of bodily ills, we ought to be let off a bit

I'm getting so cross with the printer, who is getting so cross with the paper-makers, who no doubt are so cross with somebody else – because I can't get on with my novel and send it out I've only done *half* the proofs even now!

I trust we shall meet again one day, you and I, because I'm sure we're quite fond of one another really, through all this long lapse But the chief thing for you at the moment is to get quite well

Tante belle còse! from us both

To Mark Gertler, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 24 May 1928

Dear Mark Kot said you'd like to see these photographs of my pictures – they're only snaps a neighbour took – there was another snap – 'Resurrection' – but I'm afraid I've not got it any more There are seven big pictures – oils – a 'Nymphs and Faun,' all dark orange, not photographed Also a 'Fight with an Amazon' I think I shall send them to the Warren for her gallery, because when we leave here – in about ten days – God knows when we'll come back, and it's no good just abandoning them Would you take the big pictures off their stretchers and roll them? – paint is a bit thick in places, it might crack off But they'd need a *big* packing case – I gave the seven water-colours and three smaller oils, on boards, to a friend to take to London for me Kot's old acquaintance, Enid Hopkin, now Mrs Enid Hilton She stayed in a little inn near here with her husband – and I admit they're both rather boring – if not very but not *bad* people If you felt like it, you could call at her house – flat, that is, top floor – 40 Great James St, Bedford Row, W C 1 and look at the pictures she took Perhaps you'll dislike them I myself prefer the big oils – The Hiltons won't be home, though, till 1st June – a week from now

And would you tell me where you have your pictures photographed,

and how much it costs? I'd like to have photographs of all these – but not if it's too expensive

What do you do with the shiny places on your pictures, when you want 'em *not* to shine? Mine *do* shine – some all over, because there's so much oil in them. But I don't mind all over.

You'll be sick of my questions – I am now doing the *last* proofs of my novel, so it won't be long. I expect some people will want to annihilate me for it, but I believe in it, it's got to be done. One's got to get back to the live, really lovely phallic self, and phallic consciousness. I think I get a certain phallic beauty in my pictures too. I know they're rolling with faults, Sladelily considered. But there's something *there*. Wonder how your work goes. I've seen nothing for two years – but that nude you were doing in Sept. 1926 seemed to me to have some phallic glow too – I hope we can send you your copy of the novel within a fortnight. Nice of you to order it.

I was so awfully sorry to hear of Ottoline so very ill. Poor Ottoline, when I feel she's down, my heart bleeds for her. After all, she's a queen, among the mass of women.

Of course I had to have a bit of flu, have been in bed some days. But am up again. I shall be really better at a higher altitude – when we get to Switzerland. Did you ever try the mountains – between 3 and 4000 ft? It's really rather marvellous, if you stay long enough. I think we shall go to Annecy, just in France, south of Geneva, and look round from there – I wish I really got well again – it's such a drag, not getting back to oneself. You know yourself how it feels. I do hope you're better, and feeling fairly chirpy.

We shall come to England, probably in August. Where will you be? – But we shall see you. We're not dead yet. We'll still show the world what's what.

Tell Kot I had his letter – and it's cold even here!

Frieda sends all sorts of messages.

To Lady Ottoline Morrell, from Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, 24 May 1928

My dear Ottoline. I'm most grieved to think you've had such a time and so much pain with that mysterious illness, worse even than I thought. It puzzles me terribly why these things should come. But do

you know what I think? I think it's because one isn't just vulgarly selfish enough, vulgarly *physically* selfish, self-keeping and self-preserving. One wastes one's common flesh too much: then these microbes, which are the pure incarnation of invisible selfishness, pounce on one.

You ask me, do I feel things very much? – and I do. And that's why I too am ill. The hurts, and the bitterness sink in, however much one may reject them with one's spirit. They sink in, and there they lie, inside one, wasting one. What is the matter with us is primarily chagrin. Then the microbes pounce. One ought to be tough and selfish – and one is never tough enough, and never selfish in the proper self-preserving way. Then one is laid low.

I've been in bed again this last week, but not bad, a touch of flu. And it's no good going to Switzerland to be bitter cold. It's even cold here.

Yes, I'm sad about Garsington, very sad that it has gone. While you still had it I always felt in some way I still had it. If only one could have two lives: the first, in which to make one's mistakes, which seem as if they *had* to be made, and the second in which to profit by them. If it could only be so, what a lovely Garsington we could all have, and no bitterness at the end of it!

But don't say you feel you're not important in life. You've been an important influence in lots of lives, as you have in mine – through being fundamentally generous, and through being Ottoline. After all, there's only one Ottoline. And she has moved one's imagination. It doesn't matter what sort of vision comes out of a man's imagination, his vision of Ottoline. Any more than a photograph of me is me, or even 'like' me. The so-called portraits of Ottoline can't possibly be Ottoline – no one knows that better than an artist. But Ottoline has moved men's imagination, deeply, and that's perhaps the most a woman can do. And in the world today, full of women, how rare to find one that can move the imagination! No, I wish, and wish deeply, there could be Ottoline again and Garsington again, and we could start afresh.

But we can start afresh anyhow, in a quieter, gentler way.

I'm doing the last proofs of my novel now, so in about a week I expect we shall leave. I hope the book won't shock you – but I'm sure it won't. You will understand what I'm trying to do: the full natural *rapprochement*.

of a man and a woman, and the re-entry into life of a bit of the old phallic awareness and the old phallic insouciance

I do hope you are feeling a bit better each day I'm a lot better really, only this bit of flu put me back

Frieda sends her love and her sympathy with mine

To Harry and Caresse Crosby, from Villa Muenda, Scandicci, 'Friday'

[?25 May 1928]

Dear Harry Crosby and Caresse My wife went to Florence yesterday and brought the Queen of Naples' snuff-box and three pieces of gold, from Orioli, to my utter amazement But *cari mei*, it won't do I am sure you're not Croesuses to that extent and anyhow, what right have I to receive these things? For heaven's sake, you embarrass me! I hope to heaven you're quite, quite rich, for if you're not, I shall feel really bad about it Here I am, quite uneasy in my skin Gold rolls *mir zur Fussen*? Gold – I feel almost wicked with it!

The *wagon-lit* man was a knave, and tried to bully Orioli out of 200 liras, but only got 100 I wonder very much that he delivered the goods. Why, oh why, did you send them! I considered myself paid in excess before, so now where am I?

But I shall buy some snuff and put it in the snuff-box and take it as my grandfather did and offer worthy souls a pinch and a sneeze, with little finger lifted

But at present I feel rather worried – for the first time I know what *embarras de richesses* means Perhaps one day we can square it somehow

Meanwhile very many thanks – but in future I shall tell you the price of my pen to a centime, and not a button more

To G Orioli, from Grand Hôtel, Chexbres-sur-Vevey, Switz, 'Thursday'

[?21 June 1928]

Dear Pino Letters forwarded from Florence today – and your handwriting, I think so you are there, are you? Have you been to England? or are you going?

We are in this biggish hotel, with the Brewsteins – well looked after, 9 francs a day including tea – and about 2000 ft above Lac Lemman So we're all right for a bit – *and if you come to England this way, stop off at*

Lausanne and see us It's above Vevey, quite near Lausanne – That St Nizier place was very rough – and the insolent French people actually asked us to go away because I coughed. They said they didn't have anybody who coughed. I felt very mad. But it's much better here – dull, but comfortable. And it's no good shivering with cold and being uncomfortable. The Brewsters are here – Frieda has gone to Baden-Baden for a week, Aldous has telegraphed that he and Maria will join us next Tuesday or Wednesday – from Paris. So we are not likely to be lonesome, as the Brewsters say – They are very nice, the Brewsters, look after me so well. I ought to get quickly fat, fatter than you or Frieda – By the way, be sure to give Maria a copy of *Lady C* when she turns up. And if a man Charles Wilson from Willington, Durham, wrote for a copy, send him one, I know him. I'm so anxious to know what milady is doing, and what you are doing about her. People pelting me with letters now, to know when they'll get her – Somehow I feel it will be safe to post to England, day by day – start about a week after the American copies have gone off. But once you start sending out, go straight ahead, until something stops you. I am very anxious to hear from you, what is happening. Wish I could have stayed on till the thing is out, and posted.

It has been cold here, real cold – but warmer today. Write me a line!

To G. Ortolani, from Grand Hôtel, Chexbres-sur-Vevey, 28 June 1928

Dear Pino *Lady Chatterley* came this morning, to our great excitement, and everybody thinks she looks most beautiful, outwardly. I do really think it is a handsome and dignified volume – a fine shape and proportion, and I like the *terra cotta* very much, and I think my phoenix is just the right bird for the cover. Now let us hope she will find her way safely and quickly to all her destinations. When you send to America, send a line to Dr McDonald, Philadelphia, and to Mabel asking them to cable when they get the book – and when you send to England, the same. I already asked Koteliensky and Barbara Low to notify you immediately they receive the book – I do hope there is no fuss – I was wondering if you couldn't post to England by parcel post – to people like Jackson. The post comes monstrous dear, and then all the trouble of packing each book separately! My copy arrived beautifully.

What am I to do with those *vaghe* when you send them? Can I cash them here? Or must I just return them to the people who sent them, and ask them for a cheque?

The Mirendas are fools, barricading the house. But I am still undecided between the two galleries. It's very nice of you to see to the business for me.

Aldous and Maria left this morning for Turin, over the Grand St Bernard. They were very nice, but depressed, I thought, and made me a bit depressed – Did you like Rosalind – Mrs Popham? She's an old friend of ours, I am sorry we missed her – We motored to Chillon yesterday – and had tea in Montreux. I thought of Reggie. Be sure and tell him to come and see us – Am feeling so anxious now for John Thomas's safety – Brewsters send their greeting to you.

*To Dorothy Warren, from Grand Hôtel, Chebres-sur-Vevey,
4 July 1928*

Dear Dorothy Warren. Well I have ordered the pictures to be sent on to you – so they'll arrive in due time. They are seven – and four of them in simple wooden, painted frames. I prefer them in those frames painted to merge out the atmosphere of the picture – much better than gold or black frames. So will you let your man do the others about the same. But the water-colours, I don't mind how they are framed. When you have the pictures, let me know how you like them. Probably you will like them better as you get used to them. They are quite simple, with no tricks, but I consider they are, what very few pictures are, organically alive and whole. All the modern smartness only succeeds in putting pictures together, it practically never makes a picture live as a whole thing.

I was sorry to break with the Claudge people – especially as they were going ahead. But October is really a better time. And then I felt they were just commercial. After all, I know you, and the thing is more personal. But you are an unstable person – you disappear and leave no trace, you don't answer letters when you say you will, everybody says you are going bust, and altogether it's like riding to the moon on a soap-bubble. But do be wise for a little while longer. I didn't put any price on the pictures – must think about it. What would you suggest?

I'm not anxious at all to sell the big ones I have only those seven – but the little ones I care less about

The Biewsters have about twenty pictures in Lucille Beckett's – Lucille Frost's charge, at Marble Arch I wish you would look at them and show them when there is a chance I'm sure they are better than most people's pictures

Well, please let me know when the pictures come – I am having carriage paid in advance – and how you like them Don't lapse into the void, or I shall have to come over to London and rescue the things – All good wishes

To Juliette Huxley, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, Switz, 12 July 1928

My dear Juliette At last I can send you a line and a sort of address We hunted round from Chexbres for somewhere to go – it was nice there, but not high enough, too hot At last we are settled in here – in a nice little peasant chalet on the mountain about a mile from Gsteig village, about 4000 ft up, and I suppose about four or five miles from where we picnicked on the Pillon pass in February in all the snow! Now the buses run over! I think this side is nicer than the Diablerets side, fresher, more unspoilt Gsteig is quite small and quite charming, and not so very dear We pay 100 francs a month for this chalet – nice big rooms – that is, a kitchen, a good-sized living-room and bedroom downstairs, and another bedroom upstairs There are two rooms upstairs, but in one they store their things – the peasants At present they are supposed to be living in their other chalet across on the north side, with the cows But the woman, Frau Trachsl, appears about tea-time and sleeps here with the Lena, her adopted girl of fourteen But I don't mind, they are very nice, and like to do anything we want The people here really seem nice, not greedy at all

Maria and Aldous called at Chexbres with the car for three days They were very nice, but I thought they seemed a bit depressed Now however they will be cheered up – Maria writes very gaily from Forte, so they'll be all right

We've got our friends the Brewsters, from Capri – we were with them in Ceylon – staying in the hotel in the village They come trudging up to see us. I haven't descended yet to Gsteig, since we came in, because

of the climb back Of course there are no level walks – but I potter around among the trees, and they have made me a little table and bench where I sit and dabble away at a painting of men catching horses – just a little thing Now there's just been a thunderstorm and an hour's heavy rain – which the peasants badly wanted – so now there's that wet peace in the world, of the dripping pine trees It seems very near to Diablerets – not only in miles – I almost feel that Eve is waiting for me to put a few stitches in her arm, and that we're going to have your mother's jam and wuist for tea Instead of which I'm having a cup all by myself – Frieda is thinning by abstaining

Have you got your copy of the novel? You ought to have it by now I think it is very appropriate that I should be on this mountain when it arrives in the world – it was on this mountain I launched the very first launching of it And I feel so safe up here, from all the slings and arrows that will come back at me

We've taken this house till end Sept – if we stay so long I want to come to England then Dorothy Warren is giving a show of my pictures beginning Oct – she's got the small ones now – call and tell her to show them to you

Lively remembrances from us both, also to Julian
[P S] Do go and see my pictures – Maddox St – if it amuses you – 7 water-colours and 4 oils – small

When are you going away?

I still can't climb hills – *must* stay here and try and get my cough better

*To Maria Huxley, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig B Gstaad,
'Friday Evening' [?13 July 1928]*

The Brewsters came to tea and Achsah as near being in a real temper as ever I've seen her She said I don't know how it (the place) makes you feel, but I've lost *all my cosmic consciousness* and *all my universal love* I feel I don't care one bit about *humanity* – I said 'Good for you, Achsah! – but it was as if another horse-fly had bit her

So now you know what's wrong with Switzerland, why you can't stand it, and why it's good for health

To Martin Secker, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig bei Gstaad, 24 July 1928

Dear Secker Many thanks for the books I have great fun reading Hardy's stories again What a commonplace genius he has, or a genius for the commonplace, I don't know which He doesn't rank so terribly high, really. But better than Bernard Shaw, even then I'm afraid *The Intelligent Woman's Guide* I shall have to leave to the intelligent woman it is too boring for the intelligent man, if I'm any sample Too much gas-bag Still, very many thanks and shall I send them back to 5 John St, or to Bridgefoot?

I hope you've got your copies of *Lady Chatterley* I know all those paid for are sent out – and in England, received all right I think it's quite a handsome book

One goes up and down in health here – it's always like that, the first weeks of altitude But I can eat well and sleep well it's only the walking uphill that's a failure still Yet I think I manage even that better

I'll keep Palling in mind, in case we want to go there one day It sounds the right sort of place I do want to come to England end of Sept Dorothy Warren is supposed to be showing pretty well I might go back to Italy and finish my Etruscans

Glad you had a good holiday.

To G Orioli, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig bei Gstaad, 28 July 1928

Dear Pino Your letter with two *bordereaux* and these four cheques which I here return signed – will you put them to my sterling account

I hope you have my letter with Lenzi's bill, cheque for lir 4000, and cheque for £55 stg for you and Carletto and Mrs Otway's cheque signed You should have it by now

I'm so glad everything is arriving – and very glad indeed the Amer copies are in Yes, now send *all* American orders that seem to you quite safe, especially those Centaur ones This is a good moment – everyone away on holidays

Tell me how many copies sent *altogether*. – We might send a hundred copies to Willard Johnson, Taos – or to the Centaur – to hold for us, or 50 to each What do you think?

Mabel is a bitch – she already wrote me a snotty letter because some

American old maid acquaintance had been in your shop and said you spoke 'slightingly' of Mabel Dodge and her books – and that you had two 1st edit Henry James worth God knows how many dollais from Mabel's library I replied to Mabel she shouldn't listen to second-hand reports, and she should try for once not to be so idiotically self-important – I wrote her a nasty letter – I'm sick of these God-almighty blown-out women Don't bother about her

I've heard from several people they have got the book and like the outside very much but nobody has criticised the inside except Koteli-iansky, who thought it was a pity I wrote such a book, it would do me harm Same old Jewish song 'We'll see what harm it does me

When you have time would you send me those two books that a nuisance of a fellow – Charles Wilson, Willington – sent me to sign Giulia's father brought you the parcel – Did you send him a copy of *Lady C* – with invoice for £2 – he is quite safe? Charles Wilson, 8 Cumberland Terrace, Willington, Co Durham

Will you also send another copy to Pollinger I do hope you are not exhausted You must leave it all now and go to Vallombrosa

I find it very hard to get used to the altitude here I really feel weaker and more upset than I do at the Mirenda – so does Frieda I hope we'll soon get adjusted

Have Giuntina's finished everything now? Send me their bill – Love from both

To S S Koteliainsky, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, 30 July 1928

My dear Kot Now the fun begins – the dealers – some – are beginning to refuse to accept the books they ordered Today I heard from Orioli that Stevens and Brown, Booksellers, London – he doesn't give me the address – say they must return the thirty-six copies they ordered, and ask to be informed *at once* what they shall do with them They had already received 28 copies at the time they cancelled their order – but also the remaining eight were on their way from Florence

Would you hate to fetch away those thirty-six copies for me? I should be so glad You could ring up the bookshop and tell them you were speaking on behalf of Mr Orioli of Florence, and Mr D H Lawrence – and that Mr Lawrence had written asking you to fetch

away thirty-six copies of his novel, the order for which they had cancelled

I enclose £2 for taxi and expenses – but of course, don't do it if you have any qualms – I can have the books fetched away from your house in a day or two if you wish. Not that there is any risk so far.

I enclose a note to Stevens and Brown. You needn't tell them your name.

Foyles also sent back six copies – and another man some – Damn them all, hypocrites.

[P S] Did you receive your last copy, No. 17? I do hope so.

The fun was really beginning, and not only Koteliansky, but Richard Aldington, Enid Hilton, and Derek Patmore would soon be distributing these copies which had slid into England before the customs inspectors were alerted, subscribers would send £2 to Orioli in Florence, who would then notify one of Lawrence's British friends to mail the book, safely, within England.

To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,

31 July 1928

Dear Aldous and Maria I should have written before, but have been under the altitude – felt perfectly wretched, and made design for my tombstone in Gsteig churchyard, with suitable inscription 'Departed this life, etc, etc – *He was fed up!*' However, last Friday – or Thursday afternoon, I forget which – I decided to live a little longer – and today I walked down to the village, and what is much worse, up again. It's like climbing to the Diablerets glacier. However, here I am, with a crick in my neck I admit, and Achsah *et famille* will be dippingly arriving to tea just now. The sun is sharply hot, the wind quite cool. But the sun sort of dissolves one's corpuscles. I daresn't try another sunbath, not for a minute. So I rather envy you your red colour all over – or pansy-bronze or calceolaria or burnt-monkey-musk, whatever it is – and I would willingly dangle myself before a shaft if I could swim in the deep sea and sit in the southern sun naked and undiminished. In fact, if I don't actually sit on a muck-heap and scrape myself with a tin lid, it's because I haven't the energy.

I suppose all the ordered copies of *Lady Jane* are in England so the booksellers have hastily written to say we must take back their copies.

at once, they couldn't handle the *Lady*, and I must cancel their orders, and will we remove the offence at once That is in all 114 copies we have to fetch back Of course, these children of God haven't paid – Then there are rumours that the police are going to raid the shops I suppose people hope they will At the same time, the first batch has arrived safely at its various destinations in America

I believe I have lost most of my friends in the escapade, but that is a small loss, alas! I never had any Richard Aldington writes he gets a great kick out of it, and it's a feather in the cap of the XX century It's a fool's cap anyhow, why should I put a feather in it An American young man writes But oh, you friends, Lorenzo! By their reactions shall you know them! – I shan't, because they'll keep them severely dark I have unkindly set my foot down, and won't either give it or lend it to the Brewsters, and of course, buying is beyond their idea

I see the white flutter of our spotless friends away down on the high-road – poor dears, such a climb! Heaven is not reached in a single bound! No indeed, Achsah, it isn't, and it was an American who first registered the fact

Well, I feel there's not much of me left What little there is gives you the Easter Kiss and hopes we'll crow in chorus once more, one day, like risen Easter eggs

'Feather in the cap' Richard Aldington, though not enthusiastic about *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, risked being fined by helping to distribute the book in England, he notes in his autobiography (*Life for Life's Sake*), that Lawrence 'wrote me a long letter in which he urged me to tell everybody what a great book it was, "a feather in the cap of the twentieth century", and naturally I neither did nor should use such a silly phrase Judge of my delight when I read his *Letters* and found he had written round to other people,' putting that phrase in Aldington's mouth Lawrence also used the expression in his 30 July 1928 letter (unpublished) to Oriol

To S S Kotliansky, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,
4 August 1928

My dear Kot I was very glad to have your express and to know the books are safe By the same post I heard from Enid Hilton that she has the 74 books from Jackson in her flat

Now I suppose Richard A will write you about taking your copies down to the country But will you send two more copies to L E Pollinger, of Curtus Brown's – making four in all – and one copy to

Bettina von Hutten, 19 Whitehead's Grove, Chelsea – Is that the Baroness von Hutten?

I do wish you hadn't sent back my cheque Will you, since you are so proud, keep an account of what I've cost you, and tell me

I am writing now to Enid Hilton to ask her if she knows of some safe place, where to store the books For the life of me, I can think of nowhere except Richard A As I told you, my sisters know nothing of this venture, and I don't want to tell them – But I shall ask Enid to keep about two dozen copies in her flat, to distribute for me I don't think there's any risk – at least not yet

I wouldn't trust Miss Beach in Paris for a moment We must find some safe place to deposit the things, in England You might speak to Richard

I myself shall raise the price before long What would you suggest about that?

Where are you going, in the country? I hope it'll be nice

I'm very grateful to you for taking this trouble for me I expect we'll get it all smoothed out one day I believe Orioli sent to most of the booksellers without pre-payment – and some seem to be deferring their paying – hoping, I suppose, to sneak out if the thing is suppressed What a world!

[P S] Have you got your last copy – no 17?

Be sure to let me know immediately if there is any move to suppress – and let Enid H know, will you?

Koteliansky was helping, though nervously, Lawrence in an earlier letter (1 August) had told him, 'My sisters don't know that I am publishing that novel – I don't want them to know – it would only upset them'

To Dorothy Yorke, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, 4 August 1928

My dear Arabella Your letter came on yesterday – and the cheque – which I'm sending back to you, as I want you to take a copy from the 30-odd which Richard will rescue for me from Koteliansky, I am sure. Kot has got them safely Perhaps he has written

I was awfully pleased that you liked the book, both of you I'm afraid it's cost me the *beaux restes* of my friends – a ragged remnant, anyhow And I'm really very glad you like to read me, Arabella Believe me, I get

far more insults and impudence about my work, than appreciation so when anyone comes out a bit whole-heartedly, I really feel comforted a great deal I must say, I don't find much generous appreciation It's usually superior disapproval, or slightly mungy, narrow-gutted condescension

I want R to keep these copies quite quietly, and tell nobody, and just let them lie till I have a use for them So far, there's not the slightest risk The book is not suppressed, and is as free as any other book But some of the booksellers, swine, are in a funk and making these returns

If we come to England, be sure we'll come to the cottage I *know* you *really* like us both – but I felt a bit doubtful about Richard Men so easily seem to have a mysterious grudge against me – I'm always up against it But now I think R really likes us too – without that reservation which I felt before Anyhow I hope so And if I am a fool, and say out my impressions to almost anybody – still, I don't think I'm either ungenerous or dishonest

So I hope we'll meet this year I do wish I were better I've been down all this year If only I'm better we might do something together in the autumn – Frieda sends her love, with mine
[P S] Kot has been *very nice* about the books

*To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,
15 August 1928*

Dear Maria and Aldous Nothing particularly new here – Last week I was better, and sun-bathed – this week I've got a cold and feel all hot inside It's a beastly climate really, hot and cold at once I'm getting sick of it, hope we can leave in first half of September But my sister is coming with her daughter for a fortnight end of this month Then when she goes we can go – presumably to Baden-Baden for a bit – and possibly England I have it in my mind I want to go back to the ranch – but absolutely – in November Perhaps we might first go and look at some Etruscan things, for a little *giro* – Arezzo, Cortona, Chiusi, Orvieto, Norta, Bieda – places just north of Rome What do you say? – But I begin to feel I want to go back to New Mexico I shall never be well any more in Europe – so dead! Nothing to re-act to I am still unaware of the

fate of *Lady Jane* in America – some copies arrived – then we had cables saying ‘wait’ So we are waiting Not that there is any hurry any more, all the English copies having arrived safely It has been good fun, really, and worth it. Though the money hasn’t all come in, by any means But I feel I’ve had another whack at ‘em – a good satisfactory whack – and it’s for them to feel *minchuom*, not me How they love to make one *minchuone*, with their decayed disapproval But their turn, not mine How glad I am to have lost certain of my ‘friends’ through *John Thomas* – like the Israelites who fell dead when the Magic Serpent was erected May they all fall dead! Pfu!

Aldous, will you please write me out the words of ‘I’ll give you one – O!’ after *four*? I know as far as ‘four for the Gospel Writers’ But 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10! I don’t know

I had a copy of *transition*, that Paris magazine – the Ameri number My God, what a clumsy *olla putrida* James Joyce is! Nothing but old fags and cabbage-stumps of quotations from the Bible and the rest, stewed in the juice of deliberate, journalistic dirty-mindedness – what old and hard-worked staleness, masquerading as the all-new! Gertrude Stein is more amusing – and some of the Americans quite good But for prize *jeune pap*, take the letters from Frenchmen at the end – the sheer rinsings of baby’s napkins How feeble the Frenchy mind has become!

To E H Brewster, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,
‘Wed morning’ [215 August 1928]

Dear Earl Hope you’re having a good time in Paris with [Dhan Gopal] Mukerji Here it’s just the same, but a bit more cloudy I’m beginning to feel a bit fed up with it, and wish we could go away I reckon my health is just as good anywhere else

I painted ‘Contadini’ on the panel you gave me. – Oh, if there are in Paris nude photographs that I could use in my sort of painting – natural ones – buy me some if you have time But don’t bother of course I have never seen but two of the famous Paris ‘obscene’ post-cards, and they were just ugly They need not be, surely

We had dinner at the Viktoria last night, and said goodbye to the Barkers At least they have a certain quiet Adelaide Kirk, how she did

but rattle! – and how I hate that song *The Four Marys* since Belle, or Bell, mewed it!

We'll be expecting you back Sunday – and then we can be casting round in our minds plans for late autumn and winter. At the moment I incline towards the ranch – the simple life.

Poor Achsah had tooth-ache, and is going to Gstaad this morning to have the aluminium filling taken out. *Sporca miseria!*

Frieda had such a grand birthday feast at the Viktoria on Saturday, such a pile of gifts, and she was so *moved*. I of course was the mocker at the festival.

Somebody sent me *transition* – American number – that Paris *modernissimo* periodical, James Joyce and Gertrude Stein, etc. What a stupid *olla podrida* of the Bible and so forth. James Joyce is just stewed-up fragments of quotation in the sauce of a would-be-dirty mind. Such effort! such exertion! *sforzato davvero!*

My regards to Mukerji, the indiarubber ball. Tell him he's all right so long as he keeps his bounce. It would be fatal if he went slack – *Tante còse!*

Dhan Gopal Mukerji (1890–1936), a Hindu author whom Lawrence had met in Gstaad, was to suffer a nervous breakdown and hang himself in New York in 1936.

*To Alfred Stieglitz, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,
15 August 1928*

Dear Stieglitz. Many thanks for sending that cable to Florence. I'm glad you liked *Lady C*. She seems to have exploded like a bomb among most of my English friends, and they're still suffering from shell-shock. But they're coming round already, some few already feeling it was good for 'em. Give them time. There are rumours of suppression in England, and rumours of ban in America. But I can't help it. I've shot my shot, anyhow. I shot an arrow into the air tee-de-dum!

Don't be alarmed about the pictures – they're quite good. Anyhow, they *contain* something – which is more than you can say of most moderns, which are all excellent rind of the fruit, but no fruit. And because a picture has subject-matter it is not therefore less a picture. Besides, what's a deformed guitar and a shred of newspaper but subject-matter? There's the greatest lot of bunk talked about modern painting.

ever If a picture is to hit deep into the senses, which is its business, it must hit down to the soul and up into the mind – that is, it has to mean something to the co-ordinating soul and the co-ordinating spirit which are central in man's consciousness and the meaning has to come through direct sense impression I know what I'm about As for their space composition and their mass-reaction and their arabesques, if that isn't all *literary* and idea-concept, what is? Such a lot of canary cages, and never a bird in one of 'em! What, I ask you, is Roger Fry? – a literary gentleman, or a painter? My God, look at his pictures! The pen is mightier than the palette in his case

But I'm not really keen on exhibiting, so don't go to any trouble Dorothy Warren is supposed to be showing my things in London in first half of October – that is, if I don't go and stop her – which leaves the pictures free for November But as I say, I don't really care whether the canvases come to New York or not Only if you show me, at least have a look at Hon Dorothy Brett's things and see if you don't like them

I want to come to America in late autumn anyhow, to go to the ranch So I hope we shall meet How *did* [Georgia] O'Keefe take the book?

*To Dorothy Yorke, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,
'Friday,' [17 August 1928]*

Dear Arabella You've got your copy of the book now, of course – and I hope you'll like it I feel I've shot it like a bomb against all their false sex and hypocrisy – as my Florentine doctor said, against all their a-sexual sexuality So let's hope it'll explode and let in a bit of fresh air As for me, I feel a bit feeble and a poor rag, and I hate it

My sister Emily with her daughter Margaret is coming tomorrow-week to stay a fortnight Hope it won't rain! She's never been out of England – Then I think we shall be getting sick of here, and shall go to Baden-Baden for a fortnight or so – then, I hope, to England

And in the late autumn, let's really go somewhere Would you go to Egypt if we went? We might find some way of doing it cheap – and there *are* quite nice modest pensions in Cairo Let's go to Egypt in November, *en quatre* – and go sometimes and see the Dobrées, and go up the Nile and look at the desert and perhaps get shot in Khartoum like General Gordon – Frieda of course, woman-like, pines for more

islands – Majorca and Minorca – but I'm not keen on islands. The other thing is the Mediterranean shore of Spain. I'd like to go to Madrid to the Prado. But I *don't* want to stay in the Mirenda this winter.

I'm glad you write poems. Do send me some to see. Are they printed yet?

And you must go and see my pictures when they're on show in Oct. – I just did a nice one of *contadini*.

Have you got lots of flowers, and beans and carrots. We have phlox in a tiny fenced garden, and salad and a few turnips and red currants – There aren't many Swiss here anyhow – and only peasants – and more like queer earth-creatures than anything – very queer – but quite nice.

To G. Orioli, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b. Gstaad, 24 August 1928

Dear Pino. I have your letters and return various enclosures. I'll put down what I have done.

1. A. L. Humphreys, Devonshire Club, St. James St, SW1. I asked him to send cheque to you, saying you would then deliver books. When you get this cheque, will you ask Kot to deliver, as R. A. will be almost used up.

2. I enclose letter from John Clark, with order for Toronto and London. Have asked R. A. to send in the London order, you send the Toronto. *Send invoice* for yours.

3. All the other orders I have sent on to R. A. Enid has used up all her copies. I hope Richard has sent out the Foyle six – (really five, as Enid had delivered [Pollinger's]) – but I haven't heard yet. Yes, Richard has just written to say he has sent out all orders – now I forward him the new lot.

4. I don't know what to do about America. It is evident some arrive, some don't. I enclose the mad Mrs Chambers's letter – you will see. That bookseller *might* be a police spy! And Willard Johnson, Taos, hasn't got his copies. What *shall* we do about America – wait a bit longer? Write to Holliday, ask him if he has any other suggestion for getting his copies in to U.S.A. I don't think we should post any more to America until we are sure *none* are being held up.

5. I think we must begin to send orders from Florence to England. I will let you know what copies Richard has left – but they will be very

few And Kot will only have 17, when he has sent the last two to Simpkin and Marshall We might keep those, and try posting from Florence when we have an order from someone we know and can trust

6 Have you received the two copies back from Cornish Bros, Birmingham? I sent a cheque to Kot for them, and he wrote them that as soon as he heard that you had received back the two copies, he would let them have the cheque

7 What about that one copy of Truslove and Hanson, not paid? They said to Enid H [Hilton] that they had cancelled the order for it We must make sure and they must either return it, or pay

I return the letters you sent – and send some of mine I don't want any back

It turned quite cold here, we had to warm the house – but today it seems a bit *sciocco* again, stuffy

My sister with her daughter of twenty arrive on Sunday morning, to stay about a fortnight I hope it'll be nice weather The Brewsters are still in the village – with a Hindu friend who massages me We shall stay here anyhow till the 15th September – then go to Baden for a bit – and then perhaps to England, perhaps not Richard Aldington is offered a fortress on an island off the French coast – off Toulon or St Tropez and he wants us to winter there Perhaps we'll look at the place on our way back to Florence in October

I do hope it won't be hot in Florence – but there seems a change everywhere now, for cooler weather When does Carletto come back? We shall have to be turning our thoughts to autumn and winter

To David Garnett, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,

24 August 1928

Dear David I'm so glad you like *Lady C.* – and glad you tell me, so many people are beastly about it I'm ordering you a copy

I should like to give your father a copy, if he'd care for it Let me know, will you, and if to send to the Cearne In my early days your father said to me, 'I should welcome a description of the whole act' – which has stayed in my mind till I wrote this book But your mother would disapprove

Do you live there at St Ives? and in a Hall? *Grand Dieu!* I wondered if

you still were at your bookshop – must be a bore – they haven't paid yet for their copies of *Lady C*

We may be in England end of Sept – and should both like to see you very much I always look on the Cearne as my jumping-off point into the world – and your father as my first backer Do you remember swimming in the Isar? – *Tante còse!*

To Mrs Maria Cristina Chambers, from Kesslematte, Gsteig b Gstaad,

25 August 1928

Dear Mrs Chambers Orioli sent me on your letter I'm awfully sorry you haven't got your copies of *Lady C* It's very curious, some copies seem to have got through the mail and customs, some seem to be stopped But if once the authorities have an order to stop the book, they'll stop it, and confiscate every copy they can lay hands on Which is a great nuisance, as it means the copies sent are entirely lost, stolen, in short by those base swine – and I don't in the least know how we are to get through the copies of those who have paid and not received them It must be done in some way But don't go round talking to booksellers – they even may be police agents Please don't do anything – the quieter one keeps the better – All the English copies went through safely, and many booksellers are handling the book – carefully, of course Many of my friends are mortally offended by the openness of the novel – but many, on the other hand, seem really grateful for it By their reactions shall ye know them Those that are offended show their own dirtiness, or their own deadness There are so many living dead

We've been up here for two months now – about 4000 ft I think I'm better – though the improvement is not startling But I think I'm slowly veering round Yet I don't want to start on a long voyage till my cough is better – it is such a nuisance Probably Alfred Stieglitz will make an exhibition of my pictures in November I should like to come to America this autumn – but this infernal cough – which is not a death cough at all, but an unspeakable nuisance – is for the time master of my movements I think in about three weeks we shall go to Baden-Baden – then probably to the sea, the Mediterranean Orioli's address finds me

I do wish that by chance your copies of the novel may slip through If

not, we must devise a way Surely there are some sporting fellows somewhere

If you want to know how the ranch is getting on, write to the friend in charge of it Hon Dorothy Brett, *Taos*, New Mexico

She'll tell you all the news – I hear Miss Gillett is back

Hope you are all well, and the heat has passed

To Laurence E Pollinger, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,

27 August 1928

Dear Pollinger I received the enclosed from the Vanguard Press this morning I think Rich should have forwarded their communications

I want them to go ahead with *Lady C*, so have cabled them as they suggest *Withhold Knopf two sent* It seems the U S mail is holding up some, at least, of the copies I sent – so I can send no more and those held up will be lost I am determined to stand by *Lady C* and to send her out into the world as far as possible I perfectly understand that C B and Rich are against her, thinking she will do me harm, and probably disliking her, anyhow But I stand by her and am perfectly content she should do me harm with such people as take offence at her I am out against such people Fly little boat! Therefore if the Vanguard will distribute her in U S A, well and good It suits my aims

I finished the second half of *The Escaped Cock*, about 10,000 words – rather lovely – but I feel tender about giving it out for publication – as I felt tender about *Lady C* This story is only a tiny bit fierce, as C B puts it I can't make up my mind about having it typed and sent out Possibly Crosby-Gaige wouldn't like it – not that I'd care a bit Only why expose any sensitive things gratuitously? And this story is one of my thin-skinned ones

[P S] I think the Vanguard are right about piracy danger – and their \$10 edition won't hurt mine – Please send me the Baker letter back

To G Orioli, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, 30 August 1928

Dear Pino Damn the Americans – damn and damn them – But those Vanguard people anyhow seem to have spunk. I hope they'll do an

edition, for the sake of supplying the book over there *Don't* post anything to America And I shall not cash any more dollar cheques unless the books have gone – Yes, Mrs Chambers, whom I have never seen, save a *large* photograph, looks quite handsome – poor thing

I have written Frank A. Curtin – if he doesn't get this copy, we'll try to supply him from the Vanguard

Do keep the ten copies if you like

But I do want to know how many copies we have left in all

We must be careful sending to England Ask Murry kindly to let you know by return when he has the book I don't want to lose any more copies Kot is silent lately I don't know if he sent Simpkin Marshall's their two copies

Thursday night I enclose Kot's letter I think it is a good idea to have some copies in England – you might send him twenty copies, two a day, at your leisure

The three *Joy Go With You's* have not come yet, but I have your letter tonight with the *bordereau* You mustn't send any more copies to America, because I have promised the Vanguard Press in my cable, to *withhold* We must turn our orders over to them I shall send Mrs Chambers her cheque back

I begged Richard Aldington to let me know exactly what orders he had sent out – but he's not answered And they leave tomorrow for Vallombrosa, to stay with a man called Randall, who is secretary to the embassy to the Vatican They will be at Hotel Foresta But I do wish I knew if they'd fulfilled all orders Because today I had a letter from Miss S. Raphael, 38 Hill St, Mayfair, whose cheque I had in July, saying she's not had her copy – and I know I ordered it her, from the English lot, not from Enid, though

Birrell and Garnett haven't paid their first two copies yet, have they? They are down on your list, not paid

Do please count the number of copies you still have, and tell me I think, when we raise the price, you must say to the people – '*Mr Lawrence has disposed of all his copies I have fifty – or a small number – which I bought for my shop and which I am willing to sell at £2-10-0 net or £3 net*' or something like this Don't you think

I am going to count the money again exactly I believe the gross receipts are about £980 – counting all the money in sterling – and the

total expenses, counting your £50 – are just about £300 I'll send you another £25 or 30, when I next write

It has been pouring torrents of rain this last three days I've got a bit of cold, and am in bed My sister and her girl are here – and somehow it depresses me terribly – they are so far from my active life, everything they say seems wrong, somehow And I have to hide *Lady C* like a skeleton in my cupboard The Brewsters have gone down to Geneva – had enough of here I feel I have too I wonder if you went to Forte

Francis Birrell and David Garnett had by this time sold their bookshop in Soho

To Charles Lahr, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, 30 August 1928

Dear Mr Lahr Many thanks for *The Withered Root* – which Mrs Hilton sent on to me, and I have read It seems to me good, and real, and there is a certain grim unconscious humour about the revival business But the first half is best Because I don't think Rhys Davies manages *young* women very well They are a bit mechanical And since one knew how the revivaling must turn out, there was needed a counterbalance to all the nonsense of it, in the end But the end is sloppy and enervating – so easy to *let go* like that Mr Davies does just what he dislikes his characters for doing – he sloppily lets himself go in an emotional relaxation – Death is so *easy*, in novels It never kills the novelist though it is pretty risky for the artist Could that miserable Reuben never get his pecker up? He should be called Rhubarb, he gives one a belly-ache I am so sick of those modern inspired young heroes with weak, rhubarby guts Why do young men never conceive a hero with a bit of fighting spunk

But I was glad to have the book, and to feel that weird, depressing Welsh flavour of dark slate subsoil So many thanks, also to Rhys Davies. (I thought it was some unknown work of the Bhuddist Scholar I was getting)

'The Buddhist Scholar' Mrs Rhys Davids, *The Withered Root* was of course by Rhys Davies

To Aldous Huxley, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, 'Sunday'
[22 September 1928]

Dear Aldous Many thanks for the *One-O* words It is a great success with the Brewsters, and a Hindu called Boshu, who tells us at great length the Sanscrit meaning of it all – But they've gone – all gone last Wednesday – the Brewsters to Geneva – because Achsah hates Switzerland So they sit in an hotel and look as if they were keeping the league leagued up and I believe they hate it

For a change, we have Emily and her daughter – and it is really rather suffering – and Emily, poor Emily, she can't help feeling that ninepence is exactly half as good again as sixpence If I wearily protest that ninepence is nothing to me unless it's ninepence-worth of life, she just looks at me as if I'd said nothing How I *hate* the attitude of ordinary people to life How I loathe ordinariness! How from my soul I abhor nice simple people, with their eternal price-list It makes my blood boil

However, they leave next Friday, back safely to England, dear England, with its eternal 'expensive' and 'not at all dear, you know' The English are *actually* the most materialistic people in the world They're deader and pennywiser than any Americans and I can stand them less

However, to horse! we think to stay here till the 17th of this month – then to Baden for about a fortnight – and then, but that I'm fed up to the nose with Englishness just now, I'd go to England Dorothy Warren is showing my pictures from Oct 5th to 26th – she says they are framed and look lovely I'm *pining* to see them framed and hung But whether I shall have the strength to put my nose into that stink-pot of an island, I don't know I very much doubt it

Richard Aldington says he is offered by Paulhan, editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, his house, an ancient fortress, a *vigie*, on the isle of Port-Cros, about ten miles off Hyères on the Riviera – and Richard wants us to go there Frieda is pining for sea in winter We may go then about Oct 1st and look at the place There is a little hotel – Having looked, we'd come on to the Mirenda And if it would suit you I'd like to do those Etruscans in the last half of October But don't, of course, disturb yourself a hair's breadth for us If one did the Etruscan places, I suppose it would take 10 to 14 days And will you go on to Sicily? You don't want to be there till November – it's really best in January when the

almond blossoms Now it will be pretty dried up But I love Sicily – But if we like the Port Cros island I think we'll go there for the three winter months – very warm and fine pine-forest on the island (which is about 5 x 2 miles, I think) no gendarmes – 13 families fishermen – and – *chi lo sa!* – Not many miles from Monte, glittering Monte!

But one might be happy there I like Richard Aldington and Aiabella – they are in Vallombrosa at the moment We'll see, anyhow I don't feel quite at the point when I can go to the ranch I'm pretty well in myself, but cursed with the same cough I wish we could all have houses on the island for the winter But you are so difficult with people – the poor – 's! I thought on the island I might paint nice out-door nudes I ought to have been at Forte, oughtn't I? – I've only painted one or two little things here – one nice board, of *contadini* – And now figures on the sand at the sea There's something very dramatic about paint Really, why don't you begin? – I never forget that I owe Maria a picture If only she were there and seized one that she liked! But for myself, I feel I've not yet painted the picture for her – something a mixture of Watteau and Boucher, with lotus flowers and decorative nudes that nobody will blush at I'll do it one day

Do stay at the Mirenda if ever you want to – but write to Giulia first – Signorina Giulia Pini, Scandicci, per San Paolo (Firenze) Because the *padroni* may have taken the key to Florence – Only the beds, Maria, the hard beds! – And think of it quite bare of pictures!

Orioli said he might come to Forte for a weekend – then you'd hear all about *Lady C* – That beastly —, why doesn't a shark eat him – not fit for anything else How I hate ordinary people

Here it's turning to autumn We had three awful deluge days – then a brilliant morning, brilliant new snow, brilliant new world – and slopes all bubbled over with pink autumn crocuses – very lovely This evening it's sulking and trying to thunder cow-bells ting-ting-ting – very still in all the world, and somehow far Even our visitors have subsided in comparative stillness

Am reading again *Chartreuse de Parme* – so good historically, socially and all that – but emotionally rather empty and tashy Had of course to rescue F – who is painting autumn crocuses in water, and *naturally* rubbed her paper with milk roll instead of stale bread, to thin off her pencil marks Of course milk roll is so much better class! nice and greasy

Night falling – mist on the mountains – stewed rabbit and onions in the kitchen – wish you were here for a party! –

To E D McDonald, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,
6 September 1928

Dear McDonald Many thanks for your various letters and cable It is curious, as you say, what happens to *Lady C* – some copies get through, some don't – the same in Santa Fe I am afraid we have lost a certain number, thanks to the feeble-minded industry of your officials It is amazing how pusillanimous the Americans are – they sit down to anything and to such tyranny of cretins and morons My God, if ever your country has a war on its own – which it will have before you die – what a hell it will be for your citizens! It's a rod you've made for your own backs tyranny of imbeciles and *canaille*

There was a stir in England to get the book suppressed – But also there was a stir the other way So nothing has happened Therefore I have distributed safely all the orders there – and I think we shall fairly easily sell out the whole edition I don't think there are two hundred copies left – not more, certainly And there was no trouble And the orders still come in from London and Paris I suppose, if Americans want the book, they will have to pay dear for it to European booksellers That's all it amounts to What clever American business!

No, I didn't try to teach you any words you didn't know I didn't want to teach you anything Why should I? I wanted to give you a book written from one, at least, of the main roots of life I consider I did so I guess Mrs McDonald got more than two new Anglo-Saxon monosyllables out of it

But thanks for taking so much trouble for me And tell me if I am in default anywhere

To Harry Crosby, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,
6 September 1928

Dear Harry Crosby Secker wrote he was willing for you to publish 'Sun', but he wants you to present him with a copy when it comes out

He's a sly dog at getting his picking But please yourself whether you do send him a copy or not I haven't heard from Knopf yet

The *Modern French Painting* book turned out better when I really read it I was prejudiced by the amazingly feeble and inadequate choice of illustrations – but preposterous – Yet the man Jan Goudon is on the whole sound and sane and quite good – even if he talks down to his reader as if to an eternal Slade student

Some of the things in *transition* I found really good and amusing But James Joyce bores me stiff – too terribly would-be and done-on-purpose, utterly without spontaneity or real life Gertrude Stein amuses me for a while, but soon palls Some of the other things, *not* the most ambitious, made me laugh But the feeblest of all feebles were the sayings of the French wise men at the end, about America Really the French are crumbling to sheer puerile inanity They have the minds of domestic cats

My sister is going through Paris, and will post you there your little picture – 'Sun-men Catching Horses' It is nothing – so just put it in the fire if you don't care for it I think it's quite a nice trifle, that's all

We stay here till the 17th, then to Baden-Baden for a fortnight or so – then probably to France, maybe to England When do you sail for America?

I hope Sunstroke is looking shiny and stroked

To Ada Lawrence Clarke, from Kesselmatte Gsteig b Gstaad,

10 September 1928

My God – these mincing young females all mincing together in a female bunch, they little know what a terrible thing they're preparing for themselves later, when this mincing young female business wears itself out Are *all* young Englishwomen instinctively homosexual? Looks like it, to me Of course, I'm only speaking of the instincts, not of any practice But that instinct sends a man's feelings recoiling to the ultimate pole My God! what a ghastly mess 'purity' is leading to! Poor Bertie, I sympathise with him – a prisoner already I think it is quite wrong for young children to have so many hours schooling Three hours in the morning would be *quite* enough, up to the age of eight But I suppose one has to do as the world does, else be exceptional As for myself, I take

my stand on exception We leave on the 17th for Baden-Baden I don't think I shall come to England The thought of it depresses me Frieda will come to England for ten days or a fortnight I want her to see my picture show Dorothy Warren opens it either on the 5th or the 9th of Oct The first two days will be by invitation only I can have her send you a card if you wish – but I'd advise you *not* to go – you won't like the things Best leave 'em alone – But the show will be open to the public till the end of October The cows have now all come down from the high Alps – summer is over – time to go

*To Dorothy Warren, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad,
10 September 1928*

Dear Dorothy I sent you two more panels to London – nice ones I think

There is such a fracas and an alarm in America over my novel, such a panic, that I must postpone any thought of showing my pictures there I'm sure the Customs in New York would destroy them! So that's off I wouldn't risk sending the pictures across the Atlantic this year, not for anything.

This leaves you free to do as you like in England, as regards the time of your show Some of my 'friends' write that this is the very wrong moment to show pictures of mine in London, it will provide an opportunity for all my enemies, that it will do me a lot of damage, and do your gallery a lot of damage, etc, etc I don't give much for such Job's Comforters myself Nor do I tremble at the thought of my 'enemies,' dear Lord! But you think it over and do as you really think best Barkis is willin', as far as I'm concerned, to agree with any decision you make But I don't feel like being 'frightened,' either Haven't my enemies been doing their damndest for twenty years! Keep 'em running

I hear you are in Austria, but I hope this will be sent to you from London

After the 17th my address will be c/o Frau Baronin von Richthofen, Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden – *Avanti, ardit!*

To Enid Hilton, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, 12 September 1928

My dear Enid Very nice of you to look after my family – hope they were appreciative –

Don't give the two *little* pictures to Dorothy Warren I don't want to show them Just keep them for the time – I don't mind a bit if she doesn't show 'Dandelions' I want her to do what she really thinks best – I wrote her I didn't mind now if she postpones her show, as I can't send the pictures to New York Of course they've made a fuss over the book – confiscated what they could lay hands on – luckily not so very many. So I'm afraid they'd follow up by confiscating the pictures So I shan't risk sending them – not I – Therefore Dorothy can choose her time – I should like to have all the pictures photographed, if it's not too wildly expensive, and keep the copyright for reproduction myself You might ask D W about that when she comes back

Imagine those booksellers making money like that on *Lady C* ! I hear in America the price is \$50 Oh Lord, one is always swindled But we are going to put up the price now on the remaining copies

I suppose you saw Kot, and heard all his alarms He is like that He thinks because Gertler and a few like that will say nasty things about my pictures, it means all the world It doesn't

We leave here next Monday 17th, and the address is, c/o Frau von Richthofen, Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden

I suppose we shall be there a fortnight Then if D W is showing the pictures in early Oct, Frieda will come to London But I shan't – I can't stand England I shall go to the South of France, en route for Italy

Wonder what Alice Dax thought of *Lady C* !

Mountains are beginning to be misty and a bit damp and silent and autumny – time now to go Thanks so much for looking after things so well Remember me to L [Laurence Hilton]

To Alfred Stieglitz, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, 12 September 1928

Dear Stieglitz Your long 14 pages today I'm afraid my friends have been bothering you about those pictures Too bad ! I didn't want it at all I am *not* hard up – have plenty of money to go on with – don't want to sell my pictures at all, really, because I rather love them and want to keep them I'd miss them much more than a few thousand dollars would make up Don't gasp at my 'thousands.' I am showing them in London because friends wanted me to – and we are giving up the Italian Villa –

and – vanity, I suppose Or mischief More arrows in the air, and let's hope one won't fall in my own eye, like Harold at Hastings But it would be useless to send them to America now – too much stupid fuss over *Lady C* Why so much fuss over simple natural things? They ought to censor eggs, as revealing the intimate relations of cock and hen Though they don't necessarily – so there!

However, don't bother, it would only be foolish of me to ship pictures to New York this year Some other year, maybe But why think of other years!

Thank O'Keefe for her letter – I should like to see you both – and to see some of your work But that too will have to be another year Too much fuss I hate foolish fuss

To G Oriol, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, 'Thursday evening'
[? 13 September 1928]

Dear Pino I have your second letter saying you have 255 copies in hand – also the bunch of *bordereaux* Tell me about the cheques at the beginning of my other letter

I didn't want to raise the price till we were down to 200 copies So we will let the Holliday have his copies, if his cheque turns up all right That leaves 220 copies – of which three to Pollinger – leaves 217 You write to the Covici saying you, not I, can let him have the ten copies, sent by *letter* post – very expensive – one at a time, according to his instructions – but as I am sold out, your price to him will be twenty dollars Ask him to write or else cable if he wants the books on this condition Meanwhile send him *one* copy by letter post as he says and the invoice If he gets the one he'll order more and on this *one* copy charge only \$10 net plus post – letter post, remember Giuntina could print you 20 wrappers to fit

Yes, send twenty copies to Kot But wait till you hear he has the first parcel, before you continue Are you sure they are going into England all right?

I enclose Kot's letter – you'll see he still is scared. And he is scared stiff of my having a picture exhibit just now Says my enemies are waiting to pounce on me

Don't send me the Covici parcels of books – look at them and see what they are

I'm sure that business of your nephew was a great shock – but I'm so cross with *him*

I believe we shall be *very slow* selling 200 copies at £4-4-0 We might let private individuals have them at £2-2-0 – But we'll wait and see what the result of your present letters is

We are all right *We leave on Monday*
[P S] Have Giuntina print you a dozen false wrappers, on solid white paper, in solid *black print*

The Way of All Flesh
by
Samuel Butler

Giotto Edition
Price One Guinea

And the same on the back Make it look imposing and life-like
You may be able to use these for yourself And try the Texas dodge with one copy

To S S Koteliarsky, from Kesselmatte, Gsteig b Gstaad, 15 September 1928

My dear Kot Orioli was away from Florence for a time because of a family tragedy – but he is back now I have asked him to send you 20 copies. He writes that there are about 210 copies left – that is 190 when yours are gone And feeling very fierce because the book is selling for \$50 in New York – there can't be very many copies there to sell – he has written to people ordering copies that the edition is sold out, Davis and Orioli have bought the remainder, and the price is four guineas Since he's done it he's done it, I don't care very much especially as it is the *Americans* who are now rushing to order We'll see how it goes off

I wrote Dorothy Warren she could postpone the show if she likes, as I cannot think of sending the pictures to New York now I'm afraid the silly ass has shown them to half London already But if she wants to make a public show in Oct., let her I've always had the same enemies,

As for the painters, if my pictures aren't ten times better than Roger Fry's, then he's welcome to try them to his heart's content. My pictures are alive – and the little whipper-snappers will hate them for it – Bah, if I'd spent my life considering my enemies, I should be a dumb dead fish long ago

I sent you stupid book which was sent me – *Why We Misbehave* – I thought, as it is only just published, and at \$4 or \$5, you might perhaps sell it in Charing X Rd one day when you're selling books you don't want. If not, throw it in the dust-bin

We leave here on Monday for Baden-Baden. I think we shall stay in Hotel Lowen, Lichtenthal, bei *Baden-Baden*

Autumn here now, chilly, cloudy – time to go. I doubt I shan't come to England – damn England. I didn't know Enid had her tragedy up her sleeve – or had a tragedy at all. Her husband isn't thrilling, but quite nice. Perhaps she was only being impressive – *Gute nacht!*

*To Maria Huxley, from Hotel Lowen, Lichtenthal, Baden-Baden, Germany,
22 September 1928*

Dear Maria. No news from either of you for a long while – and I wrote Aldous. We are here since Tuesday – and good weather. F's mother here in hotel with us, *and the Brewsters!* We all drove in two grand 2-horse landaus yesterday to the *altes Schloss* and through the forest for three hours – everybody in bliss. It's rather cold – and Germany is queer – prosperous and alive – different from other people – makes me feel a bit queer inside. We go to the *Kurhaus* and drink hot waters and listen to music and – eat, of course

I never know quite where I am, in Germany. We leave 1st October – Frieda for England, I for South of France, where I shall stay a bit with F.'s sister Else, and join the Aldingtons to look at the island – Port Cros. What are you doing, now autumn is here, fat red apples on the trees by the road, and yellow leaves dripping? Hope you got *le Dieu des Corps* – the French improvement on *Lady C*. Very cold potato, I thought

The French novel Lawrence refers to is the second volume of Jules Romain's *Psyché*, translated into English as *The Body's Rapture* (and subsequently as *The Lord God of the Flesh*).

To E H and A Brewster, from Grand Hôtel, Le Lavandou, France,
'Wednesday' [?10 October 1928]

Dear Earl and Achsah Yours just come, and also one from Frieda – and the very first word I've had from anybody since I got here The post is atrocious And now there's a strike on this idiotic little railway, which doesn't seem big enough to have a strike, damn it But they are *supposed* to be running one train – if they dare call it a train – per day each way – so the train which leaves St Raphael at about 3 o, which Frieda should catch, *ought* to run all right Do ask Cooks on the day F arrives If the strike gets worse, and that train doesn't run – but I think it will – then do wire me, and I'll go to Salins d'Hyères, and Frieda must go on then to Toulon, directly on the main line, and from Toulon to Salins d'Hyères by the P L M, which isn't striking Otherwise I'll be waiting here

Yes, the weather, the sun, the light are lovely. Man is everywhere vile They are just beginning to mess this coast up – but the messing seems to proceed rapidly, once it starts Little villas '*tout confort*' – yes my word Very comforting to the eye! I think we shall go over to the island end of this week – if F comes and sea is still I hope she'll turn up soon, I'm getting a bit bored – have churlishly refused to talk to *anybody* – I'm sick of people – there are about ten in the hotel We'll try the island – perhaps we might find a corner in it – though I saw high-brow visitors striding on every path – too precious for words, that *Perle* of an island – I *do* hope the school suits I feel very vague about really settling anywhere – perhaps Frieda will push me Anyhow I feel we'll meet before long

To Ada Lawrence Clarke, from La Vigie, Île de Port-Cros, France
[? October] 1928

It's quite good fun here – an old fortified place on the top of the highest hill of the island, but not a castle at all Just an enclosed space, all gone wild, and smallish rooms on the inside, and outside a dry moat Richard and Arabella are very nice – so is Brigit Patmore, a woman about my age whom we knew in the old days They are all busy doing literary work – and they go off to swim But it's an hour's climb up from the sea, so with my cold I don't go – we look down on the green island, all

umbrella pines, and the blue sea and the other isles, and the mainland ten miles off. It's quite nice – somehow doesn't move me very much. And how are the miners working, now winter is near again? I do hope it will be a good friendly winter all round, not a poisonous one.

To Maria Huxley, from La Vigie, Île de Port-Cros, 22 October 1928

My dear Maria. We've been here a week today. Frieda brought a vile cold from Florence, so I got it and have felt a rag of rags – but it's going. This isn't a castle or *fortezza* at all – but a thick defence-wall enclosing a cleared two acres or so of the crown of the hill – and all the enclosure just gone wild, wild lavender and little arbutus trees. The rooms are just built up against the defence-wall, one storey – buck floors – quite nice. There are fireplaces and we burn lots of pine-wood – a great blessing. Outside all is pine forest and rosemary – we look down on green pine-tops and blue sea. A long *hour* up from the hotel – bathing place 3/4 hour up. I've not been – Frieda has. It's quite nice for a time, especially the fires – and the Aldingtons are old friends. So is Brigit Patmore. We get on very well, and I'm the only disagreeable one. Mail comes Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays. All food, all supplies must be brought from the mainland – when the boat comes. We'll probably stay till December – then where? – How's the house getting on? When do you move in? – We've had all weathers, from violent mistral to creeping hot fog. I'll be all right when my cold goes – those Italian germs! – I've begun Aldous's book, what a fat book!

No news. Have had practically no mail yet. Oh, Maria, if 100 frs is enough, send a little stodgy cake and a few sweets – tea is a blank. Let the shop do the sending, don't you bother. Oriol wanted to ask Aldous if he had a little book to let him publish.

Let us know how it all goes.

To Else Jaffe, from La Vigie, Île de Port-Cros, 'Saturday' [?27 October 1928]

Dear Else. Your letter today, saying the *Schwiegermutter* is in bed. I'm awfully sorry and do hope it's not much. I thought in Lichtenthal she wasn't well. Of course, she is a heavy woman, and her legs are sure to

suffer Let us know how she goes on – and I hope she'll soon be up and about

We are here settled in But Frieda arrived in Lavandou with that fatal Italian grippe, and of course I took it I felt ill all last week, and have been in bed all this, with a very raked chest Sickening! – The others are very nice and very kind The Vigie isn't a castle at all – just a low thick defence-wall with loop-holes, enclosing the top of the hill – about as big as the Leopoldplatz – and the inside all wild, grown with lavender and arbutus and little pine trees, and with a few rooms built against the inside of the wall It's quite pleasant, and comfortable, and we have big fires of pine logs in the open fires Giuseppe is a strong fellow of twenty-eight, Sicilian He fetches and carries and washes all dishes and makes fires The women only cook, and they do it in turns Joseph brings the food from the boat on a small donkey, Jasper – and we get abundance The ship comes nearly every day – but the post only three times a week The climate is very warm – warm and moist I am afraid that doesn't suit me very well I don't know how long we shall stay I have promised, till December 15 or 20 But if the warm-moist is bad for my cough, we shall leave soon The others are really very nice and kind, it will be a pity if we have to leave them And where shall we go?

The Brewsters are back in Capri Inevitable.

I ordered the poems to Heidelberg They look very nice.

We are on the top of the island, and look down on green pine-tops, down to the blue sea, and the other islands and the mainland Since I came I have not been down to the sea again – and Frieda has bathed only once But it is very pretty And at night the lights flash at Toulon and Hyères and Lavandou – But I really don't like islands, I would never stay long on one Frieda wants to go back to Lago di Garda *Vediamo!* I am in abeyance

Write and tell us how the *Schwiegermutter* is Frieda says she feels worried – but it seems to me there is no danger, only it is painful and depressing No peace on this earth – Love from both

[P S] I hope this letter will leave the island before next Tuesday – the next mail

To A Huxley, from La Vigie, Île de Port-Cros, 'Sunday' [28 October 1928]

Dear Aldous I have read *Point Counter Point* with a heart sinking through my boot-soles and a rising admiration I do think you've shown the truth, perhaps the last truth, about you and your generation, with really fine courage It seems to me it would take ten times the courage to write *P Counter P* than it took to write *Lady C* and if the public knew *what* it was reading, it would throw a hundred stones at you, to one at me I do think that art has to reveal the palpitating moment or the state of man as it is And I think you do that, terribly But what a moment! and what a state! if you can only palpitate to murder, suicide, and rape, in their various degrees – and you state plainly that it is so – *caro*, however are we going to live through the days? Preparing till another murder, suicide, and rape? But it becomes of a phantasmal boredom and produces ultimately inertia, inertia, inertia and final atrophy of the feelings Till, I suppose, comes a final super-war, and murder, suicide, rape sweeps away the vast bulk of mankind It is as you say – intellectual appreciation does not amount to so much, it's what you thrill to And if murder, suicide, rape is what you thrill to, and nothing else, then it's your destiny – you can't change it *mentally* You live by what you thrill to, and there's the end of it Still for all that it's a *perverse* courage which makes the man accept the slow suicide of inertia and sterility the perverseness of a perverse child – It's amazing how men are like that Richard Aldington is exactly the same inside, murder, suicide, rape – with a desire to *be* raped very strong – same thing really – just like you – only he doesn't face it, and gilds his perverseness It makes me feel ill, I've had more hemorrhage here and been in bed this week *Sporca miseria* If I don't find some solid spot to climb out of, in this bog, I'm done I can't stand murder, suicide, rape – especially rape and especially being raped Why do men only thrill to a woman who'll rape them? All I want to do to your Lucy is smack her across the mouth, your Rampion is the most boring character in the book – a gas-bag Your attempt at intellectual sympathy! – It's all rather disgusting, and I feel like a badger that has its hole on Wimbledon Common and trying not to be caught Well, *caro*, I feel like saying goodbye to you – but one will have to go on saying goodbye for years

In a letter (unpublished) to S S Kotchinsky, 3 December 1928, Lawrence said that *Point Counter Point* was 'the modern sort of melodrama, what *East Lynne* was in its day'

To E H and A Brewster, from *La Vigie*, Île de Port-Cros,

8 November 1928

Dear Earl and Achsah All this time I haven't written to you But the cold Frieda brought from Florence developed into the regular Italian influenza, and I was in bed feeling low However, I'm better and moderately well We've had great storms and torrents of rain, and the boat doesn't come and then there's no food – so we are leaving the island, God with us, next Tuesday I think we shall only just go over to Bandol, on the coast between Toulon and Marseilles, for a little while, just to gather our wits and decide where to go If I were a bit tougher I'd go to Spain. We *might* go to that coast near Biarritz – we might go to the Garda – God knows I don't mind very much – And what about you? What are you doing? Have you found a house, and are you settling down happily to work a bit and see your friends and not bother? I hope you are – that's the best, anyhow We can't have life just as we want it, so if we have space and peace and freedom and food, we ought to be jolly thankful, and possess our souls So many people have so much less

There's no news – As I told you, the English papers wouldn't print 'Cocksure Women' – but the *Forum* in America bought it I am expecting a copy of my poems now, which I shall write in and send you 'Hymns in a Man's Life' has appeared And I have had the proofs of 'Blue Moccasins,' with such illustrations you *never* saw – from *Eve* Now there's nothing – except that there was a great attack on *Lady C* in two of the inferior papers in England – *John Bull* and *Sunday Chronicle* – The foulest and most obscene book in the English language – I'll order you a copy at once, after that – In this place I tried to paint a bit – no good – I merely wrote three little articles I don't care for islands, especially very small ones I want to get on the mainland again – Frieda's mother was ill – her legs, a lot of pain in them, had to be in bed. But she seems better – Now I do hope you're settling and feeling your own selves – I'll send an address I expect Harwood is chirpy with her three pals – Love from us both!

To H J Seligmann, from *La Vigie*, Île de Port-Cros, 8 November 1928

Dear Mr Seligmann Hon Dorothy Brett sent me your review of *Lady Chatterley* from the [New York] *Sun* Sporting of you to do it! Stueglitz

said you were going to But I'm sorry you got put out into the cold because of it I'm afraid it doesn't pay to stand up for me and my iniquities But I am properly grateful – and every little helps I shall send you a copy of my *Collected Poems*

Do you ever see Thomas Seltzer? I think of him always with affection and a sad heart I wish to God he had been able to prosper on me But I'm afraid I'm not the stuff prosperity is made out of I expect little myself, and trim my sails accordingly, and get along well enough on what comes my way By the way, if you see Seltzer ask him if he'd let me buy the copyright of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* I want to do my *Collected Poems* in America as in England they are in such a scattered mess My poems in America, I mean Curtis Brown don't seem to be any help to me in the matter Knopf won't take it up So I must do it myself And I don't even know who has the books Seltzer has *Birds, Beasts* The Viking Press have *Look! We have Come Through!* and *Amores* (I think it is *Amores*) I believe Mitchell Kennerley once bought sheets of *Love Poems and Others*, my first volume – but who has the rights now, I don't know Then about *New Poems*, I don't know if they ever appeared in America at all So you see it's a mess But I have written to the Viking Press – and I must approach Seltzer – I always feel so unhappy about him – not because I left him, for his affairs would have gone just the same, if not worse, had I stayed with him – but because of the great disappointment to him Myself I don't expect money success, so it doesn't matter But a publisher has to have it

Somebody sent me a letter from Harry Marks, who is a bookseller in New York, in which he said he had seen pirated copies of *Lady C* in Philadelphia I wonder if it's true I've heard nothing There was talk of a private edition in New York, but I've heard nothing of that either But I don't trust Marks He wanted me to send him fifty copies, at my risk – and he doesn't even pay for the six copies I did send, and that I know he received So it goes – they take advantage of the Customs suppression not to pay for what they get No wonder poor Seltzer was worried out of his skin

Though it's no reason why I should worry you But write me a line c/o Curtis Brown, Ltd, 6 Henrietta St, Covent Garden, London, W C.2

And many thanks for your backing

Seligmann had in 1925 written the first book about Lawrence, which Seltzer had published

To Morris L. Ernst, from La Vigie, Île de Port-Cros,
10 November 1928

I have finished reading *To the Pure*. I find it a curious, interesting, pertinent book, curiously moving. As the work of lawyers rather than literary men, it conveys an impression that no truly literary work would achieve. I look out with those unemotional lawyer's eyes, and have a queer experience. I am left feeling puzzled, uneasy and a little frightened, as if I had been watching a great unchained ape fumbling through his hairs for something – he doesn't quite know what – which he will squash if he gets it. I see that weird and horrible animal, Social Man, devoid of real individuality or personality, fumbling gropingly and menacingly for something he is afraid of, but he doesn't know what it is. It is a lawyer's vision, not an artist's – but it is the result of experience in dealing with the Social Man. The book, in its queer muddle – for legal precision is artistic muddle – creates the weird reactionary of the ageless censor-animal curiously and vividly. It leaves one feeling breathless, and makes one realise the necessity of keeping a chain on the beast. For censorship is one of the lower and debasing activities of social man – that is obvious.

Myself, I believe censorship helps nobody, and hurts many. But the book has brought it home to me much more grimly than before. Our civilisation cannot afford to let the censor-moron loose. The censor-moron does not really hate anything but the living and growing human consciousness. It is our developing and extending consciousness that he threatens – and our consciousness in its newest, most sensitive activity, its vital growth. To arrest or circumscribe the vital consciousness is to produce morons, and nothing but a moron would wish to do it.

No, the book is a good book – and the very effect of muddle which it has on me conveys most vividly the feeling of the groping atavistic working of the ageless censor, furtive, underhand, mean.

Print this letter if you like – or any bit of it. I believe in the living extending consciousness of man. I believe the consciousness of man has now to embrace the emotions and passions of sex, and the deep effects of human physical contact. This is the glimmering edge of our awareness and our field of understanding, in the endless business of knowing ourselves. And no censor must or shall or even can really interfere.

To Mr Clarke, from La Vigie, Île de Port-Cros, 14 November 1928

Dear Mr Clark A delayed answer to your letter, which comes on here – Squire is a sniveller, he wouldn't have the pep to dance on my grave even if I'd got one – he'd only drone and sniffle through his nose

About *Lady Chatterley* – Smiths *did* import our copies¹ – If you write to Signor G Orioli, 6 Lungarno Corsini, Florence, I should think he could send you a copy, he bought up my last lot, and I believe his price is now £4 – if you can run to it – worth it though – I believe the book comes in to England all right – every copy has done, so far If there is any hitch, writes me *c/o Orioli* – not here – Glad you like the poems – Don't apologise anyhow

'Mr Clark' possibly the John Clark mentioned in Lawrence's 24 August 1928 letter to Orioli

To J D Chambers, from La Vigie, Île de Port-Cros, 14 November 1928

Dear David I hardly recognised you as J D – and you must be a man now, instead of a thin little lad with very fair hair Ugh, what a gap in time! it makes me feel scared

Whatever I forget, I shall never forget the Haggs – I loved it so I loved to come to you all, it really was a new life began in me there The water-pippin by the door – those maiden-blush roses that Flower would lean over and eat and trip floundering round – And stewed figs for tea in winter, and in August green stewed apples Do you still have them? Tell your mother I never forget, no matter where life carries us – And does she still blush if somebody comes and finds her in a dirty white apron? Or doesn't she wear work-aprons any more? Oh, I'd love to be nineteen again, and coming up through the Warren and catching the first glimpse of the buildings Then I'd sit on the sofa under the window, and we'd crowd round the little table to tea, in that tiny little kitchen I was so at home in

Son' tempi passati, cari miei! quanto cari, non saprete mai! – I could never tell you in English how much it all meant to me, how I still feel about it

If there is anything I can ever do for you, do tell me – Because whatever else I am, I am somewhere still the same Bert who rushed with such joy to the Haggs

J D. Chambers, later a professor at the University, Nottingham, was the youngest brother of Jessie Chambers of Haggs farm

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, France,
23 November 1928

Dear Brett I meant to write before, but expected all the time to hear from you in New York Yesterday I had your letter saying you were leaving Taos on the 4th – so I suppose you must be there now all night It will be a change for you to be in a city I don't suppose you'll like it for very long I hope Stieglitz will do something with your pictures, judging from his letters he is a pleasant spoken but cautious and canny bird, anxious to whistle the *dermei cri* in art, but afraid of committing himself or giving himself away at all, at the same time, afraid of missing anything So I hope your things will suit his 'Room' I wish you might make 20,000 dollars, but fear you won't Dorothy Warren keeps my pictures hanging in her gallery and shows them to, God knows who, but doesn't open her exhibition – is said now to have postponed it till the New Year I suppose she is nervous because *John Bull* and the *Sunday Chronicle* came out with blasts against *Lady C* If she doesn't soon make up her mind, I shall go to London and fetch the things away

I had Mabel's cutting about Andrew [Dasburg] Ida is a fool anyhow, with her hysteria and her nagging about intimate companionship What does she mean, anyhow, by intimate companionship, beyond a lot of nasty, squashy *talk* about herself and personalities As for Andrew, he has played the bully trick on her – serves her right for being so self-important But I should think by now he too is rather the worse for wear I don't envy the Denver young woman

I also had your letter enclosing that of Laurence Gomme I don't trust that young man for a moment I have heard no sound of any pirated edition either in Philadelphia or elsewhere Mr Gomme wanted us to send him 50 copies *at my risk* I refused and sent him six which he has neither acknowledged nor paid for If you see him, kindly remind him of the fact He must have received them, as he sent Spud a copy As for his famous idea of sending by Express, the books go through Customs just the same, and are even more suspiciously examined. That young man must expect roast chickens to fly into his mouth You might ask Mabel to enquire round, if there is a pirated edition in existence And ask Mr Gomme if he intends to pay for his copies of *Lady C*

About the gold, I am of course a sceptic – and now, anyhow, there is nothing to be done till spring

We are here on the Mediterranean near Toulon. The Villa Mirenda is given up, finished with. But I think I shall have to go back to Italy just now to complete those Etruscan essays. The publishers nag at me for the book, so I may as well go and do it. In that case we should stay in Italy over Christmas, perhaps Christmas in Capri. The Brewsters are back there, moving in Dec. into Anna di Chiala's house.

But I don't want to take a house, myself. I prefer, for the time being, to remain free. I wish so often we were at the ranch. But at present I feel America rather hostile to me and they might do something mean to one, if one came over. Then again there is the question of passports and visas. It isn't much good coming in with the ordinary six months' visa. I would like to be able to stay, if we come, for at least a year. You say you would have a lot of fuss with papers and permits, even if you came to Europe. I'm afraid I'd have a lot more fuss. Then if they *wanted* to be spiteful, they'd hold me up about my health. Altogether it seems too much of a coil and fuss. But if it were simple and friendly-feeling, I guess we'd slip over soon. I feel there's nowhere to go, in Europe. And I feel you are wise not to come over. What is it, but mere straying round.

I've not done any painting for a long time. One needs a proper place to paint in. I've done little articles for newspapers and so on – make a little money to go on with. Anyhow I've got all I need and am not bothering. I hope you are out of debt, too. You did get the fifty dollars I sent you a little while ago, didn't you? You didn't mention it.

On the whole, I think, my health is a lot better. The cough is still a bore, but then it always was, more or less. I feel a good deal better, in myself, though.

It is quite pleasant here, for a time – sunny and a blue sea, and warm still days. It isn't the real Riviera – it's near Marseilles – very few tourists. But I suppose we shall go to Italy at the end of this month, to visit those Etruscan places.

I want to know how you both are, and how you like New York. Did you go in the car, I wonder? Tell me what it's like.

To Carl Seelig, from *Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol*, 26 November 1928

Dear Carl Seelig Your letter came this morning. So you are divorced, and want to set out into the world! But what a choice of places! Russia, Liberia, South Sea Islands

I don't much want to go to Russia any more. My health has been very bad since I saw you, bad bronchial trouble, and cough. I daresn't go to Liberia, for that is tropical and dangerous even to healthy people. I thought in the spring we might go back to New Mexico, to the ranch – or if not there, to South Africa, to Natal. I don't know.

But early in December we must go back to Italy, to Florence. I want to finish a book of essays on the Etruscans. If you were in Florence we could anyhow talk things over. I think we shall stay here till about 3rd December, then to Nice and Florence.

So let me know – I think it is just as well you are divorced – you didn't fit with your wife.

My wife sends many greetings, with mine.

To G. Orioli, from *Hotel Beau Rivage, Bandol, Var, France*,
'5 September' [December] 1928

Dear Pino I am so relieved to hear from you this morning. I was so afraid you were seriously ill with that liver. Do please another time send me a post card.

I am glad it's business, though, and not illness, and I hope you'll sell Mrs Lawson's library at a good profit, without a lot of trouble.

Do please send that copy of *Lady C* to Curtis Brown's office at once. Isn't it Miss Jean Watson who ordered it? I certainly promised it her.

Good about the orders at £4. But we shall have to start selling the one-guinea lot – the 200. Lahr wrote me he bought a *pirated* (Amer.) copy at thirty shillings, and another pirated lot was arriving in London on Dec. 5th – today. We must sell the two hundred at a guinea, to undersell them. I am writing now to Lahr to ask him if he will take a number. If he will sell a number – say 100 – at the real price, a guinea, he can have his one-third discount. It will stop the sale of the pirated editions.

Because I hear from Stieglitz there are *two* pirated editions, photographed from my edition, and with forged signatures – but done rather messily. I have not given any authorisation – and shall not see a penny, of

course Those Vanguard Press people must have gone behind my back and cheated me – Those three copies *Joy Go with You*!¹ – Stieglitz said Holliday is selling the pirated edition at \$10 and pretending it is the original. So if he loses some of my copies, I am not sorry What cheats they all are!

Did you send Stieglitz that last copy – his third – as I said? – or didn't you? He hasn't got it

It is sunny all the time here, so if you are well I don't think we shall come to Florence just now

When you send me the last accounts, I'll add up again and send you your per-centage I must be owing you some now

What are your ideas about the second edition – the 200? I would like best to sell them in London, and quick – if I had someone to handle them
Tante còse!

To Maria Huxley, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 5 December 1928

Dear Maria Well, of all the duds, to go and poison yourselves with alum, if you don't take the biscuit! What your insides must have felt like! Do for goodness' sake sit quite calm and get your wits about you, and keep them there Dear Maria, the only thing to do in life is to gather oneself together and keep oneself together in spite of everything and everybody You do get far too much tangled up in other people's presences though it's damned hard not to but it is disastrous It causes the modern hysteria, which affects men even worse than women, and which I find *nauseating* worse than your alum

I'm glad you'll get money out of your *Counterpane* – sounds quite a lot – you'll be able to squirt around Here there's no news. When it comes to the point of going to Florence, I find I don't want to go I expect one of these days we shall move on to Spain But it's sunny here all the time, and quiet and very pleasant the people are all very nice why should one hurry away to something worse! Only Frieda gets fidgety, wanting a house to keep Why can't women be peaceful? *Hanno il diavolo nel còrpo*

Paul Morand and the Greek wife sound quite attractive – but I don't think I want their house, marble or otherwise though it's nice of them to say we could have it

I suppose Aldous is back with you? you don't say – As for plans, they'll have to make themselves, when the time comes

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 10 December 1928

Dear Bictt I wish you would send a line to Mrs Maria Cristina Chambers 43 Hillside Road, Elm Point, Great Neck, Long Island, N Y I think she is a nice woman and you would like her She is wife of the editor of the *Literary Digest*, and she is Mexican – she knows about the ranch and all – tell her I told you

Nothing new here I hear London and Paris are both selling the pirated editions of *Lady C* at £3 and £2 So I am done in the eye Only I have a little edition of 200, printed from the original plates, which I am now selling at 21 and 30 If only I had 2000 I could cut out the pirates but I have only 200

How are your pictures? No further news of mine – except a man said he might do a portfolio of reproductions.

We linger on here – rather dull – but I don't want a house, and though Frieda wants one, she doesn't know where, so it amounts to the same thing She talks again of the ranch, now But I feel America very hostile to me

I am doing some little *Pensées* – sort of poems, but really *thoughts* – all in snatches rather amusing Impossible to paint in poky hotel rooms And France doesn't inspire me anyhow – the people are too tight

Did you ask Lawr Gomme why he never *paid* for his six copies of *Lady C*. I'm sick of being swindled

I hear Katherine's letters sell largely, yet Murry whines about poverty and I hear he *inserts* the most poignant passages himself Ottoline declares that in the letters to her, large pieces are inserted, most movingly. *Quelle blague!* Did you read Aldous' book? A bit cheap sensational I thought

I wonder how you like New York Anyhow it must be better than London If we don't come to New Mexico we shall go to Spain, it is so near, and I feel like something a bit new.

How is Mabel? I do hope she's keeping pretty well It's true, one suffers agonies from *noise*, in a town I am just the same But I am sorry to think of 'the Hill' let out as a dude ranch

Well, we'll see what next

To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol,
15 December 1928

Dear Aldous and Maria It has been quite cold, but the sun rose brilliant, all bright and crystal, and is shining on me as I sit in bed writing It makes me *not* want to come north – ever My feeling now is, I would like to go real south, to get a house either Sicily again or south Spain and I'd like to look at the South of Spain first But my instinct is to go south, not to come north Of course it would mean going away in summer – but one does that even in Florence I should think Suresnes would be a summer place rather than winter It is quite nice here – but *what* a mess the French make of their places – perfect slums of villadom, appallingly without order, or form, or *place* A ghastly slummy nowhere-ness – but France seems all like that And the people, though nice and tidy in themselves, as a whole make a slummy impression, no bigger life at all – a bit thin and boring, too house-keeperishly individual I don't think I'd want to live in France

I have been doing a book of *Pensées*, which I call pansies, a sort of loose little poem form Frieda says with joy real doggerel – But meant for *Pensées*, not poetry, especially not lyrical poetry I think they'd amuse you, Maria There's a little one to you, half catty –

Thank you, dear Maria,
for helping with *Lady C*, etc

but probably I shan't put it in

If you saw Sylvia Beach, and she seemed a bit warm, you might say I'd mentioned her – but I feel very doubtful of her

Glad the house is coming right Of course as soon as it's quite right you'll want to go away But you can always go back to it I suppose we'll see it one day – perhaps soon But if we have to be in Paris, perhaps best stay in town What little hotel would you suggest?

[P S] Of course I could put up the expenses of a Paris edition myself Pino would be no use in Paris – I have to hold his hand – or his head – all the time even in Florence One wants somebody on the spot

I am enclosing a letter to the Beach, read it, leave it to your discretion, is her address right?

To Dorothy Warren, from *Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol*,
19 December 1928

Dear Dorothy Warren I think you've been a bit cool, keeping my pictures there all the time and merely doing nothing. However, now the men of the Fanfrolico Press, Jack Lindsay and P. R. Stephensen, say they want to do a book of reproductions of my paintings as early as possible in the New Year. So they want to have the pictures photographed *at once*. So will you please see that the photographer has access to them as soon as he is ready. If you are hesitating at all about the exhibition, don't have it, as I have someone else who would like to exhibit them. But if you still want to show them, perhaps you could arrange with Mr Lindsay to have the show at about the same time as their book is ready perhaps in February. They are doing the book very *de luxe*, probably at ten guineas.

Let me know about this – and if I shall send to have the pictures removed from your gallery.

I hear you are married, and hope you are feeling jolly, and my best wishes. But I'm annoyed at not having heard a single word from you.

To Pino Orioli, from *Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol* [? December 1928]

Dear Pino Please send this man [Vere H. Collins] a copy of the first edition – he's an old friend, and has helped me with the Oxford University Press, one of whose depts. he manages. Pollinger got both the 1st ed. copies – sold one for 4 gns. and one (as I agreed) for 2 gns. to a man I know who is hard up – Would you send him six more copies of the 2nd edition – if he receives the first two all right. He is a good seller, is Pollinger. And please send *Aldous* a copy of the second edition – it is a gift from me to him for Christmas.

Sylvia Beach wrote very friendly, and sent cheque for £8 for two copies of the first edition. There's one in the eye for her, because she refused them at £1-14-0 each, now must pay £4. She seems quite anxious to have the ten 2nd ed. copies, and will pay at end of month – I've asked her if she would superintend a French edition – if I put up the money. I haven't heard from the Pegasus yet. I haven't heard a word from Enid Hilton. She must be ill again. But another woman whom I

know well will store twenty copies of the 1st edit for me Mrs Brigit Patmore, 4 Milman St, Bedford Row, London W C 1 You could start sending to her, but make sure everything is going through all right, first

It's a lovely sunny day I wish you could have been here for Christmas, it would have been jolly But don't drink too much, it's bad for you Remember me to Mrs Otway

We expect Frieda's daughter Barbara on Thursday or Friday, for a fortnight Then we think of going to Spain for a few weeks I fear Italy is so *cold* – and I have felt so much better here than I did at S Polo

I wonder if the peasants came in bothering you to change their little Christmas cheques

I hear people say they think Douglas' limericks not good enough I hope he won't kill his market

After Christmas I want to chase the people who haven't paid yet That man Stephensen will help us seems a good man

We got Carletto's card I'll send him one too

I feel somehow we ought to be getting in the Vingone tram to come into Florence to see you

*To Edward Dahlberg, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol,
22 December 1928*

Dear Mr Dahlberg I have read your MS [of *Bottom Dogs*] At first I didn't like it – the old-fashioned wort of sordid realism done rather in detail But when it moves to the orphanage it gets into stride and has the myopic vision and exaggerated sensitiveness and exaggerated *insensitiveness* on the other hand, of the sort of substratum, *gamin* life you are dealing with It seems to me you have hit that layer of American consciousness very well, *got it* the blindness of it, the extreme sensitive-ness over a small, immediately personal field and then the dumb, slummy unconsciousness to all the rest of the world I don't know how you carry the book on As it is, it looks as if it can only continue in the same monotone, the same thing over and over again, even if the scene shifts But that is the whole point There are no relationships, no real human connections Therefore no possible development of drama or tragedy or anything like that. The human being is whittled down to a few elementary and almost mechanical reactions A relationship that

amounted to anything would take the book right out of what it is and put it on another footing, another plane. One feels it would be false somehow. But that's not for me to say. The curious street-arab, down-and-out *stoicism*, something very dreary and yet impressive, denuded like those brown horrid rocks in Central Park seems to me the real theme. As far as I can judge, it's a real book, and with a real new note in it. You ought easily to get a publisher and the thing ought to have a certain success. Is the book finished? If only we weren't so unsettled, I should have liked to read it all. But I really think we shall have to leave here next week.

The Viking Press would probably punt you in America and you can say I think it's a worthwhile book, if you wish. But no doubt you have your own plans.

I think your style is the natural sort of mode for the stuff you're doing – it conveys the mentality, even nite for nite and all that – Good luck then.

[P S] I'll send the MS. back after Christmas Day – Best to stick to your guns – don't weaken and get sentimental or hopeful or despairing – that bony stoicism is the thing.

To Rhys Davies, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, Christmas Day, 1928

Dear Davies. The dressing-gown came this morning as I sat in bed at coffee – very resplendent and I look as if I was just going to utter the unutterable name of God in it. But I'm likely to utter something much more profane to you for spending your money. There do I try to keep you within decent bounds of economy, *knowing* your finances and having lived for years with similar ones, and then you break out into silk dressing-gown Christmas gifts! It's worse than an expensive tart. I *do* wish you hadn't gone such lengths. I always say I forbid any present dearer than 2/6. But thank you very much and I shall swank my little swank in it, but not cease to be troubled.

I told you Frieda's daughter was coming. If we don't come to Nice you must come again and see us, before we flit.

Tell your man Tchekhov is a second-rate writer and a willy wet-leg. [Jack] Lindsay sent me this morning *another* copy of his *Dionysos* book! – *Amitiés!*

To Charles Wilson, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 28 December 1928

Dear Charles Wilson Many thanks for the calendar and the greeting Here are three scraps of a sort of poetry, which will perhaps do as a 'message' I've done a book of such poems – really they are *pensées* – which I shall publish later – but you may as well start in with these three bits

I hope you got your copy of *Lady Chatterley* It was finally sent from Florence, so if it doesn't arrive it is lost

I wonder when we shall come to England I read with shame of the miners' 'Hampers' and the 'Fund' It's a nice thing to make them live on charity and crumbs of cake, when what they want is manly independence The whole scheme of things is unjust and rotten, and money is just a disease upon humanity It's time there was an *enormous* revolution – not to install Soviets, but to give life itself a chance What's the good of an industrial system piling up rubbish, while nobody lives We want a revolution not in the name of money or work or any of that, but of *life* – and let money and work be as casual in human life as they are in a bird's life, damn it all Oh it's time the whole thing was changed, absolutely And the men will have to do it – you've got to smash money and this beastly *possessive* spirit I get more revolutionary every minute, but for *life's* sake The dead materialism of Marx socialism and soviets seems to me no better than what we've got. What we want is life and *trust*, men trusting men, and making living a free thing, not a thing to be *earned* But if men trusted men, we could soon have a new world, and send this one to the devil

There's more message – perhaps too strong for you But the beastliness of the show, the *injustice* – just see the rich English down here on the Riviera, *thousands* of them – nauseates me Men can't stand injustice

Happy New Year

The three *Pansies* poems Lawrence enclosed were 'For God's Sake,' 'O! Start a Revolution!', and 'It's Either You Fight or You Die'

To Lady Ottoline Morrell, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol,
28 December 1928

My dear Ottoline I was glad to hear from you again, and very glad to know you are better. Aldous also wrote that you were really wonderfully well, after that bad time. As for me, it's *pòco a pòco*, but I'm really getting better all the time.

We have been down on this coast since October, and I must say it has suited me well, it's a good winter climate. I didn't know Katherine had been here – wonder where she stayed. But I think in a fortnight we shall move on to Spain. From here it's not so very far. We've got to find somewhere to live, now we've given up the Florence house. Frieda gets fidgety, being without a house. But she doesn't really know *where* she wants one. Where does one want to live, finally?

About *Lady C* – you mustn't think I advocate perpetual sex. Far from it. Nothing nauseates me more than promiscuous sex in and out of season. But I want, with *Lady C*, to make an *adjustment in consciousness* to the basic physical realities. I realise that one of the reasons why the common people often keep – or kept – the good *natural glow* of life, just warm life, longer than educated people, was because it was still possible for them to say fuck! or shit without either a shudder or a sensation. If a man had been able to say to you when you were young and in love: an' if tha shits, an' if tha pisses, I'm glad, I shouldna want a woman who couldna shit nor piss – surely it would have been a liberation to you, and it would have helped to keep your heart warm. Think of poor Swift's insane *But* of horror at the end of every verse of that poem to Celia. But Celia shits! – you see the very fact that it should horrify him, and simply devastate his consciousness, is all wrong, and a bitter shame to poor Celia. It's the awful and truly unnecessary *recoil* from these things that I would like to break. It's a question of conscious acceptance and adjustment – only that. God forbid that I should be taken as urging loose sex activity. There is a brief time for sex, and a long time when sex is out of place. But when it is out of place as an activity there still should be the large and quiet space in the consciousness where it lives quiescent. Old people can have a lovely quiescent sort of sex, like apples, leaving the young quite free for *their* sort.

It's such a pity preachers have always dinned in. Go thou and do

likewise¹ That's not the point The point is It is so, let it be so, with a generous heart

Well, forgive all this, but I don't want you to misunderstand me, because I always count on your sympathy somewhere

Frieda sends her love, and one day I hope we'll have a few quiet chats and laughs together – there's still time for that

To A Huxley, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, Sat , 30 December [1928]

Dear Aldous Many thanks for your information about *offset* I had a telegram from the Pegasus Press man – apparently called Holroyd Reece – saying he would be in Paris in 10 days' time and would answer my letter fully, and would we meantime send a copy of *Lady C* to him in Paris So much for *him* Sylvia Beach wrote very friendly about the other books – edits, I mean – and sent cheque for £8 for 2 copies of the first That's one on her because at the beginning she ordered *three* copies, and then, when she heard that discount was only 15%, demanded back the money for two copies and bought only one she might have had all the three for £5 Now she's paid £9/14 nearly double But she acted up so friendly now I did ask her if she would take charge of a Paris edition if I paid for it But she hasn't answered yet I suppose she's smoking a pipe on it Orioli says he has only 25 of the second edit left, alas! – and they are ordered, but I tell him to hold some – I'll have to wait, I suppose, till I hear from Beach and Pegasus – I don't incline very warmly to either, yet *must* have someone

About plans – Frieda's daughter Barby arrives on 2nd to stay a week or so then we can go You wouldn't arrive till 20th, would you? Juliette said she and Julian would come, before then, on their way to Grasse to H G Wells Now what are we going to do? I don't really want to go back to Italy I am *so* much better this winter than I was last, I can *feel* that this place is so much better for me than Italy – something bleeds me a bit, emotionally, in Italy I really want to go to Spain – I feel I should be well there too I think it's a man's country But Frieda hangs back She terribly wants a house – doesn't know where – feels Spain is far But it isn't It's no further than Florence I would like to see you both. But these little *en passant* glimpses like Lavandou or Chexbres don't amount to much, do they? If we were going to meet it ought to be after you've done your

business in Florence Wouldn't you like to come to Spain? – to a warm place, Tarragon or Valencia or Málaga – not Málaga, though? But with a car it is a long way, I do agree Unless a ship brought you from Livorno, which isn't so very dear, I think

Anyhow, that's how it all stands at present It's been a lovely warm day, like spring I lie in bed and look at the dawn, and the sort of mountains opposite across the gulf go quite translucent red like hot iron – very lovely dawns – almost like Taormina, where we had it the same Now it is tea-time and just a bit pinky and primrosy and touches of frail grey cloud This place is nothing much in itself – but I seem to be happy here, sitting on the tiny port and watching the 'life' – chiefly dogs – or wandering out on the jetty I find I can be very happy quite by myself just wandering or sitting on a stone – if the sun shines Yes, one needs the sun If anything, one needs to go farther south than here, rather than further north But it is *wonderful* how sunny it is here – really one can thank heaven for so shining And of course we're quite as far south as Florence

Ottoline wrote very sweetly – very sweetly – but still coughing a *little* over *Lady C*

I have done my *Pansies*, nice and peppery I altered Maria's a bit – she must say if she doesn't want it in I don't know if she had it even But I changed it to Dear Clarinda There, Maria! get a new nickname, be a new maid Now you're Clarinda, my dear!

What's the French for Belgium, I wonder

1929

The Lawrences are in Paris in March, and early in April journey to Palma de Mallorca, Spain, where they stay until mid-June. Frieda goes to London to attend the exhibition of Lawrence's paintings, he joins the Huxleys at Forte dei Marmi, Italy, and is later ill in Florence while staying with Giuseppe Orioli. In July, Lawrence's volume of *Pansies* poems is published minus fourteen items which had been objected to by the postal authorities who had seized the manuscript in transit, as a result, Lawrence's private edition in August, containing the missing poems, makes a good deal of money for him. Meanwhile, in July, the police raid his exhibition of pictures and take away thirteen of the paintings and copies of colour reproductions of them (*The Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*) which have been published in June. The seized originals are returned to Lawrence by a police magistrate on condition that they will not be exhibited again. Lawrence in July goes with Frieda to Germany, and in September they return to Bandol, where they move into the Villa Beau Soleil for the winter. In September, the Black Sun Press in Paris brings out Lawrence's last important work of fiction, *The Escaped Cock*, his short novel timidly known in later reprints as *The Man Who Died*. In November, Lawrence's pamphlet *Pornography and Obscenity* is highly successful. During 1929 he writes some of his finest poetry, most of it to appear posthumously in *Last Poems* (1932).

To L. E. Pollinger, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, France, 7 January 1929

Dear Pollinger. Today I am sending you a couple of MSS. of the poems *Pansies*. They may displease you, so be prepared. If you offer them to Secker, and he doesn't care for them, I don't mind a bit if he doesn't publish them. I shall write him about it.

Did you get the six copies of the paper-bound *Lady C*? If you did, and Secker sends round for two of them, please let him have them. Orioli wouldn't send them.

Heaven knows how I can write a 'story' of a thousand words or so, for that *Legion* book. Mysticism won't come so small – and I have nothing to hand. Won't a couple of the *Pansies* do? Let me know, will you?

Do get the MS of *The Escaped Cock* anyhow. It's one of my best stories. And Church doctrine teaches the resurrection of the body, and if that doesn't mean the whole man, what does it mean? And if man is whole without a woman then I'm damned. No, you are wrong.

I'm not particularly anxious to publish a book of small prose pieces just now. Surely it's not necessary?

We had snow here – and it's been bitter cold – now blowing black and horrid. What a way to start a year! Perhaps London is basking in sun and radiance. Let's hope so.

The manuscripts of the *Pansies* poems were intercepted by Scotland Yard, which later turned the poems over to Martin Secker, with a recommendation (which he accepted) that fourteen of the items be omitted. Lawrence subsequently did very well with a privately printed edition that was complete, 'that *Legion* book' was an anthology put out by the British Legion.

To Edward Dahlberg, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol,

11 January 1929

Dear Dahlberg. I enclose a letter to George Oppenheimer of the Viking Press and if you send it him and your MS he'll anyhow read the thing properly. Your book I mean.

If you feel you'll go on writing and producing things, then an agent is useful – so think twice. I give you a card to L. E. Pollinger of Curtis Brown Ltd, 6 Henrietta St, Covent Garden and he'll give you an appointment if you send it. He manages novels with special attention to the American side.

What you will do in your private life, I don't know. But if you are going to write, manage the business end of it as sensibly as you can. Many young men make their real mess there. What I like about your novel is that it does not whine and doesn't look to other people for help. The individuals remain on their own, and that is so much the best. It's up to you to use your wits and your energies *not* to go hungry. I have lived myself on next to nothing, for years, yet I never went hungry, because I had something better to do with myself. And it's very bad to get relying on other people.

None of this, of course, refers to your novel – there one does need letters of introduction and all that, because there's such a mechanism of publishing. But don't get vague and wishy-washy about your private affairs – it's so weakening.

*To Mrs Emily King, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol,
11 January 1929*

My dear Pamela We've been full up lately with friends coming and going. Barby Weekley has been here ten days – leaves tomorrow for Paris. She's got herself into a disagreeable half-hysterical state messing around at those studio parties in London and having all her own way with everything, and now she can't get out of it. No joke, I tell you. However, she's not really my responsibility – Then we have a young Californian [Brewster Ghiselin], studying at Oxford, staying till next week. Then I think the Huxleys come on their way to Italy, so we shall be kept here for a bit. I don't mind, it is sunny and pleasant, if not exciting – but I don't want excitement – New Year came in with a crash of storm, then we had snow and ice, unheard of here – and the mountains behind are still white with snow, the wind bites. But the sun blazes and is warm all day. I lie in bed and watch him rise red from the sea, and I must say I think the sun is more important than most things, particularly casual people – Yesterday we went to Toulon in the bus – a port, all sailors and cats and queer people – not unattractive – and this afternoon we went out on the sea in a motor-boat, the four of us – a blue sea, bright sun, but a cold little tiny wind – and I had no idea the mountains behind us were so deep in snow, a long low range of white – Stephensen was here again about my pictures – I think they will reproduce them all in a bigish book at ten guineas each, and hold the exhibition exactly when the book comes out, in March. They will print only 500 copies at 10 guineas a copy. But of course I shall give you one. I shan't make a great deal out of it myself.

We had a letter from Frau Trachsel, and she says they are deep in snow, and about fifty English people in Gsteig, in the hotels, for sking. Has Sam taken stock yet? and how is it? – Love!

To Brigit Patmore, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 11 January 1929

Dear Brigit Not heard from you for ages – have you evanesced? Not a Christmas word, not a New Year's note was heard from you! Perhaps you were too busy festivating Anyway I hope that's it

We are still here. My wife's daughter Barbara leaves tomorrow for Paris – by your 7 o a m train – do you remember? She has got herself into a very nasty state with those 2nd rate studio-artzy people, and now can't get out of it Damn bohemia, it always gets itself on the brain!

We were in Toulon yesterday – very sunny on the port, same as ever – very cold in the back streets – but we found a good tea-room, take you there next time you're in

Orioli said he'd started sending you copies of *Lady C* I hope they've arrived safely I told him not to send more than a dozen Now a book-seller wants to take them over – Charles Lahr of 68 Red Lion Street, Holborn If I tell him to fetch them from you next week, will you give them him I think he's a nice man

No news here – except my pictures are probably going to be reproduced in a book at ten guineas a time I hear you whistle!

It was a very sunny day, and we went out this afternoon on the sea in a motor-boat! When we were getting way out beyond the lighthouse, I made the man turn round, because I knew we should see the spectre of Port-Cros in the distance

Brigit, where art thou?

*To S S Koteliarsky, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol,
Friday, 11 January 1929*

My dear Kot Pollinger says he wants more copies of the first edition – will you let him have whatever he wants – and if you like, Orioli will always send you further copies to make up your twenty-five He sent some to Mrs Patmore – Brigit – but I don't know if she's very stable – may go away anywhere – so I think I'll ask her to let Lahr have them to hold They are only about ten Then I'll get my sister to have twenty I had to send them the book at last Ada – in Ripley – has read it, and says she feels I've always hidden part of myself from her If people refuse to see, what can one do?

Lahr has paid into my bank ninety guineas for 90 copies of the second edit I think Orioli sent him in all 112 – but O is a bit vague There are only 18 copies or so left – and I want to keep a few

Stephensen was here again – of the Fanfiolico, and he seems to be going ahead with my pictures He is combining with Edward Goldston There will be no Lindsay – either father or son – in the Mandrake Press – I have written the Introduction – about 10,000 words – slam Clive Bell I got Fry's *Cézanne* and Bell's *Art* from Bumpus, but no invoice I wish they'd send it at once, before we leave What a fool Clive Bell is!

Did you see Pollinger, and what did you think of him?

Barbara Weekley leaves tomorrow for London She's got herself into a nasty state with those messey second-rate Studio crowd, really spoilt herself Wish she'd get out of it

I expect we shall stay here another two weeks, as Aldous and Maria are probably coming for a bit, on their way to Italy – But there's no news – I forgot to mention Rosanov to Stephensen – but he's only just got back to London – so let him get started with his Mandrake – he'd do it in that press

To Charles Lahr, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 18 January 1929

Dear Lahr Your two letters to hand The German plan seems to me good I think Germany may be a better place than France to produce the book I believe the French are getting scared of English 'improper' books. Two copies of *Lady C* sent to Sylvia Beach in Paris have not arrived and my MSS sent from here are held up The MSS of the *Pansies*, sent twelve days ago, to Curtis Brown have not arrived yet I suppose some of the gentry are reading them –

So altogether probably the German plan is a good one But it would be no use sending orders to Orioli – it would be best if they could go direct to Germany Do you think the whole thing could be done safely from Berlin? I wouldn't want to trouble Orioli – I hope all the copies sent lately to England have arrived there are six to Mrs Patmore of the first edition, which I have asked Koteliensky to go and collect and give to you, if they are safely arrived And there are six others I hear nothing of. I am a little anxious – A copy of Douglas' *Limericks* was held up, and the Chief of Police went to the man it was sent to I suppose those dirty

John Bull dogs do have a certain effect – I haven't seen the review in the *New Adelphi*. Is it Murry?

As for Russell Green and the 'marked' copy, never mind. He finked, of course. They are all like that. I must see a little later whether I can trim the book down to requirements. Most people who write me are dead against an expurgated edition – but I must really see for myself if I can do it, and if I really want to. At the moment I have so many other bits of things I must do.

Do talk the German plan over with Koteliansky. And meanwhile we'll keep the flag flying.

To Charles Lahr, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 21 January 1929

Dear Lahr. Thanks for the Comrad book and the pirated *L C*, both arrived. What a shocking puerile forgery of my signature, like a child of thirteen.

The bad news, which you may have heard, is that the six copies of the second edition sent to Pollinger of Curtis Brown's have been confiscated – and two Scotland Yarders called on him to enquire – I am still waiting to hear of a few other copies – Add to this that they must be holding up also my two *MSS* of *Pansies*, also sent to Pollinger. Have they any right over *MSS* the swine? How sickening this dirty hypocrisy. More later!

To Curtis Brown, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 24 January 1929

Dear C B. I'm sorry about the bother about those six copies of *Lady C* – but no good succumbing under it, after all.

What I *am* concerned about is my manuscript. There are the two copies of the poems, *Pansies*, sent to Pollinger on January 7th from Bandol, registered, as *papiers d'affaires*, No. 587. There is also the manuscript of my essay on painting, for the introduction to the book of reproductions of my paintings. This was sent to Pollinger as registered letter on January 14th, No. 718. – Now these two *MSS* we must recover, whoever is interfering in their delivery. The essay on painting is my original manuscript. I have no copy. I sent it to Pollinger to be typed. It is about 10,000 words – is perfectly proper – and I can't have it lost. Will you please make the proper enquiries at that end, and I will do so.

at this in that way at least we shall find out where the MSS are Then if Scotland Yard or anyone else continues to detain them, I can take the proper steps, make the proper publicity, and bring an action if necessary After all, Scotland Yard does not rule the country, and mustn't be allowed to I'm very sorry to bring trouble on your unoffending head – all my fault, I know But then in this life somebody has got to put up a fight.

P R Stephensen said he would be coming along to your office to make a contract for the book of pictures I asked Pollinger to arrange for a sum *down*, for the rights to reproduce the pictures – and a small percentage as royalty – Stephensen having suggested £250 down on 10% royalty basis, I would suggest £250 payment for rights to reproduce pictures, and then a 5% royalty, something like that But we must recover the MS of the essay

To G Orioli, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 24 January 1929

Dear Pino Aldous and Maria are here – Aldous has his copy all right – and I had a letter from the Pegasus, they have their copy So now we have only to trace the two copies to Sylvia Beach, and those we *must* find out about

Brigit Patmore's six are also confiscated – she is away in Italy – her son wrote me a detective sort of fellow called there too Kot wrote – rather in a funk – perhaps fearing they may call on him The really annoying part is that Scotland Yard are apparently holding up also two of my manuscripts, sent to Curtis Brown – these we must recover

Been raining here Aldous and Maria will be in Florence next week If you haven't sent it, don't send that copy of 2nd edit I asked for, as Lahr sent me a copy of the pirated edit – very bad one too

To Edward Dahlberg, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 27 January 1929

Dear Dahlberg I got the 25 francs Am rather impatient that you fuss about them – anyhow the postage was not so much, so I send back the surplus

If you'll send me a complete proof of your novel as soon as it is possible, I'll have a shot at doing a short critical foreword, and have Put-

names settle with Curtis Brown We may be moving from here, but in that case I'll let you know I am always on the point of going, then somebody comes to stay

I'm glad you've got some work and hope the novel will be a success As you say, the literary London sets are all just effete If a man's really going to work, these days, he's got to work alone

To Brewster Gluseln, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 27 January 1929

Dear Bruce I had your letter – we are still here, as you see The Huxleys also are here – Aldous has a chill and is staying in bed a day or two – will leave when it's better Frieda too has a chill and stayed in bed since lunch – so Maria and I went down to dinner alone Of course the old waiter wouldn't believe that Frieda was ill, while I survived – It's the wind, which has been bitterer than ever, I never knew such a nasty wind, worse than *maestrale* or *tramontana*, by a long chalk It's got my bronchials too – but that's inevitable

The only news is that the police have started seizing copies of *Lady C* that enter England, and they have even seized the two MS copies of the *Pansies*, which I sent to my agent – they say they are obscene and indecent I must get back at them some way about that – must, must They even held up the only existing MS of the Intro to *Painting*, and I trembled with rage But they've let that go! That's what it is to write for a civilized world

Stephensen sent a proof in colour of that picture – 'Accident in a Mine' – Not bad, but oh, it loses a lot I've nearly done that panel of which I made the sketch the night before you left – rather nice – and part done another, of bathers Now I'm having to type the *Pansies* again, to rub salt into my sore against Scotland Yard and such gentry *Attendons!*

I read *The American Caravan*, and I wonder it's not called the Ambulance Van instead, they are all so sick Why they don't all quietly take hemlock I don't know But of course they wouldn't be able to wait any more print across any more pages. The wailers! Edward Dahlberg has asked me if I'll write a foreword to his novel which Putnams are publishing, and I've said probably Nothing like asking

I'm really hoping we'll get away to Spain by 10th Feb – away from the wind Such a lot of fusses through the post to attend to – I hope

you're bearing up at Oxford and being a good little, good little boy –
Regards from both

~ The editors of *The American Caravan* had a high opinion of Lawrence, to whom
~ they dedicated one of their annual volumes

To S S Koteliensky, from *Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol*, 1 February 1929

Dear Kot There is no real news here – except that the man of the Pegasus Press wrote this morning saying he hadn't got the information yet from his distributing agents, but that he agreed to give me 40 frs per copy if they do an edition of a thousand to sell to trade at 100 frs – but if they do 2000, then on the second thousand I am to have only 30 frs I shall write it will be better to do 1000 only But *how am I to keep a check on him?* – Nothing of course is settled yet, but he says the pirated edition is selling in Paris normally at 300 frs – price to the trade 200 frs – but that lately the pirates have delivered copies to the trade at 150 frs and even at 100 frs – and he talks as if we could have to come lower But of course I am not sure that his figures are correct

Aldous and Maria left this morning – both rather seedy, I thought – Aldous very sympathetic He wrote to Jack Hutchinson about the MSS of the *Pansies* – and Jack will talk it over with [Sir Oswald] Mosley, the Socialist with whom he is great friends, and who can ask questions in the House if necessary I will let you know results

When I have got things settled up, I want to go to Majorca – I feel like moving on But there are various things to do

Did you see Murry's effusion over me in his *Adelphi*? *Semper idem!*

You might perhaps have a talk with C L [Charles Lahr] about the Pegasus Curtis Browns have a sort of connection agency in Paris, but I don't know if one could use them to make an agreement – or if they are much good

Aldous and Maria brought us both bad colds – but the weather's nice

Sir Oswald Mosley was at that time a Labour M P.

To Lady Ottoline Morrell, from *Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol*, 5 February 1929

My dear Ottoline Aldous and Maria were here for ten days or so – neither of them very well, run down Aldous with liver, and Maria

going very thin and not eating enough. I think the *Counter-Point* book sort of got between them – she found it hard to forgive the death of the child – which one can well understand. But, as I say, there's more than one self to everybody, and the Aldous that writes those novels is only one little Aldous amongst others – probably much nicer – that don't write novels – I mean it's only one of his little selves that writes the book and makes the child die, it's not *all* himself. No, I don't like his books. even if I admire a sort of desperate courage of repulsion and repudiation in them. But again, I feel only half a man writes the books – a sort of precocious adolescent. There is surely much more of a man in the actual Aldous. They went on in the car to Italy, and yesterday came a desperate post card saying they had broken down at Albenga, near Savona, and having to stay in a very bad hotel, very cold, and the wind bitter. I hope they're out of it by now. Today was a beautiful, beautiful day – all bright loyal sunshine, and no wind, so one just sat out and felt the brightness. But mostly there has been a very cold wind. It's a cold winter here too, but nearly always clear.

I'm so sad you have such bad health. Aldous thought you so much better. But if you have those blinding headaches, my word, I sympathise. I never really had headaches until I was ill eighteen months ago – but now I have a holy terror of them. Thank goodness mine are better now. What do you think yours come from? I believe they often arise from a condition of weakness, that one doesn't take sufficient account of. Are you sure you eat enough? Do you drink a little burgundy? Since I am here, and can eat, and drink wine again, I am surprised how the headaches don't come. One just has to build up resistance – that seems to me the only way.

And I agree with you, people are most exhausting. I like them all right at a little distance, if they will leave me alone – but I don't want to talk to them any more. I find I can still sit on a bench and be quite happy, just seeing the sea twinkle and the fisher people potter with their lobster pots. What is there to say any more, to ordinary people at least? It is lovely to be alone, especially when the sun shines. I think you should winter abroad, in some quiet place like this where you see the sun rise behind the sea at dawn, and every day different, and every day, somehow, the spangle and glitter of the sea is a different spangle and glitter. I watch the dawn every day as I lie in bed. And now the sun has moved

such a long way, and rises behind the queue, tressy, shaking eucalyptus tree

But I want to go soon, now Frieda has not been contented here in an hotel – she wanted a house But I liked the hotel – warm and no effort Then lately they have been making a great fuss over *Lady C* Scotland Yard holding it up – visiting my agents – sort of threatening criminal proceedings – and holding up my mail – and actually confiscating two copies, MS copies of my poems, *Pansies*, which I sent to my agent Curtis Brown – saying the poems were indecent and obscene – which they're not – and putting me to a lot of trouble I don't mind when I'm well, but one gets run down And those dirty *canaille* to be calling me obscene! Really, why does one write! Or why does one write the things I write! I suppose it's destiny, but on the whole, an unkind one Those precious young people who are supposed to admire one so much never stand up and give one a bit of backing I believe they'd see me thrown into prison for life, and never lift a finger What a spunkless world!

I was glad to hear of Bertie Russell Perhaps he and his Dora will do something, after all – better than his donning away in Cambridge

I had such a silly, funny little letter from E M Forster, telling me à *propos* of nothing that he admires me but doesn't read me Do you ever see him?

Did I tell you my pictures are going to be reproduced and put in a book – in colour – at 10 guineas a copy? I wrote a long foreword on painting in relation to life – good, I think, really

Don't you think it's nonsense when Murry says that my world is not the ordinary man's world and that I am a sort of animal with a sixth sense Seems to me more likely he's a sort of animal with only four senses – the real sense of touch missing They all seem determined to make a freak of me – to save their own short-failings, and make them 'normal'

I wanted to go to Spain, but now it's upset – and Frieda doesn't want me to go So I don't know what we shall do I can even be arrested if I come to England – under the Post Office laws – oh, la la! I feel like wandering away somewhere – south – south – perhaps to Africa But I shall let you know

I do most sincerely hope you'll be better, for I know so well what it is to fight with pain and struggle on from day to day What I feel is that

you are physically too weak, you need building up, you need to build up resistance I'm sure you are in some way exhausted, and can't recuperate Tell the doctors to find a way of nourishing you and fortifying you

Remember me to Philip – Aldous says he is busy editing memoirs for a book, which I'm sure he'll like doing

We have got a copy of *Sergeant Grischa* – good in its way, but so depressing and – sort of Jewish not quite true

I do hope you'll be better and feel stronger Love from us both

*To E H and A Brewster, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, France,
7 February 1929*

Dear Earl and Achsah Achsah, your second letter came tonight – glad you're full of song and funlight, anyhow This hotel, thank goodness, is always pleasant and warm, and the place is practically always sunny, though the wind can be devilish I don't think Frieda should have been discontented – but discontent is a state of mind Now that I am beginning to come to the end of Bandol and the sojourn here, she's beginning to like it, and I expect her, as soon as I'm ready to go, to refuse to leave its paradisaal strand *La donna è mobile* But I'm grateful to the place, it's been very kind to me – and though I've had a bit of flu now, I've not had to stay in bed at all, and have eaten my meals and thanked the gods I'm really a lot stronger, even with a bit of flu on me

The Huxleys left a week ago – we heard from them that on the Saturday they broke down at Albenga, near Savona – this side Genoa – and were in an icy hotel in a piercing wind waiting – Since then not a sound I'm a bit worried, as they were neither of them well He was run down and livery, and if she doesn't watch out, her lungs are going to give her trouble again People live the wrong way of their nerves, and of course it destroys them She minded *Pont Counter Point* – his killing the child – it was all too life-like and horrible – and the love-affair with the Lucy was —'s affair with — — I think Maria hardly forgives it And perhaps now he's sorry he did it But it has made them money, and Maria wants money – says so Yes, she wants to buy a new car in Paris – But I say there are many men in a man, and the Aldous that wrote the *Counter Point* and killed the child is only one of the Aldouses,

and perhaps by no means the best or most important I think he's really nicer – realising the things one mustn't do, if one is to live

My pictures are being done by young men who have been running an *édition de luxe* press – The Fanfrolico Press – but now it is to change, and be the Mandrake Press – and behind it is a Jew bookseller – Edward Goldston I think they are all right Brett is still *hoping* to sell, or have sold, a picture She sounds excited again, but a bit potty I don't see how she can help it I think Mabel is being a trifle mean to her just now – *Les femmes*

I have nearly re-typed my *Pansies* and made them better I think you'll like them For stories and things, I've not done much There's one – 'Mother and Daughter' – in the next *Criterion* – if anybody lends you that expensive and stewed T S Eliot quarterly The book of pictures will come later in the spring I wonder how many copies they'll give me – and if I can give you one! Perhaps get a set of proofs

No, Majorca is by no means a desert isle – like Capri, only bigger But now there is this revolt business, and police everywhere wanting to look at people's papers – so we may put Spain off again, especially as Frieda doesn't want to go, and come to Italy for a bit, and perhaps take a smallish house somewhere If we come to Italy I shall come to Capri to see you

I feel rather like wandering – going to Spain – Morocco – Tunis – anywhere south I want to go south again, to the southern Mediterranean I wouldn't mind even going later to India for a spell, to see if I could do an Indian novel – novel with the Indian setting It tempts me If one could be fairly sure of not getting ill Do you hear from Mukerji? Has he gone back? I was thinking of him several times lately

Is there still the house at Anacapri that Earl mentioned, available?

Poor old Brooks! but how nice to be taken on a yacht to Greece, if it doesn't *blow* as it mostly does here!

Tiresome, I've lost Earl's letter with the address of your show in New York Send it me at once, and I'll get Stueghitz to go and see it, and a few of those people, and perhaps they'll give it a write-up I do wish you could make a few thousand dollars

No Achsah, you are wrong If one is a man, one must fight, and slap back at one's enemies, because they are the enemies of life And if one

can't slap the life-enemies in the eye, one must try to kick their behinds – a sacred duty *We* are passive when we are dead Life is given us to act with

Tonight is the Bandol philharmonic concert, so of course we've got to go – and Madame says we shall be *enchanté*, so let's hope so I only hope we shan't be *enrhumé* into the bargain

Well, I suppose we'll turn up one day Somehow I don't feel very far away.

As for Harwood – *vogue la galère* Awful if the *galère* never puts to sea storms or not!

To S S Kotliansky, from *Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol*,

7 'Jan' [February] 1929

My dear Kot I suppose you haven't seen Pollinger – I wish you saw him and had a talk with him – The men from the Yard admitted that they had the MSS of *Pansies* and they consider them indecent and obscene – which is a lie Apparently by law, *if* the things are so considered, they are in the right But I am having CB's [Curtis Brown] solicitors apply for the release of these MSS – I haven't heard anything from Jack H [St John Hutchinson] – and there is nothing further Mail seems to go through normally, even to CB's office – on which the Yard seems to have concentrated all its efforts CL [Charles Lahr] thinks they suspect CB's of having handled the whole edit – but I doubt it I wonder if old CB has his finger in other pies –

The Pegasus have not written anything further, so things are where they were I haven't Nancy Cunard's address – have you? If you sent it me I'd write her myself. Aldous and Maria evidently are quite out of touch with her

They, Aldous and Maria, left a week ago for Florence, where they want to sell the car On Saturday they broke down at Albenga near Savona and I've not heard a word since. They both seemed rather seedy and run down, I thought Aldous is really nicer – getting older and a bit more aware of other people's existence

Spain seems really rather upset – anyhow a great deal of police-watching going on – so I think we'll not go there just yet I want to

move from here soon – though it's on the whole sunny and pleasant – but perhaps go to Italy and find some little house – and then go to Spain later – or somewhere else – I shall soon have finished typing out the pansies again and correcting them

Yes, it would be a good thing if someone were in Paris whom one could trust, to do an edition and keep it going

Ottoline writes very friendly – says she has such a lot of pain nowadays

We've both had a bit of flu – not bad – but it gets at my chest of course

I had a typescript copy of the *Introd* to the *Paintings* from Pollinger, and returned it corrected. They are to give me £250 down for the pictures, and a royalty of 5% – quite decent

How are you and what are you doing?

To Charles Lahr, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 'Saturday'

[?9 February 1929]

Dear Lahr Many thanks for yours and for the receipt. Here things seem much the same. Pollinger said would I tell him to instruct their lawyer to apply to the Home Office for the return of the two MSS and I said yes. St John Hutchinson said he had several members willing to move, and they might even [get] Ramsay [MacDonald] to do it. We'll see what happens.

The man of the Pegasus said his company felt they must have a council of war to see whether they could undertake this book, owing to 'rumours in the press'. So they are hanging fire still. I'll remember your points if they come to the scratch.

The poems are almost finished typing. Jack Hutchinson wants a copy for the belligerent 'members' to read. I shall send him the old duplicate on Monday – and as soon as I hear he has it, send you a new dup – revised from the new typing.

I do hope Davies isn't going to be hard up. I'll write to him again, and he'll stay a bit here on his way through.

Glad – or rather sad to hear about Harold T. Mason. I met him and his wife and he seemed so friendly. But now I know why he said he never sold any copies of *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* – or so few. I think he has paid altogether 400 dollars on that book. Did you ever see it,

by the way? Americans who come over vow he must have sold a good number Ask him for a copy, let's see what he's doing I'll pay for it

To Rhys Davies, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 'Saturday'
[?9 February 1929]

Dear Davies Well, I was sorry about the story, especially as Lahr says you look like being hard up But if only your novel is done, you can soon do the story up a bit and we can place it

When *will* your novel be done? And when will you be coming along? Let me know, so we can have a room for you The hotel gets very full nowadays And it is possible my sister will be coming for a fortnight. I am waiting to hear from her So if she comes you will see her

The Huxleys say Italy is icy cold, colder than it's ever been On the whole, we seem pretty well off here

Don't for goodness' sake wear yourself out over that book I've *nearly* re-typed all the *Pansies*, which has been a fair sweat, as I do so hate typing, and am bad at it Then we both had a bit of flu – but not bad.

Send a line to say when you'll come, and *au revoir* from us both

To Mabel Luhan, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 11 February 1929

Dear Mabel Today I have sent to Marianne Moore a copy of the *Pansies* It hasn't got my name on, or anything, because the police started a fuss in London over *Lady C* and even confiscated two MS copies of the *Pansies*, – said they were obscene – a *lie* – I am suing for the return of the MSS But don't mention it in New York please, not to anybody, it'll only start the smut-hounds bellowing again But do let me know if the *Pansies* arrive safely at the *Dial* office – perhaps they might have a typescript copy made, and charge it to me Then I want Marianne Moore to send the MS over to Curtis Brown, they'll have to place it The Viking Press talked of doing my *Collected Poems* in New York – if they really did so, I suppose I'd offer them the *Pansies* – otherwise Knopf

I got the cheque for \$100 from the *Graphic* – many thanks – it should have gone via Curtis Brown, they get 10% Glad you liked the article

About coming – we really want to come, if only for the summer. But

are you sure it's quite safe for me – won't somebody or other begin doing one dirt? If I were quite sure we'd come in all right and peacefully, and have a decent summer, I'd say we would definitely sail towards end of March. But even if we come, don't wait in New York longer than you wish. It's New Mexico I want to go to, really.

My pictures are being reproduced in colour to be done in a book, at fifty or sixty dollars a time. I'm going to send over proofs when they are ready.

I suppose Gourdjieff is as you say an imaginary incarnation of Lucifer – but I doubt he'll ever strike much of a light. All so *would-be* – and oh, so much talk. I hope we'll come, really.

[P S] Write to me c/o Signor C. Orioli, 6 Lungarno Corsini, Florence, Italy. I expect we shall soon go back to Italy.

Marianne Moore, then editing the *Dial*, published ten of the poems in the July issue.

To Maria Huxley, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 'Wednesday'

[?13 February 1929]

Dear Maria. Yours this morning – so sorry you aren't well – do listen to me and think carefully about nourishing yourself – you don't take enough proper nourishment – do think about it – and have Ovaltine or Horlicks or something.

Bitter cold again here – water-pipes frozen, no water in the hotel – and crammed full of people! My sister [Ada] arrived yesterday – 3 hours late in Toulon, and no heat in train all the way from Paris – frozen! I was about frozen waiting – a *vile* Toulon day – but today is sunny but icy. We shall stay here till something improves. My sister leaves on the 22nd. I wish you could have brought me a blue coat – the measure is 15½ inches across the back – between the sleeves. Bring it if there's time – but of course, don't bother about it.

Jack Hutchinson wrote very nicely and very willing to help. I have posted him the 3rd copy of *Pansies* – but I've typed them all out afresh – and revised many, of course. No news from anybody lately – My sister seemed sad – the Midlands must be just gruesome now – We might go to Corsica – one can cross to Livorno if one doesn't like it. But we shall be here till end of month – I do hope you've sold that heavy old brute of a

car The flower book sounds lovely – I took the blue trousers off my men in the picture and it's rather lovely now Love to both from both

To Edward Dahlberg, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 17 February 1929

Dear Dahlberg So sorry you've had that appendicitis – for heaven's sake, *leave off being unlucky* – you seem to ask for it Do go back to America and be quiet for a bit, and get strong

Putnam's wrote me they were sending me the first batch of your novel in galleys, but it's not here yet They say you think of *Hot-dogs!* for a title – but surely it's too cheap Better *Cold Feet* – They've all got cold feet all the time Or else a proper phrase *It's Cold on the Bed-rock!* I think the second is better

It wouldn't be any use sending you the novel to U S A either, it would only be confiscated in customs, So I am sending you the money back and the surplus postage you sent me and the trifle more which you will please spend on eating the right food – and don't thank me because I hate all this kind of business If you care for what I say, take care, get well, and be in condition to put up the right kind of fight in life Life needs to be fought for, by men

If you go back to New York I will give you a letter to a couple of people – but leave off being a down-and-outer – you've got other things to do Putnam's will give you the money for the cheque

To Ada Lawrence Clarke, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol

[?22 February 1929]

I felt awfully unhappy after you had left this afternoon – chiefly because you seem miserable, and I don't know what to say or do But don't be miserable – or if you must be, at least realise that it's because of a change that is happening inside us, a change in feeling, a whole change in what we find worth while and not worth while The things that seemed to make up one's life die into insignificance, and the whole state is wretched I've been through it these last three years – and suffered, I tell you But now I feel I'm coming through, to some other kind of happiness It's a different kind of happiness we've got to come through to – but while the old sort is dying, and nothing new has appeared, it's really torture But be patient, and realise it's a process that has to be gone through – and it's

taken me three years to get even so far. But we shall come through, and be really peaceful and happy and in touch. You will see, the future will bring big changes – and I hope one day we may all live in touch with one another, away from business and all that sort of world, and really have a *new* sort of happiness together. You'll see – it will come – gradually – and before not so many years. This is the slow winding up of an old way of life. Patience – and we'll begin another, somewhere in the sun.

To Bernard Falk, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 24 February 1929

Dear Mr Falk. Many thanks for your letter and for offering me the sketch of myself. But don't give it me, it will only worry me. I hate photographs and things of myself, which are never me, and I wonder all the time who it can be. Look at this passport photograph I had taken two days ago, some sweet fellow with a black beard which I haven't got. But do thank Mr Simpson for not making me satanic for once. Even his tragic brow that he gave me was better than the smirking Satanismus I am so used to.

I'll do some articles along the lines you suggest, when the wind blows me that way. It's no good my promising anything definitely, it's sure not to come off. But I'll do some articles, and when you have something you really *want*, tell me, I can always do things better if I know they're actually wanted. I sent Miss Pearn an article yesterday, to show you, putting 'very delicately' on tip-toe like Agag, my position with regards to my naughty book etc. If it's not suitable for the *Dispatch*, I don't mind at all. I really don't know much about the Sunday morning public or any other.

But I'd rather write for the *Sunday Dispatch* than for the high-brow papers and magazines. Though the thought of the godless Sabbath public makes me shiver a bit, I still believe it has more spunk than the 'refined' public. It comes back with *some* sort of response, even if it gives one gooseflesh – I too am beginning to receive letters from boys whom I went to school with, thirty years ago, and have never heard of since. They pat me half-approvingly, half reprovingly on the back – and luckily, can't see me bristle.

Bernard Falk was editor (1918–31) of the London *Sunday Dispatch*.

To Maria Huxley, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol,
[24 February 1929]

Dear Maria The coat came last night, and very many thanks It's a bit small, considerably smaller than the other – which looks pale grey beside it – but I shall let down the sleeves a bit, and keep it, and if it looks a bit of a blue monkey jacket, that's rather my style I sent the pale flannel trousers to be cleaned, so shall emerge with the spring a new blossom I enclose cheque for thirty bob – the last one cost 125, so if they charged you more for this one tell me, the swine – no, send me the price ticket, or I shall never believe you either I'm sorry if your sister feels done out of it – but she won't This must be the very coat I tried on last May and found too small and ordered another, and sent Carletto in haste across to say I didn't want the buttons *in oro*

Well my sister left on Friday, and left me feeling battered How one's family can wrack one! Of course she wanted – secretly – the moon to abandon all the life she's so deliberately built up there in the Midlands, and have a new one – 'away from it all' – But as you make your bed so you must lie, and if you don't want to, then don't make an elaborate and four-posted bed

Jack Hutchinson writes he has got the copy of *Pansies* and likes them, and they have written to the Yard demanding the other copies back So we'll see what happens He writes very nicely – his mother has been ill – fancy a man that size and experience has still a mother

We plan to leave here next Saturday for Nice, and sail from there on the following Friday for Ajaccio You will disapprove of the insular move, but it's not a long swim We think to go to Piana, on the west coast, sounds nice and has one good hotel

The photograph of you and the boy and the flying machine is very amusing – you look so much as if you wanted to be snatched up and swept to realms on high, and the boy looks so perky, ready for it all Glad you are settled and cosy Now for heaven's sake stay so

You didn't send me Nancy Cunard's address – could you get it? And nothing is done about a Paris edition of *Lady C* – Funny it should be so difficult

There was a circus on the beach here on Friday, but I didn't go as my sister had just left and I felt a rag But Frieda went and there just behind

her in all his glory sat our negro waiter with the pretty governess of the little boy with fringe whom you couldn't stand They were alone and glorious – but other guests sat across – and since then there is a low temperature in the hotel, the nigger is in a stubborn tantum, the girl pale and wan, and altogether the Beau Rivage a bit peaked Time to go – With love to you both

To Aldous Huxley, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 'Thursday'

[?28 February 1929]

Dear Aldous Here I am bothering you again – you see the Pegasus has got string-halt I have written to Mr Moulder – is the name auspicious or inauspicious? – and we'll see what he says Where I'm bothering you is that I've asked Holroyd Reece – the Pegasus man – to send the copy of *Lady C* he had from me, to you, for you to hold for me – and I told Mr Moulder, if he wanted same copy, you would hand it him Don't mind, please, my making this bit of use of you – The Jixy business seems to be moving a bit Anyhow Jack H got my *Pansies* We are once more wobbling about Corsica, and thinking it shall be Barcelona Seems not much point in Corsica If it is Spain, we shall wait till about next Wednesday – instead of leaving this Saturday – shall write you I wish now we either had a house or made up our minds to have one Am tempted to go to the ranch for the summer – You never saw such awful devastation as among the trees and plants here – corpses, corpses everywhere – a dreadful battlefield Seems to me ill-omened – I want to get a new suit in Toulon my sister liked my overcoat – she arrived home midnight Saturday night, so her father-in-law died in her arms on Sunday morning She seems fated to have people die in her arms, but I won't oblige if I can help it The Governess is still under cloud Mr Scott showed me his water-colours this morning – mostly Indian – if only these good Englishmen put a bit of shit in their pictures, they'd achieve creation *Such* careful work – and real feeling too – but pure as soap-powder – it's a tragedy It's sort of Spring, but the land is ravaged dead I hear Corsica is the same Be patient with me

"The Jixy business" the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks ('Jix'), was sniffing after copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*

To J M Murry, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 1 March 1929

Dear Jack I didn't know your handwriting any more, it seems to have gone so small and sort of invisible How are you? I'm pretty well, but a scratchy chest and cough as ever – sickening – but pretty well in spite of all I believe Katherine once stayed here, so perhaps you know the place We gave up the Florence house, and are houseless We think to leave here next Wednesday, and go to Majorca, perhaps take a villa there I haven't any great hunch as to where I want to live – only, for the moment, not Italy

I haven't got a copy of *The Rainbow*, to save my life My copy was stolen from me long ago – as every single first-edit copy of my own books has been – just 'lifted' by one kindly visitor or another But the man can get the American edition from Galigiani, for a dollar I'll write and tell him

And how are you? and how is your wife? I heard she was ill, but do hope she's better Do you live in Hants now, and not Dorset?

Frieda is about the same – but not quite so energetic as she used to be I begin to realise that we *do* get older, and that it *does* make a great difference – in some ways, it's pleasanter – I like being older – if only my chest didn't scratch so much

I'll send you a line when we get an address – otherwise you must write me c/o Curtis Brown – *Tanti ricordi!*

Murry had written to ask for a copy of *The Rainbow* on behalf of a friend who planned to write a critical study of Lawrence

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 2 March 1929

Dear Brett It's no good, I'm not really well enough to come over this summer I went to Toulon on Wed and felt so shoddy after it – and such a beastly cough – I knew it was no good. I am *really* much better, you'd think just the same as ever, here quietly in Bandol, plenty of inside energy But as soon as I begin going about, especially in towns, I give out I can't do much walking, and no climbing, and not much seeing people So what's the good coming to America? Where they might even begin fussing about letting me in If I were *there*, in Taos, I'd probably be all right – though I'm not sure of the high altitude But there's getting there And they hate you so if you cough – particularly

on ships – and cough I do Yet I'm not ill I've not been a day in bed all winter, I eat all my meals good enough I can work away Yet strange people, and effort in cities especially, just does me in So there you are I'll have to leave it for another year Mind you, I'm a lot better than last year So next year, let's hope to God I'll be tough enough to stand the world

I worry sometimes a bit about the ranch Do you think we ought to desposit the MSS in some safe place? They are getting valuable now, they may come in so handy some rainy day And so many have already been stolen from me All the early ones are gone, for good I ought to look after these

Sometimes I think it would be best to sell the ranch You said we ought to offer it to you and I agree But you'd never be able to pay anything for it to Frieda, would you now? The bank at Taos wrote last year offering two thousand dollars – but surely it's worth more than that, with horses and all and what furniture there is We don't really want to sell it – how sad to think we couldn't come any more! But if we can *never* get back, it seems useless to hang on If only I were really well! But I've been saying that for two years now

We leave here next Wednesday – D V – and I go to Majorca, the island off Barcelona, Spain We might possibly take a house there for six months or a year – God knows – I don't care very much

I suppose you've heard of all the Scotland Yard fuss over *Lady C.* and the MS of my poems *Pansies* What a lot of hypocritical rot! Makes me so tired The world is a dirty place

They are going ahead with the reproduction of my pictures, but since the scandal of Jix (the Home Secretary, Joynson Hicks) and the *Pansies*, the colour printers refuse to reproduce some of them What dirty snivelling cant But I suppose the book will come out about May, with twenty-four of the pictures I don't care about selling them anyhow – the book should make me close on £500, and I'd just as leave keep the pictures. I suppose Dorothy Warren will show in London if she's not frightened I don't care Anyhow I have enough to live on *And let me know if* there are any ranch copenses, and I'll send you the money Am fed up with a good many things *Did you* yet sell any pictures? How *mean* people are! They enjoy *not* buying, gives them a sense of power Well, they shan't have it with me

You are right to quit Nina What's the good of mere *probing* a sore soul Beastly! All that talk is *no good*, none at all – whether it's Leo Stein or Orage or Gourdjieff or any other chuffing junx Damn them all If there could be a little nice friendly *living* and less unfriendly talking we'd be all right

Seems to me about time you left New York You must be about ruined, more ways than one It doesn't look as if I'd get out, and I'm sorry But patience is best, though I *curse* this cough of mine Let me know about the ranch and all Murry wrote the other day, a bit feeble

To Aldous Huxley, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, 8 March 1929

Dear Aldous I have a letter from Frank A Groves of the Librairie du Palais Royal – Groves and Michaux – to say they will help me with an edit of *Lady C* and do the distributing So it's good I am coming up – shall arrive Tuesday night, as I said – and if I don't see you sooner, perhaps we could meet at Galignani's bookshop, 224 rue de Rivoli, at 11 o on Wednesday morning I wrote to the admirable Mr Moulder asking him when he would see me and give me his sage advice in the matter of printing etc – so he may send me a letter c/o you I don't know why I feel rather thrilled at getting out this new edit – a little fat book that will go in your pocket and cost only 50 frs or 75 – It is exactly a year since I left Diablerets and went to Florence to get *Lady C* launched and [on?] her first voyage – now she must make her second splash I feel she's been quite effectual, in the twelve months But she must go further – I shan't be able to have her photographed if I want a *pocket size* Proofs again!

Frieda will go straight to Baden Rhys Davies will come up with me He is by no means thrilling or dazzling I expect you and Maria will think him unspeakably pedestrian – but he's no fool, really, and one can be quiet with him – he's not nervy or nerve-racking I expect we'll stay in some quiet little hotel on the left bank

I shall bloom out in my new grey suit and even a pair of Toulon gloves, most fetching – and let's hope the weather will be decent and my cough in *abeyance* – and I do hope those wild daffodils will come out and we can go and see them – and I'm glad you've not got a motor-car, I always feel it a strain on Maria, and one can take a taxi – *Au revoir* then

To Edward Dahlberg, from 3 rue du Bac, Suresnes, France, 'Monday'
[?18 March 1929]

Dear Dahlberg I was sorry I couldn't ask you in last evening, but the house isn't mine, and I don't like to interfere in the social arrangements

Do leave out of that introduction anything that you wish. I wrote it, as one must write, without thinking of persons. But I entirely sympathise with you in your desire not to hurt your Mother

As for writing pariah literature, a man has to write what is in him and what he *can* write and better by far have genuine pariah literature than sentimentalities on a 'higher' level

I'll bring you that copy of *Lady C* – it's rather dirty and I'll give it you on Thursday – perhaps we might meet somewhere for tea – I'll send a line to Cook's

[P S] I don't want you to pay for [that?] *Lady C* – the people who had it made it so dirty, anyhow

The house into which Lawrence did not invite Dahlberg was the Huxleys'

To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Hôtel de Versailles, 60 Bvd Montparnasse, Paris, 'Monday' [?25 March 1929]

Dear Aldous and Maria We are just back – it was nice out there, but I don't like the north, so dreary even when rather beautiful

When shall we see you? Tomorrow we are lunching along with a little fellow – and going out $\frac{1}{2}$ hour into the country to the villa of the hotel, to tea. Frieda's nephew Friedal is here. Rhys Davies *et famille* leaves tomorrow morning. I am continually warned against Titus – but what's the odds. If you are in town tomorrow come and lunch along with us just near here – else let us meet Wednesday with the Ciosbys 19 rue de Lille – near quai Voltaire – and you are invited if you can come. I want to get away Thursday if possible

I *must* go south – I hate it here and hate the mouldering dead north altogether. Did Orioli send me two copies *Lady C* c/o you? I want them for Titus – if it is to be Titus. Will you ring up about tomorrow

To Lady Ottoline Morrell, from Hotel de Versailles, Paris, 3 April 1929

My dear Ottoline Your letter finds me here, where I came just three weeks ago to arrange a cheap edition of *Lady Chatterley*, to try to stop the pirated editions selling. There are three, perhaps even four, printed editions produced in U S A, and there is another edition pirated over here – with the legend *imprimé en Allemagne*. They none of them sell less than 300 francs a copy, so I am arranging for an edition, smaller, paper bound, at 60 frs, so that anybody can get it. People must already have made two or three thousand pounds out of pirated editions – and I am left with nothing. However, I hope my little overture will be a success. I have written a nice introduction telling them all what I think of them – one can't do more.

I don't a bit like Paris. It is nowadays incredibly crowded, incredibly noisy, the air is dirty and simply stinks of petrol, and all the life has gone out of the people. They seem so tired. The mills of God grind on, and will grind these great cities exceeding small in weariness and effort. I want to get away on Saturday, moving south by stages to Spain – to Barcelona first, then I'm not sure. If I like it, I want to stay there – perhaps even a year. I have never been to Spain, I hope I shall like it. I very much want to find a place to stay in.

I stayed a week with Aldous and Maria in Suresnes, while Frieda was with her mother in Baden-Baden. I had a bit of grippe, from this dirty city, and they were very good to me, tended me so kindly. I am really very much attached to them, humanly. There is that other side of them, the sort of mental and nervous friction and destructiveness which I can't bear, but they leave that out with me. As I grow older I dread more and more that frictional nervousness which makes people always react *against* one another, in discord, instead of together in harmony. It is so nice to feel peaceful and quiet with people one likes and can trust. Only a few friends to be at peace with, that is all I ask. I want no excitements or exaltations or extravagances. I don't want anybody even to *love* me – it is so possessive. But a few people to be really fond of me, and for me to be fond of, that I would like indeed. And of course I have a few. I wish we lived nearer to one another, you and Philip and us, I feel we might be friends now really and with that stillness in friendship which is the best.

I'm glad you like the poems – there is a lot of my very life in them. The young, of course, are too hasty and too much afraid of real feeling, to care much about them. I find the young so strangely afraid of having genuine feelings, and especially any feeling of attachment, of warm affection. They want to be so detached, like bits of glass. But I think the gentle flow of affection is really wonderful.

Yes, I remember your coming to Sussex – stepping out of an old four-wheeler in all your pearls, and a purple velvet frock – and going across the meadows to the other cottages at Greatham. It is a pity something came across it all and prevented us keeping a nice harmony. But life does queer things to us, and it takes us a long time to come to our real steady self.

I wonder where you will go when you do leave England? I too should like to go to Greece, but it is a long journey, and can be very trying.

For the present, I put my hopes in Spain. And for the future, I leave it to the Lord.

Have you seen the prospectus for my book of pictures? I think the book will be ready early in May, and I expect Dorothy Warren will hold the exhibition at the same time. Do go and look at the pictures, because some of them you will surely like – there is a suggestion of Blake sometimes.

I haven't been well in Paris. Sometimes one feels as if one were drifting out of life altogether – and not terribly sorry to go. These big cities take away my real will to live – or at least my present desire to live. One so dreadfully wants something better.

But we are leaving on Saturday, and if nothing goes wrong, I know I shall feel better in the south. I shall send you an address when we have one.

Love from us both and remember me to Philip.

To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Hôtel de Versailles, 'Wednesday'
[?3 April 1929]

Dear Marie and Aldous. We won't come to lunch tomorrow, it's so far, and an effort – and crowning glory, that man of the Crosby Gaige [?] concern will turn up at your house directly after lunch – and I don't want to see him twice. He called here – was most honoured by having

had an interview with Jix – so I told him he'd be raping little girls before ten years are out – don't think he wants to see me twice – hope not – says you are 'a bright fellow' – I said 'Quite!' (Aldous, that's you)

I think we'll get off Saturday, for more quiet travelling I don't want to go north, don't want to *be* North, shan't have any peace till I see the Mediterranean again, all the rest hell! Think we'll go in little stages to Mallorca The North has all gone *evil* – I can't help feeling it morally or ethically I mean anti-life

We'll see you though – ring up

*To E H and A Brewster, from c/o Thomas Cook and Son, Calle Fontanella
19, Barcelona, Spain, 15 April 1929*

Dear Earl and Achsah I have been thinking of you these last few days – was upset to hear from your last letter that poor Anna di Chiara had been so ill – my regards to her – and that you in consequence will be houseless again I do wonder where you will go Achsah, my dear, do one of two things – find yourself a permanent little place on Capri – or go back, *volontieri*, to America Don't be turned loose into the wide wide world It's as wide as ever, but so much fuller and more peaceless than ever before So stay in quiet hermitage on Capri – or go to America and bear it You must let Earl do as he wishes, if he wants anything different

We have got so far – and tomorrow night we cross to Palma, Majorca It is queer, Barcelona – so modern, and yet not, so full of wealth, yet so proletariat At first one recoils – but I think I really like it The people are self-contained and calm, they don't gibber like most moderns The air seems good and alive and a bit tonicky, bracing – rather cold too And the flowers in the streets are marvellous, so are the vegetables and fish in the market – a certain rich splendour and abundance which I had not expected But as a place, I doubt you wouldn't like it – and I'm sure Earl wouldn't – too much of the old reserve and a certain callousness to other people, the very reverse of those soft, gibbering Hindus I think it may be really good for my health – a tonic So if we like Majorca, we shall contrive to stay, find a house if possible Unfortunately everything is rather dear, especially hotels But if one could have a little house, I think it would work out like Italy I shall write to you from Majorca and tell you – Meanwhile do let me know what you are doing When

does sister Lola come? How is Harwood? Do let her go to America – I feel better here than in Paris Wish I felt you were settled It's no good for you, Achsa, to be distracted – not your line Love from us both

*To Marianne Moore, from Hotel Royal, Palma de Mallorca, Balears, Spain,
18 April 1929*

Dear Marianne Moore I like the little group you chose – some of my favourites I think I shall withdraw that introduction from the book form – so you just keep any part of it you wish, and use it with your group of poems, as you wish

I knew some of the poems would offend you But then some part of life must offend you too, and even beauty has its thorns and its nettles and its poppy-poison Nothing is without offence, and nothing should be if it is part of life, and not merely abstraction

We must stay in this island a while, but my address is best c/o G Orioli – All good wishes

Marianne Moore was then editor of the *Dial*

To G Orioli, from Hotel Royal, Palma de Mallorca, 18 April 1929

Dear Pino Had yours in Barcelona – and the two you forwarded Am sure you will be glad to get away for a bit, after the rush with [Norman Douglas's] *Nerinda* Do keep my copy for me Secker is doing the poems in expurgated form, and I may have a small edition done in England, *privately*, of the unexpurgated. I don't want you *yet* to do anything that will get your press into discredit with the Puritans Keep pure for a while, till you are well going, then I'll give you something

The Fanfrolico Press has more or less dissolved The *working* partner was always P R Stephensen – Lindsay was the literary side of it Stephensen has joined with Edward Goldston, the Jew bookseller of Museum St, to make the Mandrake Press, of which my pictures are the first thing done. – The reproduction of 'Moses' seemed very dim to me

This island – Majorca – is rather like Sicily, but not as beautiful, and much more asleep But it has that southern sea quality, out of the world, in another world I like that – and the sleep is good for me Perhaps we shall stay a month or two – and come to Italy to find a house for the

winter Frieda will never take to Spain, and she won't even try to speak Spanish So I expect we'll be back in Italy in autumn But I like this sleep there is here – so still, and the people don't have any nerves at all – not *nervoso*, anybody

I do hope you kept the price of your last sale of Our Lady, to pay the postage I should like us to be quite square now, on each side So let me know You said you sold a copy, and I don't think you sent the *bordereau*, so that would be part And did you keep two copies of the guinea edition for yourself? Let's get quite square now – then we shall have settled all the bulk of it Write to me here. I wonder if you'll go to Capri Remember me to N D and to Reggie – I'll see them in autumn.

To Charles Lahr, from Hotel Royal, Palma de Mallorca, 18 April 1929

Dear Lahr Had your letter in Barcelona – it had been opened, and no doubt read, by all Cook's office – as they have a clerk Mr Lawrence, and you put no initials – I really don't think my mail is interfered with at all – but you could still write to my wife

Secker is trying to leave out about 20% of the poems – but I am making him include some, and put just a blank when a word is improper I won't have him issue a perfect hymn-book I should like you to do a little edit, say 250, with all the words complete – but not with that introduction you've got, which is modified, but with the original introduction which I'll have sent to you and perhaps an added word from me Let me know your full idea Would you like to do the whole MS complete with all the words? or only just those poems Secker has omitted or put blanks in? The former would be more worth having and I can make Secker agree

I don't mind a bit if your friend does 500 of Our Lady He can give me 15% on his selling price, that being the usual Let me know

Wait a bit till I see exactly what Secker is omitting, before we send to the *Sunday Worker* And I have no MS here now from which to choose an election broadside But you choose one, and let me know, and we can go ahead with that

I should like you to do 250 of the *complete* poems, exactly as in MS but with the *original* foreword, not the one you've got, the one the jokers seized Or would that clash too much with Secker's edition, as he

wants to do a small signed edition also of his expurgated *Pansies*? What do you think? I should very much like to see the book in its complete form

We may stay some time on this island – seems very quiet and congenial

I don't agree that T F Powys is a better writer than Hardy His is a wooden Noah's Ark world, all Noah's Ark But amusing as such

Not had a sound from Davies – and we've wondered about him so much

You can write to my wife *Frau Frieda Lawrence, geb von Richthofen*, if that pleases you more

*To Rhys Davies, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
25 April 1929*

Dear Davies How fortunate I needn't ecstasise to you! – everybody seems to think I ought to be in ecstasies over this place, even including Frieda – Majorca is one of her oldest dreams – and I don't really care for it True, the sea is usually a most heavenly blue, and the old town lies round the bay, pale, phantom in the strong light, all a funny heapy-heap of buff and white – and the flowers are nice – and I like this hotel But there is a cold little wind, and some days it is all funny and grey and clammy, *scirocco*, and they give one far too much food to eat, quite good food here, but *too much* – and my bill last week was over eleven pounds, merely the hotel – and the Spanish wine, my God, it is foul, catpiss is champagne compared, this is the sulphurous urination of some aged horse – and a bottle of Julien, the cheapest claret, costs 9 pesetas – over six shillings – and worst of all, the place gets on my nerves all the time, the people are dead and staring, I can't bear their Spanishy faces, dead unpleasant masks, a bit like city English – and my malaria came back, and my teeth chattered like castanets – and that's the only true Spanish thing I've done We nearly took a house – and I must say, in some ways it was very nice, but thank God my malaria came on in time to save us from deciding on it And that's about all the news – except that we ran into Robert Nichols in the street the second day we came here, and saw quite a lot of him and his wife, and we liked them very much They had been here three months, and just got fed-up, and had booked their

berths, so they sailed off to Marseilles on Tuesday morning, and at that moment I wished I was sailing too But in the morning when it is lovely and sunny and blue and fresh, I am reconciled again, for a time We may stay another twelve days – we *might* stop a month – but I think, by June surely, we shall be sailing also to Marseilles, and going either to Lago di Garda or somewhere like that I don't want to take a house here, to stay I think, all in all, Italy is best when it comes to living, and France next *Triumphat Frieda*! I don't feel as if I should work here – Nichols couldn't – I feel somehow *peevish*, a state I do dislike, in myself even worse than others Yet I do like the sea and the sunshine, and the pink convolvulus flowers all on the rocks And we know some rather nice people, residents, who invite us to lunch and dinner, quite social

No news of the world I'm sorry Stephensen is getting vaguer and vaguer Will he pop like a bubble – even before he's through with my book of pictures?

So very glad you've got clear of Brentano's – and am sure Chatto's will look after you well That's good news, and all luck! I am still having wibble-wobbles with Secker over *Pansies* – and damn all publishers, and all the trade

Many regards from us both – and I hope you hate the thought of Spain and Majorca sufficiently

To P R Stephensen, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
3 May 1929

Dear Stephensen The proofs have come today, and I am very much relieved It is as I hoped, the paler ones come out better. Sometimes the reproduction succeeds well as a whole, even when it doesn't follow the original very exactly – But I enclose a list of suggestions for each picture.

Do you think you ought to put the *size* of each picture under the title?

Do send me the other proofs as soon as you possibly can, so that I can make my suggestions

I think after all it will be a lovely book, and I am very anxious about it, and want to see the whole set of proofs

Eight Proofs of Pictures

Suggestions for improvement

Contadini (Pretty good this) the man's *back* has lost its modelling – Put a little more light on it if possible – and the patch of yellow near the doorstep is wrong The tiny bit of green door by the second man (back) too dark

Leda & the Swan (quite good too) – greens are wrong, her bit of hair quite wrong, and please try to make the black foot of the swan distinct, and make the bird's thigh just above it whiter, colder, a little more modelled, so that we know what it is

A Holy Family (not bad) Woman's hair rather grey – man's halo gone thin – child's hand wrong colour, a mere smudge

Resurrection – (poor – the worst of all) – Please try to get back the luminosity, especially on to the Christ – he is all blackish inky – his arm, his knee, his breast should all be luminous – and the woman's arm is very flat and dead – and sky all wrong – please try to get this better, the *quality* is all lost

Throwing Back the Apple (not very like, yet pretty good in itself) – floor should be more ruddy and alive with leaves and fruit – the old man's hair nasty and pink, his skirt too much like the tree, too green, the tree itself too pale green all over, and the gateway wrong

Renascence of Man (not bad, but a few corrections very necessary) – Please attend to the land behind the seated man's waist, it is very wrong, and kills his shape Try to get a little glow onto the far sea, and the lip of the near sea more vivid – this near sea is bad, blackened and dead Please rescue the *feet* of the man a little

Flight Back into Paradise (rather thin – colour lost) Please try to put the glow into the showery yellow, and make the sea with its white lip look like a sea – and make the house a little less *black*, blackish – more olive green – if that blackish look could be avoided –

Summer Dawn (not very good) – Again too much more *black*, especially under the man's buttocks – Try to put the light along the man's back, to restore the modelling – The bodies of both should be lifted a little paler to differentiate them from the background It's too much of a smudge, the different *luminous* places are lost, sunk in It's not a question of edge, but of the local glow Blue sky is all wrong, orange sky too all-of-a-piece – same with the sea

To Edward Dahlberg, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,

7 May 1929

Dear Dahlberg Thanks for yours and the news of the pirates Those babe-faced pussyfooting thieves make one very tired

I went ahead with Titus after all – he seemed no worse than anyone else and the book is now being printed You see I simply can't make an expurgated edition and that is all Gollancz is good for

Sorry you feel a bit irritated by my preface to your book But it's quite simple to suppress it altogether in U.S.A – make no mention of it and it doesn't exist It won't hurt *English* sales, as Putnam knows, even if it is a bad sales-letter in America I can't help it, anyhow – I had to write what I felt

Very quiet here on this island I don't know how long we shall stay but not after the real hot weather sets in Hope you are feeling well in New York

*To Mabel Luhan, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
'Ascensión' [9 May 1929]*

Dear Mabel I think John was right to squash the dude ranch – and you must have been a bit *loco* to go and do it – after all, you mustn't humiliate your place like that But I'm glad you've got it back, and sent the woman away, and can wash off the Philistine paint It was a very 'small' feeling, somehow, to think of your hill as a dude ranch with Jews and Jew-gaws Better the houses stand empty, than that

I can understand your feeling about it, however

We have been here on this island – Majorca – two weeks It is quite pleasant and Mediterranean, but not at all exciting, and less beautiful than Italy I don't think we shall stay long I want to do a little tour in Spain towards the end of the month, then go to Italy to see to a few things I feel somehow that it isn't quite time yet for me to come to America – my instinct is against it, for the time being – but slowly the fates are working round that way. I am relieved that the dude ranch is quashed And I feel we've all grown more tolerant, perhaps more whole in ourselves, so things should be easier

I shall write to Miss Chambers – but don't in the least know, as yet,

where we shall spend the summer After June, Spain is uncomfortably hot We may go to Lago di Garda

Lately I have dreamed of the Indians, and all Tony's songs come back into my head I wake up with an unfamiliar melody running in my consciousness, and it takes me a long time to identify it as one of Tony's or Trinidad's songs – that I had utterly forgotten Somewhere underneath in myself I feel a very deep sympathy with the Indians – superficially I don't really like them

I wonder who is going to stay with you this summer? Is Ida? I'm sorry she's not been well – *Tante còse!*

To Maria and Aldous Huxley, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca, 'Ascension Day' [9 May 1929]

Dear Maria and Aldous I had your letter, Maria, but no post card from Cook's, Barcelona – and not a sound from Aldous – which made me wonder where he was However, I suppose you are both in London now, though I don't know where, so will send this to Suresnes

We are still on the island – but changed the hotel This is very nice, on the edge of the sea, good food but too much of it – ten shillings a day We are only four people in the place, so have it to ourselves The weather continues dry, the island parched, the sun hot, the wind often rather chill The air itself is cold rather than hot – anyhow, cool The exchange went down to thirty-seven

Yesterday we motored to Valdemosa, where Chopin was so happy and George Sand hated it – It was lovely looking out from the monastery, into the dimness of the plain below, and the great loose roses of the monastery gardens so brilliant and spreading themselves out – then inside, the cloisters so white and silent We picnicked on the north coast high above the sea, mountainous, and the bluest, bluest sea I ever saw – not hard like peacocks and jewels, but soft like blue feathers of the tit – really very lovely – and no people – olives and a few goats – and the big blueness shimmering to far off, north – lovely Then we went on to Soller, and the smell of orange-blossom so strong and sweet in all the air, one felt like a bee – Coming back over the mountains we stopped in an old Moorish garden, with round shadowy pools under palm trees, and big bright roses in the sun, and the yellow jasmine had shed

so many flowers the ground was brilliant yellow – and nightingales singing powerfully, ringing in the curious stillness. There is a queer stillness where the Moors have been, like ghosts – a bit *morne*, yet lovely for the time – like a pause in life – It's queer, there is a certain loveliness about the island, yet a certain underneath ugliness, unalive. The people seem to me rather dead, and they are ugly, and they have those non-existent bodies that English people often have, which I thought was impossible on the Mediterranean. But they say there is a large Jewish admixture. Dead-bodied people with rather ugly faces and a certain staleness. Curious! But it makes one have no desire to live here. The Spaniards, I believe, have refused life so long that life now refuses them, and they are rancid.

I think we shall stay till towards the end of the month – about a fortnight more – then I want if possible to take a steamer to Alicante or Valencia, and do a trip in Spain – Burgos, Gránada, Córdoba, Seville, Madrid. I don't expect to *like* it immensely – that is, sympathetically. Yet it interests me.

Then perhaps we'll go to the Lago di Garda or perhaps for a week to Forte, to see if there is a house there. Since I don't think I want at all to stay permanently in Spain, we'd better cast round for a house before the real hot weather sets in.

And I wonder how you are getting on in England, how it all seems to you. Somehow, I don't want to come. The cistus flowers are out among the rocks, pink and white, and yellow sea-poppies by the sea. The world is lovely if one avoids man – so why not avoid him! Why not! Why not! I am tired of humanity.

But I hope you are having a good time, and remember me to everybody and send a line.

*To P. R. Stephensen, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
14 May 1929*

Dear Stephensen. I have got the twelve proofs – some not bad, some to weep over. Have written what suggestions I can. It isn't always wise to try to force the man to get nearer the original. If he achieves a pleasing result in a reproduction, one has to accept it and not upset it. I'm sorry

that *Kiss* is a bit of a failure – it becomes trivial in reproduction depends on its treatment

Send me proofs of *Moses* and *Accident in a Mine*, will you please, so I have a complete set

And then from your list you omit *Rape of the Sabine Women* – I suppose you overlooked it So that there are to come

Rape of Sabine Women

Fight with an Amazon

Fauns and Nymphs

Singing of Swans

I'm expecting now to hear from Dorothy Warren If she has no trouble with the show, you should have none with the book After all, what is there to find fault with! If only it goes into America all right, you will sell it easily I'm sure it'll be a book people will want

Looks like the weather may suddenly be piping hot here If so, we shall move next week or week after

Good luck to your *Mandrake* – hope nobody will ever try to pull it up by the roots

Suggestions

Close-Up (Kiss) fairly good – but girl's face too monochrome pink, her arm has lost all life and quality, especially along the bottom of the picture, and the man's shoulder and throat have lost their modelling

Boccaccio Story fair – gone very grey, nuns should be silvery lavender, there should be pink trees in background, and grass on which the man lies should be actual grass, not merely a greyness

Yawning engraved rather black – the colour-relation is wrong, people too brownish and dark, not *lit up* enough, green too blue and heavy – basin too brown

North Sea not bad – nasty flush of pink over the foreground woman – her arm and side water rather dead

Mango Tree lost its glow – the sky gone dead – the man should be more coloured

Haystack The man much too black on his body, especially the dark-grey belly – and the piece of land just beyond him is wrong – this reproduction pretty bad

Fire-dance try to get the flames a little more subtle, and the bodies more glowing, their high-lights more delicate, so that the flesh

shows in contrast to the background and fire The torso of the darker man isn't treated right

Spring Colour and modelling of the foreground is wrong – the bits of blue should suggest blue-bells – the bright green isn't in proper relation

Dance Sketch the dark patch between the man and woman is a mess – the girl's breast has lost its modelling, so has the man's body

Willow Trees this is the most successful reproduction – but too monochrome brown – the green fields should be more emerald, the water more bluey-grey, less *yellow*

Family on a Verandah pick out the high lights on the flesh, so that it glows a little and is not so monochrome and monotone – the man's back and hips are too greenish and background-coloured

Lizard – the whole thing is etched very black and the flesh quality lost

To Aldous Huxley, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
17 May 1929

Dear Aldous Your p c on the 7th reached me today – don't know why it took ten days You should put *Spain* I have sent you a letter and p c lately – hope you have them – we came to this address three weeks ago – We didn't go into that house as I had a shot of malaria and didn't want to risk the climate – but it hasn't come back It's rather lovely here – so fresh and calm and sunny – but there is a certain something about the atmosphere, a human deadness and a foolish ineffectual sort of resistance, to life, which bores me and makes me not want to stay With all their tiresomeness I like the Italians much better, and the French too They are more alive, more frank, more life-generous The Spaniards seem like boxes of something shut up and gone stale We want to leave at end of the month, and hesitate very much whether to take the steamer straight to Marseilles, or whether to get the boat to Alicante, and go to Burgos, Granada, Seville, Córdoba, Toledo and Madrid, then on to Italy Frieda is again moaning for a house, so I think we'll look in Italy – either Massa or Lago di Garda – we may as well try to get something quite soon, so as not to remain in space Maria, what do you *really* think about Massa?

When do you leave for Italy? I must say the Mediterranean is a great

comfort – and there are stretches of wild coast, and little uninhabited bays on this island, really lovely, like the first day of time – only, queerly enough, a bit *haunted* I feel old and sullen ghosts on the air, and am rather frightened

I have seen proofs of most of my pictures – some rather good, some lamentable But I think it'll be a nice book – and they've already got orders for about £2500 worth – orders for all the vellum copies – ten – at £50 each *Figurati* I doubt Stephensen can't give you a copy, so shall give Maria one of mine

*To Robert and Norah Nichols, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
18 May 1929*

Dear Nichols and Mrs Nichols I was very sorry to hear from Nell that you, Robert, had rather crocked up in Paris and gone on being crocked up in England That's really too bad Take it from me, you ought to live in the south, in the sun – not here, I think, but some place like Rapallo, where it's rather lovely and not too far I agree this isn't a good place for work I have tried to paint two pictures – and each time it's been a failure and made me all on edge So I accept the decree of destiny, and shall make no further attempt to work at all while I am in Spain

I think we shall leave this day fortnight on the boat for Alicante, and make a little tour of Spain, and then sail Barcelona to Genoa and look for a house in Italy If we find one, I hope you'll come next winter within reach, that would be fun if we could see one another

It is brilliant and sunny here, but the wind is still cold if you sit in it. We went to Cala Ratjada for a long weekend, with Mrs Murray and Mrs Leopold It is on the N E coast, and in some ways rather lovely, lonely clean little bays with pine trees down to the shore But the queer raw wind caught my chest – yet the sun was amazing, so bright, the sea so pure Mrs Murray and Mrs L are leaving on Tuesday – we have been just four in the hotel – the tall waiter has gone to Paris Now we shall be alone with an elderly American man who giggles and is a fool. But not for long

Send us a line and I do hope you are better I still duly eat the Bemax for breakfast – 'Begin Breakfast, etc –' and I think of you each time

Many good wishes from us both

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
19 May 1929

Dear Brett We had a letter from Jack Young-Hunter asking if we would sell him the ranch, and to name the price, and he would pay cash down. He also said would we *rent* it to him for this month of August. I have written and said that you told me you wanted to buy the place, that you offered five thousand, and that I thought it was rather a high price – and would he write to you to know if you are serious about it. Also I told him to ask you if you would care to let him and his wife stay on the ranch for the month of August anyhow, that I didn't want any rent, but he might pay *you* a little if he – and you – wished. So that's that.

Bitter as it is, and like parting with a lovely stretch of one's youth, it seems to me best to sell the ranch. I feel as if destiny didn't intend me to come back, not permanently, at all. And if we only came for a month or two, we could have a house in Taos.

Now let me know about yourself. If you still want the ranch, can you raise the money? You see Young-Hunter would pay on the nail, and Frieda would be glad, because we shall have to get a house now, and she could get a nice place and fix it up with the ranch money. We shall go back to Italy and get a place there – D V – It seems the only possible thing to do. So let us know.

We want to leave here in a fortnight or so, take a little tour in Spain if possible – then take a ship to Italy, to Genoa, and find a house in some healthy place. It seems the best thing to do – my health improves, but *very* slowly, and the cough is a great nuisance. I wish it was better. But still I must be thankful it doesn't get worse.

I feel it's no good trying to go against one's destiny – and I feel my destiny doesn't let me come back to the ranch – and would never let me come there to stay permanently.

If we sell the place we'll just take out our personal things, blankets, best books, etc, and leave all the rest. But it's sad for all that.

[P S] Did you collect my MSS? And the deeds? I'm telling Mabel about Young-Hunter's offer.

To J M Murry, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,

20 May 1929

Dear Jack Your letter came on here – I had your other one, too, with photographs of the children – felt so distressed about your wife

But you see, my dear chap, leaving aside all my impatience and ‘don’t care,’ I know well that we ‘mussed it,’ as you put it I don’t understand you, your workings are beyond me And you don’t get me You said in your review of my poems ‘this is not life, life is not like that’ And you have the same attitude to the real me Life is not like that – *ergo*, there is no such animal Hence my ‘don’t care’ I am tired of being told there is no such animal, by animals who are merely different If I am a giraffe, and the ordinary Englishmen who write about me and say they know me are nice well-behaved dogs, there it is, the animals are different And the me that you say you love is not me, but an idol of your own imagination Believe me, you don’t love me The animal that I am you instinctively dislike – just as all the Lynds and Squires and Eliots and Goulds instinctively dislike it – and you all say there’s no such animal, and if there is there ought not to be – so why not stick to your position? If I am the only man in your life, it is not because I am I, but merely because I provided the speck of dust on which you formed your crystal of an imaginary man We don’t know one another – if you knew *how* little we know one another! And let’s not pretend By pretending a bit, we had some jolly times, in the past But we all had to pretend a bit – and we could none of us keep it up Believe me, we belong to different worlds, different ways of consciousness, you and I, and the best we can do is to let one another alone, for ever and ever We are a dissonance

My health is a great nuisance, but by no means as bad as all that, and I have no idea of passing out We want to leave next week for a short tour of Spain – then go north So don’t think of coming to Mallorca It is no good our meeting – even when we are immortal spirits, we shall dwell in different Hades Why not accept it But I do hope your wife is getting better and the children are well and gay

*To Mabel Luhan, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
20 May 1929*

Dear Mabel Yes, I think I had all your letters safely – and I have written several

We heard from Jack Young-Hunter this morning that he would like to buy the ranch – would like anyhow to rent it for August to try it out. I have asked him to write to Brett about *her* intentions. I have written her also. She said I was to make *her* the first offer, if ever we thought of selling, and she would pay five thousand dollars. That is a good price, perhaps too much. But could she ever raise the money? It's no good selling her the place if she hasn't a sou. Of course one would only want a fair price from her. What do you consider would be fair? We'd sell right out, horses, saddles, furniture – only take away our personal things. If there is anything of yours, you could reclaim it.

Jack Young-Hunter said he would pay cash down, and that would be nice, because we shall have to get a house, and then Frieda could fix it up as she liked, with the ranch money.

It is bitter to sell the ranch, it is like parting with one's youth. Life is cruel, gives one things, then snatches one away and there is that awful bereft feeling. I don't want to talk about it.

We think to leave here in about a fortnight – perhaps make a little tour in Spain – then go to Italy to find a house. We must live in a house. We are tired of hotels. My health is about the same – certainly no worse – but nothing to crack about.

If you come to Europe in the winter, we might manage a little cruise in the Mediterranean. I should love that – go to Greece, and the isles of Greece, and Crete and Cyprus and perhaps Jerusalem – just move on in short flights.

You see, even if I was really well again, I don't think I should want to come to America to *live* – though I'd dearly love to come to New Mexico for a year or so. But the authorities are so hateful.

Are my MSS. rescued from the ranch, I wonder, and the deeds?

As one gets older, one's choice in life gets limited – one is not free to choose any more.

To Laurence E Pollinger, from *Hotel Principe Alfonso*, Palma de Mallorca,
22 May 1929

Dear Pollinger No, I am not going to die just yet, I hope My bronchials have been acting up and making me swear, these last ten days – but I eat my dinner as usual, and go out to tea and luncheon here and there How anxious they must be to have me dead, my fellow scribes and countrymen! I won't oblige them if I can help

I hear Stephensen's book of my pictures is nearly ready – and apparently he has orders for half of them – perhaps more by now – this was two weeks ago and all the ten vellum copies at 50 guineas ordered Be sure and see the book is properly copyrighted

Well, I hope we'll smooth out all these little businesses for the moment – but this country makes one feel extra pugnacious and disinclined for compliance

[P S] You will see I altered the 250 back to 150, for the nonce!

To Max Mohr, from *Hotel Principe Alfonso*, Palma de Mallorca,
25 May 1929

Dear Max Mohr I was glad to get your letter and to know you were all right I'm sorry about your troubles with the damned publishers It's a pity they don't every single one go bankrupt, and stay there for evermore But I am wondering what sort of weird fantasy your book is When we get to a settled place, do send me the typescript that I can read it And anyhow you have made money with medicine and comedies, and the roof is safe over your head

As for *Lady C*, I'm sorry you have such endless bothers, you must be bored stiff with the affair Rheinverlag or Sauerverlag, damn all their eyes!

I too had great troubles with the *Police*! In England they seized the MSS of my new book of poems, and there was a great row, questions in Parliament and so forth Now the matter has more or less gone quiet – and Martin Secker is publishing the book with twelve poems omitted I shall send you a copy However I shall get a complete edition done at two guineas, *sub rosa*, in London. One must always fight the police and the censors, and fortunately there are always a few fighters 'under the

rose.' Also in about a fortnight my book of paintings will come out – coloured reproductions of 26 paintings, and a long foreword on Modern art – more or less. The reproductions are not very good, I *do* wish they could have been done in Germany. However, they are the best they could manage. The book is to be sold at 10 guineas a copy, with ten copies on vellum – Peigament – at 50 guineas a copy. You know a guinea is 21 marks or 21 shillings. Well there were sixty orders for the copies of 50 guineas – those on vellum. Of course only ten are printed. But this shows you the insanity of this modern collection of books. And a good author can't even get his work printed. Makes me tired! I hate this expensive edition business.

I think we shall take the boat on June 4th to Marseilles, and go from there to Italy, because my wife wants so badly to find a *house*, and she thinks Italy is best. Perhaps it is. Anyhow we can try. I like this island all right, and have been pretty well here, but the human life is dull. My cough is still a great nuisance, I wish it would get better. Yet I am a bit fatter and stronger. I can hardly imagine you have still snow – it has been summer so long here. I'll write again soon – regards to you all.

*To Speiser and Speiser, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
26 May 1929*

My dear Mr Speiser. That is very kind of you, to say you will try to hunt out the pirates of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and of *Sun*. Perhaps you disapprove of my novel – if you have read it – myself, naturally, I stand by it, through all time. But it would be a service to literature if this unabashed piracy were stopped, or even checked. There have appeared at least three pirated editions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in U S A – I have seen copies of two. But I have not seen a copy of the first, the Philadelphia bootleg edition, though I have a description of it – and I hear Terence Holliday sells it steadily. It ought to be more easy to lay hold of the pirates of *Sun*, a short story included in my volume, *The Woman Who Rode Away*, published and copyrighted by Alfred A. Knopf last year. Later a little unexpurgated edition of the story was privately printed in Paris – only very slightly different from the Knopf version – and sold in New York by a bookseller called, I think, Harry Marks. I don't know him. I asked Edwin Rich to see if he could find out who

pirated *Sun* (Rich is manager of Curtis Brown, Ltd, my literary agents in New York) – but I don't know what success he had Also Harry Marks – or Harry B Marks – said he would try to prosecute the same pirates But I hear nothing further

Myself, I write in all honesty and in the sincere belief that the human consciousness needs badly now to have the doors freely opened into the dark chamber of horrors of 'sex' – it is no chamber of horrors really, of course – and I feel the language needs to be freed of various artificial taboos on words and expressions All these taboos and shut doors only make for social insanity I do my work, and take the reward of insult, since it is to be expected But surely all sincere work is worth some bit of protection

If there is any information I can give you, will you please address me c/o Curtis Brown, Ltd, 6 Henrietta St, Covent Garden, London, W C 2

This is quickest And anyhow many thanks for your sympathy

And if you can assure me that the Centaur Bookshop is not concerned in any way in pirating my books, I shall be very glad But tell me if you find it is otherwise It's hard to know

*To E H and A Brewster, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
2 June 1929*

Dear Earl and Achsah Well what a budget! – Harwood falling over a cliff and spraining her ankle (though I want to know *which* precepts of her mother's bore her up from more serious damage) – and a distant cousin who should be dead coming out of an earthquake to claim the family inheritance – and no home once more – and an all-pervading uncertainty No, it won't do Achsah, my dear, you must come to a few decisions *all on your own* Earl is out of the running *pro tem*, and I seriously think Buddha and deep breathing are rather a bane, both of them Now Earl will never fit properly into a normal environment, so it's no use counting on him – As for Harwood being a doctor – if she *wants* to, let her – and if she's going to, then it's high time she began some regular work in preparation, at some regular school or college If it's not going to be America, let it be England But for God's sake do *something* about it – another year has gone by, she's going to be seventeen, and the muddle

only deepens Achsah, it is now up to you This is a question of environment and adaptation to the western world Earl has more or less destroyed his adaptation and dislocated himself from the western environment, with his deep breathing and Buddha He doesn't want to adapt Neither do I, beyond a certain point But up to a point, one must And for Harwood the question is vital If you aren't careful, she'll be a sort of social freak, with no place anywhere Achsah, this is for you to decide, definitely Earl is out of the running Harwood can come back to Buddha and deep breathing later on, if she likes But first give her her chance in the 'normal' world Let her be a doctor if she wants to, and in that case, start out at once with some proper schooling in a school, in England or America

Yes, I like Brewster Ghiselin all right – but I didn't know he called himself my disciple I certainly don't call myself his master I know almost nothing of him, and he knows almost nothing of me – and I feel we're as different as chalk and cheese But people must have their little fancies

We keep lingering on here Now we say we will sail to Marseille on June 11th It is very pleasant here, we know people, the island is extremely calm and lazy, one wastes no energy, and I think it has been good for me So far, it isn't at all too hot – but one feels it may begin to be so It's an excellent climate, no rain, practically, and nearly always sunny If we come to Italy just now, we shall probably go to the Lago di Garda Frieda has a great idea that that's where she wants to be I don't feel any particular urge, but I liked it when we were there before And I certainly think July and August would be too hot here We could come back in the winter if we wished

That little book of poetry *Pansies* should be out this month I will have a copy sent to you

Yes, Brett writes from Taos She had some sort of ructions with Mabel during the winter, but I think it is patched up But anyhow Brett no longer lives on Mabel's place, but has a room in the village – She didn't sell any pictures in New York Now she is showing in Buffalo I expect she has gone up to the ranch now We think, by the way, we might sell the ranch It's too far off

No more news I do hope Harwood's ankle is better, and that you are all cheerful Love from both

*To Ada Lawrence Clarke, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,
2 June 1929*

Sorry you were worried – these fool newspapers! I always say they are pining to announce one's death. But they're too 'previous'. Your garden must be quite a triumph. Lilac was passing when we came here two months ago. They are cutting the corn – it is very dry, and will soon look like autumn. And with you everything is just coming to luxuriance. I think when we *do* settle down to a house, gardening will be my hobby too. But here the earth is as dry as dry rock. I have corrected proofs for Martin Secker – he has omitted about a dozen poems, with my consent – no use raising a fuss – and he expects to get the book out this month. I will see he sends you a copy. But probably I shall get a small private edition issued, complete and unexpurgated, so that the poems appear just as they were written. No definite news yet about the pictures – nor the book of them. I have got proofs of all except one – so I shouldn't be surprised if Stephensen suddenly issues the book this week or next. You see, since the great scare of Jix and suppression, all publishers are terrified of the police – lest they come in and confiscate the whole edition. That would be a terrible loss in the case of my books of pictures, as it has cost about £2000 to produce. But already there are orders for more than half – and the ten copies in vellum at fifty guineas each were ordered six times over. Madness!

To Charles Lahr, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca, 7 June 1929

Dear Lahr. I had your letter. I asked Kot to tell you Secker has no objection to my doing 500 copies of my edition, so we will do 500, but we will not number them. Yes, do leave about a dozen copies for me to give away. And it is a good idea to keep the *Lady C* money to pay the printer etc. But do choose a nice paper, and have the book as well bound as possible. – Secker fixed his date of publication for June 30th, but have not yet received any sheets to sign, from him. Then there is that beastly Knopf in New York, who won't come out, probably, till September, with his edition. Pollinger suggested I shouldn't bring out my edition till 'towards Christmas' – but he can whistle, with his Christmas. We'll come out before then. – An artist here is trying to draw me, with-

out much success I did a drawing of myself in sanguine that is really better, though I don't know if you'll like it But I'll send it in a day or two – when I see what the other man's results are Then you can choose We shan't sail from here now till 18th at the earliest – I hope you have the Introd from Hutch I was wondering if you'd like to print the little introduction to Secker's edition too? it is quite short, you have almost the whole of it on that leaflet I could get Secker to send a complete set of proofs to Davies Original Foreword Foreword to the Public Edition – But do as you think best about that, I don't care either way – About proofs, you needn't really send them to me, if you can revise them carefully yourself I made a few alterations on Secker's proofs – one or two for expurgation, and those of course you would ignore – but a few I made in the poems I will get Secker to send a complete set of revised proofs, and then if someone would read the poems aloud to you, from Secker's proofs, you could make the alterations That would really be best – The poems that belong to your edition only, I don't want to alter – Secker is leaving out those three – 'What matters' 'Be a Demon' 'Jeune Fille' I'll see you have the drawing in a day or two, if I have to slave and do another myself Alas, drawing my own face is unpleasant to me

Thanks for sending the Baldwin letter – a bit of cheek, that. Anyway, for the moment he's out They say Ramsay has gone to the King at Windsor Hope they won't be a lot of Willy wet-legs, the Labourites.

I'm not telling anybody about your edit – Pollinger is very curious, but he can stay so

How's the man getting on with Our Lady?

[P.S.] We shall be here – D V – till 18th of this month

Baldwin is Stanley Baldwin, recent Prime Minister, Ramsay is the then Prime Minister, J Ramsay MacDonald, whom Lawrence apparently met, years before, at W E Hopkin's home in Eastwood

To Charles Lahr, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca,

15 June 1929

Dear Lahr My wife will come to London, arrive there probably Saturday, 22nd We are due to leave on Tuesday for Marseilles I shall give her the drawings and photographs, you can choose which you like. I like best the big head in red chalk, done by myself – I think it is *basically*

like me But my wife thinks it is awful – chiefly because she doesn't understand – and prefers the seated figure drawings by Tom Jones, which I think rather trivial, and bad in the sticking on of the head But I don't really care which you choose – use even a photograph if you wish – anyhow if you use one of my sketches, don't say it's by me – Do get a better paper – get quite a good paper, not thick, but white and strong – and I quite like a half-limp sort of paper or parchment cover, creamy, with title in black and red, and covered in a permanent wax-paper The cover consists only of stiffened good paper and parchment, folded down, with a flyleaf inside, and covered again in wax-paper The Black Sun Press in Paris did my *Sun* that way – and will do another story I'm glad you and Davies will correct proofs – Thanks for the *Adelphi* – Murry wrote me very emotionally – he understands quite a lot, but I wouldn't trust him for a moment – which is depressing – As for Max Plowman and *Everyman*, who is Max Plowman and why should *Everyman* be such a cringing mongrel?

I still agree 2 guineas for the price – and whether you number the copies or not, I don't care Anyhow don't say anything about America

I'll send you an address next week – Wonder so much how my picture show went – do hope there was no interference

[P S] The post is very erratic here, for everybody They say it's the exhibition in Barcelona – I have signed and returned the 250 sheets for Secker

*To Dorothy Warren, from Pensione Giuliani, Viale Morin, Forte dei Marmi,,
Italy, 24 June 1929*

Dear Dorothy I received the enclosed telegram Saturday night – had it repeated this morning – am not much further I still don't know who wrote it – did you? – and what I am to reply to – there is a reply paid Anyhow I am glad the show is a success though whether you sold 17 paintings or 17 *painting-books* I still don't know If you haven't already sold 'Boccaccio Story' and 'Red Willow Trees' and 'A Holy Family,' please don't sell them, I very much want to keep them Stephensen said they would buy 'Boccaccio Story,' but I shall tell him I want to keep it I am sure you have worked heroically, and are worn out. I do hope you feel it's been worth it

I suppose by now you will have seen Frieda, and heard whatever she has to say. But send me a line of definite news

To G Orioli from Forte dei Marmi, Italy, 'Wednesday' [?3 July 1929]

Dear Pino Thank you for sending the trunk. It hasn't come yet, but I hope the *corrière* will bring it today

Maria Cristina wears me out rather – so she is going to Pisa tomorrow, to stay the night there, and come on to Florence on Friday. She will arrive at 13.15, but I don't think there is any need for you to meet her, if you will just engage her a room at the *Moderno* for Friday at 1.15, she can drive there in a *vettura*

I expect I shall come on Saturday, by the same train. Shall I really stay with you in your flat? I should like to. But don't meet me either at the station, it is so easy to drive to you

Sorry the dinner was dull. Here Maria and Yvonne Franchetti were very *cattive* with M. C. – but suddenly Maria changed, and became patronisingly sweet. They are still wondering when you are going to Montecatini with Aldous. A few more people on the beach – all so terribly aware of *themselves* and their beastly bodies. Well I shall be glad to escape an atmosphere of women, women, women, and see you again.

To Charles Lahr, from 6 Lungarno Corsini, Florence, 9 July 1929

Dear L. The parcels of sheets came today, safely. I will address them to Rhys Davies, 4 Fitzroy Square – by registered printed-matter mail. If I seal them letter-post they may hold them and make more fuss, asking if they contain contraband.

Bit of a blow about the pictures – Hear my wife is staying on – is she at the Kingsley?

Thanks for the cuttings – you might get somebody to write to *Daily News* and ask if Sylvia Lynd made the misquotation on purpose

Don't make it in ghastly seriousness

(Don't) do it because you hate people

– the *don't* omitted from the quotation – which gives an ugly face to the thing. That's the way they do me harm all the time – Shall send parcels today or tomorrow

To Maria Huxley, from Florence, 10 July 1929

You have heard of the catastrophe, of course – 13 pictures seized and in gaol – yours among them – and threatened to be burnt – *auto-da-fe* – you have no luck in that picture Frieda is staying on in London, don't know how long – had a telegram, nothing else Arrived with a nasty cold, in bed two days – *miseria* – guess I got it sitting too late on the beach on Friday, as it was all in my legs and lower man – better now – out this evening for the first time Shall leave Sunday or Monday, I think for Bavaria – not at all hot here, by good luck – more anon

The pictures exhibited at the gallery of Dorothy Warren and her husband Philip Trotter were removed to the basement of the Marlborough Street police court, where they were to be 'tried' by Magistrate Frederick Mead, aged 82

To Dorothy Warren, from Hotel Porta Rossa, Florence, 14 July 1929

Dear Dorothy Your long and very interesting letter this morning Lord, what a go! But I think it's a mistake to want to go to High Court What to do? prove that the pictures are not obscene? but they are not, so how prove it? And if they go against you there, then more is lost than will be got back in years No no, I want you to accept the compromise I do not want my pictures to be burned, under any circumstances or for any cause The law, of course, must be altered – it is blatantly obvious Why burn my pictures to prove it? There is something sacred to me about my pictures, and I will not have them burnt, for all the liberty of England I am an Englishman, and I do my bit for the liberty of England But I am most of all a man, and my first creed is that my manhood and my sincere utterance shall be inviolate and beyond nationality or any other limitation To admit that my pictures should be burned, in order to change an English law, would be to admit that sacrifice of life to circumstance which I most strongly disbelieve in No, at all costs or any cost, I don't want my pictures burnt No more crucifixions, no more martyrdoms, no more *autos da fe*, as long as time lasts, if I can prevent it Every crucifixion starts a most deadly chain of Karma, every martyr is a Laocoon snake to tangle up the human family Away with such things

I want you to get my pictures back If you have to promise never to show them again in England, I do not care England can change its mind

later if it wants to – it can never call back a burnt picture. If the things *are* burnt, I shall not break my heart. But I shall certainly have much less hope of England, and much less interest in it.

If you want to arrange a show in Germany, and can, I don't mind, but I am not keen that you should do it. I should like you soon to wind up the show altogether – sell the pictures at much better prices, if there are purchasers. If there are no purchasers, I am just as well content, I have no need and no desire to sell. You can have 'Contadini' for £20, if that is the one you want – it is a favourite of mine. I want you to give 'North Sea' (of course, if you recover them) to St John [Hutchinson], for Maria Huxley, according to long promise. Ottol wants to buy 'Dandelions' for £20. About the disposal of the others I will write you in detail when you are ready to close the show. But we want to take a house in France or Italy this autumn, and I shall have most of the pictures back to hang in the rooms, as at the Mirenda. I am most grateful for all you and Philip Trotter have done, but now it is about enough, and anything else will be in the nature of an anti-climax – *Tante belle còse!*

To E. H., A. and H. Brewster, from Hotel Goldner Lowen, Lichtenthal,
bei Baden-Baden, Germany, 19 July 1929

Dear Earl and Achsah and Harwood. You see where we are – and I have Achsah's room, Frieda has Earl's, and the *Schwiegermutter* has one of ours. It's pretty hot, but the garden cool and still, rather lovely. In the *Kurpark* flowers everywhere, millions of roses – we eat in the garden – and Germany seems very quiet and easy. But the women want to go next week up to the Plattig, about an hour's drive, 3000ft. It may be nice – but the high places are all pretty crowded, whereas Baden is rather empty still.

If Achsah and Harwood come this way, we really must contrive to meet and have a confab. Harwood, I had your poem, and one side of my face was laughing at you, and the other was touched – If you really want to be a doctor, do insist now on a school, and start in – really don't delay any longer – Achsah, I'm so sorry you were not well – it's these wearing indecisions. I still think the best is for you either to go to America or to find yourself a house on Capri, even if it's only a little bit of a place. – I liked Mallorca, but I'm not sure I should like to *live* there,

and I'm certain you wouldn't I like very much the French coast between Toulon and Marseilles – Bandol, Cassis – but Frieda didn't care for it, and I'm sure you'd think it ugly Better a small place on Capri where you *know* you like it – and then stop fretting about anywhere else – Frieda of course is still pining for her Florence district – I was there a day or two, and it seemed so familiar and friendly We *might* try the Impruneta – it is fairly high Italy seemed to me gone very flat, the short while I was there – but not unpleasant, really nicer But gone deflated, like a deflated tyre

I suppose you heard my picture show was raided in London – after over 12,000 people had been to it – and the police seized 13 pictures as being obscene – which pictures now lie in gaol under threat of being *burnt* England my England! Did ever you know such hypocrisy That 'Accident in a Mine' which I did in Gsteig seized for obscene – it is too crassly stupid But now the police hate me – for *Pansies* too – I suppose you have your copy now – expurgated perforce

My mother-in-law sends greetings and wants to thank you for your book Write to the Ludwig-Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden, as we may leave here next Tuesday or Wednesday I suppose, now we are here, we shall spend the summer in Germany – perhaps go to Bavaria in August But write me all your news – Love!

To Laurence E Pollinger, from Hotel Goldner Lowen, Baden-Baden,
20 July 1929

Dear Pollinger Well, here we are, all right – it was so hot yesterday, we just did nothing, but last night a long and lurid thunderstorm poured out endless white electricity and set us free – now it's delicious and cool and fresh

I hear there is *another* edition (pirated) of *Lady C* about to appear in Philadelphia, *illustrated* this time. My hat! what will it be like

This is a nice old *Gasthaus*, quiet rooms on the garden, 9 marks a day pension Lichtenthal is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Baden, but it joins on now and is incorporated – and there is the tram Even I can remember when it was a separate village The tram only takes a few minutes – or you can walk along the Lichtenthaler-Allee, under the trees by the Oos, all the way Baden itself is incurably 1850, with the romance and the pathos and the

bathos of Turgenev rather than Dostoevsky Just now the trees are very green, the roses very pink and very numerous, the fountains very white, the visitors not many, and the music also a little pathetic It would amuse you for a little while But my wife and her mother want us to go on Wednesday up to the Plattig – about 3000 feet up – only an hour or so drive from here Everybody is crazy for altitude – except me, and I don't like it very much But I think every hill-top in Germany over 2000 feet must be crowded with Germans, stepping heavenwards. That's why Baden is comparatively empty I don't know if you'd like to come to the Plattig – have never been there myself – and I don't know how long we shall stay I'll tell you, and perhaps if it's nice you'll come. Or come here when we descend again I'm sure you'd like the Lowen, and Baden-Baden, for a bit Germany seems to me, here, very quiet, prosperous, cheaper, and not so shoving or assertive any more You must come for a week or so, either to the Plattig, or to here Better write to the Ludwig-Wilhelmstift

To G Orioli, from Hotel Goldner Lowen, Baden-Baden, 'Monday'
[?22 July 1929]

Dear Pino Suddenly I have the bright idea that the *first* version of *Lady C* may be the right one for Knopf and Secker I believe it has hardly any fucks or shits, and no address to the penis, in fact hardly any of the root of the matter at all You remember the first version is the one you had bound for Frieda, and it is in your flat I wish you would just glance through the so-called hot parts, and tell me how hot they are I'm sure they are hardly warm And I'm sure I could expurgate the few flies off of that virgin ointment – whereas *our Lady C* I cannot, absolutely cannot, even begin to expurgate

If you think we can go ahead with the first version for the public edition, then perhaps you had better send me the MS along I suppose I shall have to have it all typed out, since the whole thing will be different from *our Lady* Perhaps I can find a typist here in Germany I shall not risk sending the MS to England

It's pretty hot here – especially in the afternoon But the evening and night and morning are cool The hotel is very pleasant – an old *Gasthaus* with a garden and trees, where we sit out all day and drink beer and do

nothing But the women want to go up to a higher altitude, either the Plattig – about an hour from here – or Herrenalb, a bit further Frieda is going to look at the Plattig this morning

She is very well, and as usual, pretends to love it here, and as usual, secretly rather hates it The Germans are most curious They love things just because they think they have a sentimental reason for loving them – *das Heimatland, der Tannenbaum, das Brummele, das Bachlein* – the very words send a German into a swoon of love, which is as often as not entirely false They make up their feelings in their heads, while their *real* feelings all go wrong That's why Germans come out with such startling and really silly bursts of hatred It's the result of never living from their *real* feelings, always from the feelings they invent in their heads And that's why, as a bourgeois crowd, they are so monstrously ugly My God, how ugly they can be! And it's because they *never* live direct from their spontaneous feeling, except in the matter of eating and drinking, God help us!

I wish you were here to laugh at them with me I daren't say much to Frieda – she really hates them worse than I do, and flies into a state My God, why are people *never* straightforward!

But the garden is so pleasant and still and green, the food is good, my mother-in-law is 78, and quiet now I go by myself to the *Kurhaus*, and sit under the trees listening to the orchestra and looking at the amazing grotesques of people But I should go much oftener if you were here to go with me – The world is fantastic

I do hope you are not killing yourself in that hole of a Montecatini Don't die of heart-failure to cure your liver – I do so wonder if Aldous is with you – Don't forget the Impruneta
[P S] How is Douglas?

The First Lady Chatterley was not published until 1944, in New York, where after some legal troubles it was at last allowed to circulate freely

To Charles Lahr, *Kurhaus, Plattig, bei Buhl, Baden, Germany*,
25 July 1929

Dear Lahr Here we sit, wife, *Schwiegermutter und ich*, 750 m hoch im Schwarzwald, among 150 Kurgäste um 11 Mark am Tag – and I really hate it I hate *Kurhauser* – I hate *Tannenwald* – I hate *Sommerfrischler* – and we're

due to stay at least till August 5th. Then we'll go down – and I shall *not* stay in Baden to amuse the old *Stiftsdamen*

But this is really a note to say, perhaps not send out or let out any *Pansies* till the business of the Mead and the Trotter has been heard on August 8th – don't you think it would be better? If anything went wrong, everything would be much worse all round – I hope Stephensen & Co. won't *talk*. It is talk that starts the John Bullpups yapping

I feel too bored and irritated by this last business to write anything serious against the Squirearchies and Noahsarkies. I can only let off a few *Pansies* – *Nettles*, rather – against them – and I do that – but I can't take them prosily

Am pining, of course, to see *Pansies* all abloom! Send me here – or when you do send – only two copies. I do hope all will be well

'Squirearchies' In an earlier letter to Lahr, apparently written on 16 July, Lawrence wrote that the latest issue of the *London Mercury*, edited by J. C. Squire, had not yet arrived, Lawrence told Lahr, 'Must find some way of getting back at Squire – think of a revenge for me', Squire and his *Mercury* had in recent years persistently attacked Lawrence

To John Cournos, from Kurhaus Plattig, Baden, 28 July 1929

Dear Cournos. Your letter came today. No, I never got [Cournos's] *O'Flaherty the Great* – expect somebody else did. Life is more or less serving a sentence anywhere in the thick of the 'civilized' world today. I am rather hating it here just now – don't come to Germany.

Where we shall be by end of August I don't know – probably somewhere south of the Alps again. As the rather doddering Ford observes, I prefer the Mediterranean. I hadn't seen that review – thanks for sending it – rather impotent and elderly. Why do poets in particular go so soon elderly and impotent? Is it poetry, or lack of it? Poor John Gould [Fletcher] is always talking about being buried in Arkansas – well, if Arkansas is willing, why not? I will send you a copy of *Lady C* to Paris – the little Paris edition pub. at 60 francs for me by Edward Titus in his shop behind the Dôme Café, *rue Delambre*. I'll put an inscription in it – if I forget remind me. But c/o Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St, Covent Garden, W.C.1, is safer for forwarding than Secker. No, I haven't got away from Alfred A. [Knopf] yet, but I want to, and shall as soon as I can clear my contract. He refused to take up *Collected Poems* so

I've done with him But am afraid just for the sake of being nasty he'd figure me at more than \$150, so I'll go a bit slow and get cheaper I suppose you saw the police raided my picture show I am so infinitely bored by a world of *crasses*, I am neither writing nor painting, but letting the clock go round – and my health, as ever, is merely so-so I have decided that the human race is a mistake – one of evolution's mistakes, since God can't make 'em – but don't let it worry me overmuch Don't you leave your wife if you don't want to, is my advice to any man – Well I hope this will catch you before you leave the land of hope and glory, and probably we'll meet in the course of the winter, though don't expect to get golden truths out of me

'Doddering Ford' Ford Madox Ford

To G. Orioli Kurhaus Plattig, from Baden, 29 July 1929

Dear Pino I have corrected the [Lasca] proofs and am sending them back at once Will you just glance through them?

Yes, I had Dorothy's long and senseless letter but only one card, from Aldous, none from you – I can't be bothered with the Victor Cunard nonsense of telephones The case of the pictures is postponed until August 8th, so nothing to do till then Fancy, Secker could not supply all his orders for that swindling 250 edition [of *Pansies*, expurgated] – over-subscribed He is now selling the third thousand of the ordinary 10/6 edit – good for poetry

Don't bother to send on the *Dials* By the way, those are the last numbers, it is now dead

I shall send you Jonathan Cape's *Collected Poems* of mine, for you to keep for me with my books Heinemann is doing 'The Man Who Loved Islands' in an expensive edition, and giving me £300 down – The Random Press doing that Introduction to the Paris *Lady C* at \$4 a copy swindle, such a little thing! – Lahr will have his *Pansies* [unexpurgated] ready this week, but I ask him not to let them out till after August 8th when the pictures will be tried – they are still in prison Dorothy continues the show – foolishly –

It rains and rains here, and is bitter cold I have to lie under the great feather bolster on my bed, to be warm I have got a cold, and I simply hate it here We shall go down in a day or two – and perhaps to Bavaria

– or perhaps to Como I wish I was in Florence, it is so cold and awful here

Titus doesn't want me to do an expurgated *Lady C* – everybody else does

Send me all the news

To Nancy Pearn, from Kurhaus Plattig, Baden, 2 August 1929

Dear Nancy Pearn I am sending you the article which *Everyman* asked me to write for their series – *A Religion for the Young* This is my idea of a religion for the young – don't know if they'll print it – and don't care very much, for I have a rather poor opinion of *Everyman* – and I'm sure they can pay nothing But it's a nice article, much too good for them, so take care of it for me, and please read the beginning and correct my quotations where wrong

And no good asking me to do stories of anything else just now – I'm quite out of mood I hate it here – it's bitter cold, rainy, pine woods black as hell, and 150 *Kurgaste* in this hotel, somehow weighs on my spirits horribly I don't feel 'good' in Germany this time However, we are going down from this *beastly* mountain tomorrow – we are here for my mother-in-law's sake, she is 78, and insanely only thinks of clutching at life to live till she's 100 It's too awful But tomorrow we go down to more normal life

Hotel Lowen, Lichtenthal bei Baden-Baden Be so good as to tell the other depts will you – though I think we shall stay only about a week – then go south probably to Lake Como, for I feel no good at all here don't feel well icy wind has cut my chest, after we had stewed in heat down in the valley Ye gods!

I was thinking of those articles – essays – of mine which Murry printed in the *Adelphi* – four or five, a few years ago I wonder if you have copies of them They would come in handy for a book I have no copies of them, but Murry would have And I expect he'd tell you exactly what articles of mine he ever printed There must be *lots* that are not on your list There must be quite enough for a book, really.

I've got a little novel – but I want to rewrite it – if ever I get into the mood It's about 30,000 words I suppose

Dear Pino The MS of *Lady C* came yesterday – many thanks for sending it Of course I still don't want to make a *castrato* public edition, and doubt if I shall bring myself to do it If the dirty public haven't the guts to get hold of the existing edition, let them do without Why should I trim myself down to make it easy for the swine! I loathe the gobbling public anyhow – I shall not in any case send this MS to England – shall send it back to you Now I am sending the Amer *Collected Poems* for you to keep for me

It has rained and been bitter cold all the time we have been up here on this beastly mountain, and I have hated it, and only stayed because my mother-in-law got into a frenzy at the thought of going down, because she says it does her so much good here and gives her so much strength – *es gibt mir Kraft, Kraft!* – She is 78, and is in a mad terror for fear she might die, and she would see me or anyone else die ten times over, to give her a bit more strength to drag on a few more meaningless years. It is so ugly and so awful, I nearly faint I have never felt so down, so depressed and ill, as I have here, these ten days awful! What with that terrible old woman, the icy wind, the beastly black forest, and all the other depressing and fat guests – really, one wonders that *anyone* should be so keen to live, under such circumstances I know I'm not

But tomorrow we are going down, and it will be better We shall stay a week or so in the Hotel Lowen, Lichtenthal bei Baden-Baden It is better there – I can sit in the *Gaststube* where the men come in from the village to drink their beer and smoke their pipes, and I can escape a bit this awful atmosphere of old women who devour the life of everything around them Truly old and elderly women are ghastly, ghastly, eating up all life with hoggish greed, to keep themselves alive They don't mind who else dies I know my mother-in-law would secretly gloat, if I died at 43 and she lived on at 78. She would feel an ugly triumph It is this kind of thing which does kill one

I think we shall stay in the *Lowen* about a week, then come south again to Lake Como I feel I can't stand much more Germany It's given me a bad blow this time – Take care of Mumsey, I believe she kills one's life too

Don't send me Lorenzo di Medici till I get somewhere where I am more at ease and cheerful At present I can do *nothing* except write a few stinging *Pansies* which this time are *Nettles* I shall call them nettles

Do see what there is at Impruneta And the *fattore* at the Villa Mirenda told Frieda last autumn that he knew of lots of nice villas she would like He seemed a decent man Carlo could get his name and address from the Salvestrini

[P S] If it's nice on Como, you might come and join us there! – Still rainy and cold here

*To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Hotel Lowen, Lichtenthal, Baden-Baden,
6 August 1929*

Dear Aldous and Maria We had both your letters – up on that beastly Plattig that I loathed so much, and where I nearly perished of cold if I put my nose out of doors – the hotel being heated up Horrible! Save me from *Hohelufkurorte* It is quite nice here – an old inn, we sit in the garden and eat fat red plums – and the weather is just right, sunny and just pleasant for meals out of doors

Aldous, I didn't know Frieda had been turning her heavy artillery on you She only confessed very proud of herself, after I had your letter Anyhow, let's hope it'll be another shot in the bows of the old buffers, your article

I haven't any news – the case is supposed to be on Thursday – I expect, anyhow, they'll burn the four books just to show that they can burn something – their own fingers also, I hope Am exceedingly bored by it all, and wish I had never had a show Never again But one does forget what they are like, the swine people

The *Pansies* unexpurgated are ready and will be sent to you this week, I expect I must say they've made rather an awful book of it, filled up the pages like a cheap printed report, and paper absolutely scarce I pity the poor devils who pay £2 a copy – but I can't help it Stephensen lent his name as printer, but he'll look down his nose when he sees how badly the book is planned and executed I'm disappointed – but I can't help it

I wonder how you are feeling up in your mountains I felt rotten here – I hope you won't also get cold and rain I am seeing a doctor, so we shall probably be two more weeks here at least After that, I don't know I felt

incapable of a plan Only this autumn I *want* to find a house, either in Italy or Marseilles I think Italy for preference – I hear the Crosbys sent Frieda a gramophone to Italy – I hope not c/o you, or you'll have all the fuss I so carefully asked him, *please* to send *nothing* till we had a house – but there you are! People! They are still in Paris

I feel very *piano* here in Germany and incapable of much A *Gesangsverein* is just arriving with oak-wreaths round their heads and red ribbons – so we shall have music wherever we go, like the Lady of Banbury Cross People do make efforts to keep it up

To G Orioli, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden, 7 August 1929

Dear Pino I am returning the *Lasca* proofs at once – it will be a good thing when it is all printed and you can go ahead as you please

We are down here, much nicer than up that mountain It is warm, but not a bit hot, we sit in the garden most of the day Frieda still cannot walk much – she is having massage for her foot I am going to the doctor also – he says the lung is better, but the asthma is bad all of which I know myself and that I ought to live in the South near the sea, and not go up high mountains – which I also know And still I feel rather feeble, and my bronchials are the devil But I suppose we shall stay two more weeks here, to finish the doctoring I *don't* think we shall go to Bavaria We'll come South over the Gothard, and if Florence is hot, we'll stay a bit on Lake Como, and you can come and see us there I like Lake Como And then we can all go back to Florence together

It will be great fun if we can find a house and have ducks and goats I've never tried my hand yet at pigs, but why not? They must be nicer than human ones We might even make bacon, and hang a long flitch against the wall My father always said that was the beautifullest picture on a wall – a flitch of bacon! – and Boccaccio could hang opposite – all the carnal sins together

I've done some nice stinging nettles, and let's hope they'll sting the arses of all the Meads and Persians of shiny London I shall read them to you – Also I have got a copy of Lahr's *Pansies*, and I must say, it's rather awful – he didn't supply enough paper, and the print almost bursts out of the pages, it is so crowded I must say, I had a bad ten minutes when I saw it But it's not my fault Lahr didn't buy enough paper But how

can he have been so stupid as to let the pages be ciammed up as they are! The man can have no eye at all Lamentable!

The case is tomorrow I expect they'll burn the four books anyhow I really come to hate the hypocritical swine

Poor Miss Mollet – when you were teasing her at Pasquale's about becoming a baroness, she said It's all very well his talking about a baroness, but I'm a barren woman anyhow Sh! don't tell him! – True enough – but it would be wise if she had a set of children living on top of the Lungarno Acciaiuoli, as well Most women should be barren

Did Aldous promise to do Machiavelli? I haven't the energy to do a thing, here – no go at all

Tell me all about Vingone and the Salvestrini – that will interest me I'm sure Florence is better than Vallombrosa

Wiedersehen!

[P S] The man Barnet B Ruder now offers 3000 dollars for MS of *Lady C* – but I shall not sell – Also I shall *not* make an expurgated edition at all – shall send the MS back to you

To Hilda Doolittle, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden, 10 August 1929

Dear Hilda Your note this morning – here are a few bits – the typed poems crossed out in red are omitted from Secker's *Pansies* – these bits I have written out from some oddments I have changed a word or two in the typed poems, to make them possible Now do as you like – take or leave what you like – You won't really like any of them, but you can't get blood out of a stone

We're here for another ten days or so, I expect, then really I must go south My cough is a great nuisance, and it is very damp and steamy here in Baden – not good weather

Where we shall be in the autumn I don't know – but probably somewhere in Italy – But now it's more than ten years since we met, and what should we have to say? God knows! Nothing, really It's no use saying anything That's my last conviction Least said, soonest mended which assumes that the breakage has already happened

Douglas is in Australia, not very well and not happy Arabella I hear is in Paris – she's not in a good way at all, poor Arabella

Hilda Doolittle (H D) was editing, with Richard Aldington, a retrospective *Imagist Anthology*, which came out in 1930

To G Orioli, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden, 10 August 1929

Dear Pino Here are the last proofs of Lasca – I hope you had the others, I sent them off at once About the notes – if you will send me a complete set of page proofs, with the lines numbered, I will do them I have your list, and the Foinaciari book, and the Biagi – About the lines – I am afraid they may run up clumsily into thousands and thousands Perhaps the best would be to number each page afresh – it would be very simple – then in the notes we could put p 12 line 15 or whatever it is – and the numbering will be very easy But as you like

I had telegrams to say Pictures to be returned, books to be burned Let them burn their own balls, the fools This has given me a great sickness of England I begin to loathe my ‘nice’ fellow-countrymen, especially their niceness

Here it isn’t hot – and it rains – at least it rained yesterday and Thursday, and today is all grey and gloomy – the Black Forest is as black as its name, my cough is a great nuisance, and I am miserable I go to the doctor – he says my lung is healed, but my bronchials and asthma only a little better – and I ought to live by the sea I can hardly believe it is hot in Florence – here seems so grey and like the beginning of winter I want to come south soon – in ten days’ time – to Lugano, and then Bellagio or somewhere on Como where you can join us if it’s not very hot Anyhow a little heat seems to be better for me than this damp

Frieda of course is pining to rush away to Impruneta – she is never happy in Germany

Don’t stay long under Mumsie’s wing – that must be more stifling than Florence, even – *Ciao!*

To Catherine Carswell, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden,

12 August 1929

Dear Catherine I was glad to have your letter today and to know you really do like the pictures It pleases me very much when people genuinely respond to them and you know, the peasants love them, at the Mirenda and the proprietress of the hotel at Bandol loved the four I did there – and the postman, an intelligent young Swiss, used to stand and stare at those I painted in Gsteig It never occurred to any of them to

be shocked Yet people who called themselves my dear friends were not only shocked but *mortally offended* by them But they were just *bourgeois* I could see my sister Ada genuinely loved them There seems to be no middle line

The police-case business bores and disgusts me and makes me feel I never want to send another inch of work to England, either paint or pen Why are those *morons* and *canaille* allowed to insult one *ad lib*, while one is defenceless? England is a lily-livered country, when it comes to purity

Your Whitman joke is amusing, but alas! it would only be played once more at my expense These people are nastier than you imagine, and it only needs a little more to start them putting pressure on the French or Italian Govts to prosecute me for producing and issuing obscenity I do not want to find myself in gaol, as a final insult – with a little vague sympathy in the far distance. No, for God's sake, leave my unfortunate name alone just now

I am glad you are out of the studio and having a rest from housework, and getting along with Burns What a thrill when the book is finally done

We shall stay here a little longer, then begin to move south We want to go to Italy to find a house – it's becoming imperative to have some sort of place of our own Meanwhile, it's really very nice here – an old inn with garden quiet and shady, where one can sit all day if one likes

No, the trouble is, once the police attack you, you are entirely at their mercy – so there it is

[P.S.] The poem is delightful – but I don't understand all the words

The poem was a love dialogue by Dunbar

To G Orioli, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden, 12 August 1929

Dear Pino I think Lasca will make a very nice book – I like the title page *particularly*, and the old boy himself Now if you send me the proofs with the lines numbered, I will do the notes and it is finished

I believe Aldous will do Machiavelli – he can't afford to sneeze at £300 And I was thinking you might ask Aldington to do a vol – preferably of poetry. You might even ask him to do Lorenzo de'

Medici, I shall have my hands full of Lasca, and I believe we shall need to keep our promise and put out the other two suppers. You could write him. Malthouse Cottage, *Padworth nr Reading*, Berks, England. Though I believe he is in Paris, and tell him I told you.

I am glad you saw the Salvestrini – I believe if we had known them better we should have found them very good people. I shall send them a card from here. Of course the Pini always did everything for us, so the Salvestrini were jealous – I wish you would speak to the *fattore* – I never knew him – you remember we had that old scoundrel in brown most of the time we were there. But this man is much more a gentleman, and if you ask him he will call at your shop and you can have a chat – much better than I can write to him – and if we give him trouble to no final purpose, then of course we'll give him 20 liras or 30 or whatever you think well, for his pains.

By the way, Miller and Gill, being tackled by Enid Hilton and Goldston, said they had now sent off a cheque to you. Have you got it? The lars made excuse that they had received no invoice, and didn't know whom to pay nor what to pay.

I suppose you have seen the papers about the pictures – the nasty insolence makes me simply ill. They may well leave the culture of the country to such *canaille*.

Maria wrote – only telling Frieda that they cared more about me than my pictures, and Lawrence dead would be good for no pictures, no books, and nothing. How they do all like to dwell on the thought of my being dead! but everybody alike. They have determined I shall die. So of course I shall live a hundred years, and put wreaths on all their graves. Maria says Aldous isn't very well, and they are not happy on that mountain. Also she says he takes his paints to the top of the mountain at evening – so I suppose he does the landscape in the setting sun. At Forte he used to draw Maria in the nude – lying on the bed. I know because she used to complain how cold she got. So we can expect Ingrès at least, and Turner.

It is quite nice weather here, sunny but not hot. Last night Frieda celebrated her 50th birthday – a party of nine, and Bowle 'Trout', Duck – very good. But she is never in a good temper in Germany, so Maria had better look out!

Bowle Spiced wine.

To Ada Lawrence Clarke, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden, 12 August 1929

How well I remember that cold Flamborough, which I loved, and Robin Hood's Bay, which I thought so beautiful! I have been to the doctor too, the one who examined me two years ago. He says my lung is much better, much healed up, and the bronchial condition better, but still bad – and asthma bad. He now says not to go to altitudes – before he said up to 3000 ft. Now he says the sea – and I know that's best – the Mediterranean, that is – not those cold seas.

We had telegrams from Dorothy [Warren] and from the lawyer, but so far, not a single letter about the case. It seems curious. I have seen two English newspapers – disgusting, how one is insulted! I shall not forgive it easily, to my white-livered lot! Thank God I needn't live among them, even to hear their beastly mingy British voices. Of course it makes us both very angry – a lot of rats with long tails! However, the best will be to forget it as soon as possible. No, I don't want to sell them [the pictures]

To Dorothy Warren, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden, 14 August 1929

Dear Dorothy. We haven't received any letter from you, after the telegram when the case was settled. Today only Percy Robinson's letter arrived, written on the ninth. Why it should have been five days on the way, when ordinary letters take two days, I don't know.

He, however, insists that the pictures which are to be returned to me should be packed up at once and sent to me, out of England. Of course there are those that are sold – and then 'North Sea' to go to Maria Huxley, either via Hutchinson or direct to Paris. Then there is one promised to Enid Hilton, and the 'Dance Sketch' was promised to Frieda's daughter Elsa, and 'Renascence of Men' to Monty. And you were having one – 'Contadini' – and Mary Hutchinson one. It won't leave many to be sent back. But I don't know if you are free to dispose even of these. Anyhow I will send you a definite Florence address in a day or two, that you can forward those returning ones to me as soon as they are packed up.

Then I wish you would close the show altogether. My sister Mrs Clarke will take care of all the big pictures you still have hanging in the

gallery, and I will write you about the disposal of the smaller ones I must think out carefully, which they are

Well, Dorothy, there is the end of my first, and probably my last picture show in England I must say it leaves me feeling depressed and nauseated – so many insults, such silly extravagance of insults, and a meek or gloating public Heaven helps him who helps himself, and really, the English seem as if they can't help themselves A lily-livered lot that's where all their purity lies Alas, that they should be a nation of poltroons, in the face of life! But that's what they are bossed by the witless *canaille* and offweepings of a dead 19th century

Well, I'm sure you feel a bit weary and depressed and bitter also The sooner we wind the whole thing up, the better Take the 'Contadini' then for love, for money is a weariness too *Mañana es otro día!* We'll come back in triumph one day – you see But at the moment, I'm sick

My regards to Philip

To Caresse Crosby, from Hotel Lowen, Lichtenthal, Baden-Baden, 'Thursday'
[?15 August 1929]

Dear Caresse The proofs came at lunch-time – I have already done head-piece and little tail-piece for Part I Shall have a go at the others tomorrow and forward to you as quickly as possible I wish you would send me two more sets of proofs, for my use – at your leisure And tell me what terms you have arranged with Marks because he must not sell this too cheap – I should say \$10 since Random House charges \$4 for that foreword to the Paris *Lady C* And on the cover will you please print my phoenix, quite small – nest and flames might be red and bird black – I think under my name

No sign or sound of any gramophone

Harry's loves – just like his whiskies, to excite his head and die away dead! nothing

I like the look of the book very much – Send me the fifty sheets to sign – Love from both

The proofs were of *The Escaped Cock*, Harry Marks was a New York bookseller.

To Charles Lahr, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden, 'Sat' [17 August 1929]

Dear L I got the paper this morning with the Earp cackle It arouses me to a squib, which I enclose Please circulate it

I am thinking, why don't we start a little fortnightly magazine, about ten pages and about as big as this sheet of paper – called the *Squib* – and just fire off squibs in it Do let's do that Get Davies to help, and a few spunky people, and let us put crackers under their chairs, and a few bent pins under their bottoms It can be done quite cheap, and without any pretensions – and we can all have *nomis de plume* – a bit of fun!

We leave tomorrow Did I give you Max Mohr's address – Wolfsgäube, Rottach-am-Tegernsee, Oberbayern

I heard a little chicken chirp
My name is Thomas, Thomas Earp,
and I can neither paint nor write,
I can only put other people right

All people that can write or paint
do tremble under my complaint
For I am a chicken, and I can chirp,
and my name is Thomas, Thomas Earp

T W Earp had reviewed Lawrence's painting exhibit in the *New Statesman* of 17 August

To Mrs Maria Cristina Chambers, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden,
23 August 1929

Dear Maria Cristina I got your letter at the Ludwig-Wilhelmstift today Well really it's monstrous, dragging you to Ellis Island No, I don't want to come to America, you are quite right A robot inhumanity!

I'm not surprised at your feelings about [Edwin] Rich Myself, I have very little faith in him Before, they had an Englishman, a Yorkshireman called Barmby, whom I did like, though he was slow and indifferent. But I don't care for the idea of Rich. In fact, I think the whole New York office of Curtis Brown is a bit of a failure

But the case is difficult You see the head office is in London, and there,

I really think they do their best for me. The Magazine dept manager, a woman, believes in my work, and works for it accordingly. The same with Pollinger, who looks after my books. They have all my affairs in their hands, and do a great deal for me that I could not possibly do for myself. I have a contract with them, that all my work shall pass through their hands. Of course they were scared stiff of *Lady C* and didn't handle that at all – yet they did help me even there, that is, Pollinger did in London, and without being paid. So of course I can't grumble about the English side. Unfortunately the American side is really unsatisfactory – and yet it is the same firm. Rich has been manager only for about a year – and I know they don't think much of him. I know the London office now supervises all my *American* contracts. But of course, they can't supervise periodical stuff.

You see how it is. I can't suddenly declare that I will deal with the London office but not with the New York. I'm afraid all my things will have nominally to go through their hands, and payments will have to be made to them – it is my contract. If you try to go behind it, you will find all the editors will turn you down, and refuse to deal with you at all. But what you can do is to make a deal with the editors, as occasion arises, get their written statement in a letter, then refer them to Curtis Brown. If you succeed you ought, naturally, to take a percentage – you *must not* work for nothing. You ought to have the Curtis Brown 10% – as it is, we must pay it to them, and you must have something further.

But let us try the thing out for a little while. *The Skirmish with Jolly Roger* was of course arranged by Titus, who gave me half, \$150, of the 300 dollars he received from Random House. Curtis Brown were not handling *any Lady Chatterley* stuff – only as soon as they think there is money in it, they begin to rouse up. *The Skirmish* is now free for magazine publication, if anybody wants it. – About the *Introd* to the *Paintings* I will ask again. When an expensive limited edition like the *Paintings* book comes out, they usually insist there be no re-publication till a year has elapsed. But this does not apply to magazine or periodical publication, necessarily. I will make sure and have a copy of the *Essay* sent to you – I will also order you a copy of the *Criterion* containing 'Mother and Daughter'.

Now as to new material. It is very difficult. You and I must send everything to the London office, and they forward a duplicate to New

York Now it would never do to have you and Rich – or his magazine manager – going round the editors with the same MS and getting into a rare muddle I could ensure you a copy of each new thing I send in, if you could work, at least for the time being, in conjunction with the Curtis Brown N York office Else I can't see what's to be done, as I can't make a grand break with Curtis Brown

About the actual books, like *Lost Girl*, there I doubt if you can help Thomas Seltzer possesses the rights – he is virtually bankrupt, and has nominally transferred his rights to Alfred Boni – or is it Albert Boni If the books are out of print for more than six months, the right lapses back to me – each book individually, of course Curtis Brown in London is scheming to get hold of the rights, for me, and then have a more reliable publisher publish a complete edition of me Albert Boni would publish this edition, but Curtis Brown is against him – there seems to be something wrong with him, as a publisher, although he now has money – But his returns – on Seltzer's, – which I just received, was \$49 on nine books That is, in six months the sales of *nine* books had brought me in only 49 dollars, which is monstrous Of course a really good agent would have straightened out this affair sooner – but there are difficulties – you see how many And Rich so useless, if not worse Now solve the puzzle I could if I threw my whole self into it – but then I should neither write nor paint nor even live any more *La vie à tout prix* What I want is to get my books out of the hands of Seltzer-Boni and into the hands of some sound American publisher who will publish a decent uniform edition and properly supply the demand At the moment this is all a muddle Boni and Seltzer will let my sales be as low as possible – I believe many of the books are out of print – and nothing doing

Well, we leave here on Sunday for Bavaria It is rather cold, rather wet – just the reverse of your poor garden Here everything is intensely green, the geraniums intensely red, the air always bluish, and a little chill in the languor I am not very happy here, and want to go away, south, south The doctor who usually examines me here says he is content with my lung, it's all right – but the asthma very bad. And asthma is basically nerves, chagrin I take a drop of amber oil, because I like the taste, and my wife shows the feathers to everybody

There was a great row in London about the pictures – and at the trial they consented not to burn them, but they burned instead four of the

books of paintings, one a vellum copy As if they'd done them any harm! I am very sick about it altogether, and a little weary of the outward world and all its messes – But I have managed to have published in London, *sub rosa*, an unexpurgated edition of the *Pansies*, 500 copies at 2 guineas These are all safely sold I would send you a copy if only it would come through the post – but I doubt if it would – they'd confiscate it – Did they say anything about the reproductions of the pictures, by the way, when you 'entered'? A mercy you didn't have any of the books – nothing criminal, forsooth!

Well, I hope it is cooler and has rained on your dry lawn Here is already autumn, in Baden-Baden I shall send you whatever news there may be

To G Orioli, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden, 24 August 1929

Dear Pino We leave in the morning for Bavaria and you can write to me c/o Dr Max Mohr, Wolfsgrube, Rottach-am-Tegernsee, Oberbayern. I've forgotten if I sent the address to Vallombrosa

I can't make out if I have to pay this muddley bill for the gramophone or not If I have, would you pay it for me, and I'll send the fifty liras I hope Maria will deposit the gramophone with you

A lovely day, sunny and warm today – I don't know why I've been so sore and miserable here I think too many large German women of heavy years sitting on top of me But I feel quite wretched – health too But I'm packing my bag and tomorrow we go

I sent all *Lasca* proofs and everything to Vallombrosa – hope you had them all

I had a long letter from Maria Cristina – she had a terrible time landing in New York – sent to Ellis Island like a criminal, and all that But now she's buzzing round I think her husband was very sorry to see her come back

Well, I feel Bavaria is a good stride nearer Italy – *Arrivederci*.

To Rhys Davies, from Hotel Lowen, Baden-Baden, 24 August 1929

Dear Davies Your letter this morning – and what a dismal picture of the Welsh countryside! Do you think people are going to die away into a sort of mushroom state, or, when they get low enough, will a new sort of life come in and make them tackle their conditions? Only God knows But I loathe this mushroomy, fishy apathy What's the good of despair unless it's lurid!

I'm worried about your novels The problem is, would the big, bloated public swallow you anyhow, at this state of affairs If Gollancz doesn't come across, then come to terms pretty quick with the Mandrake for one of your books ask for at least £150 down, *on receipt of manuscript* They ought to give it you at once And urge that they publish before Christmas It seems to me, if you catch them on the rise of the wave, the Mandrake ought to serve your purpose very well They have aroused a certain interest – and there is a big public waiting to get anything which they think is not orthodox, does not come via the 'good' publishers There is the enormous 'proper' public, of Heinemann or Gollancz But I believe the 'improper' public is almost as big, if not bigger, so long as they are fairly safe For men like you and me the 'proper' public is already a dead horse – certainly so, in my case But then I am amazed to realise how huge, and how much more potent the 'improper' public is And it is on this the Mandrake will draw And they may have a run of real success – I would risk them, if I were you But I don't think they'll have a long run Stephensen is another sort of mushroom – he grows too fast And the big publishers, after a while, will quash them But for the moment, they may just be your ticket That's how it looks to me I'd gladly write any sort of foreword for you – but better not In the first place because of the police, in the second, it's not really good for your reputation But if you or Stephensen think of any way in which I could be of use, let me know. I could certainly do a review

I want Charlie Lahr to start a little fortnightly rag called the *Squib*, or something like that – just to rag them all, to get at them and lampoon them, make fun of them, jeer at them and altogether have a good time We would have a little thing of about ten pages, not much bigger than this notepaper in size, and we'd all have *noms de plume* – I'd be David

Dolittle – and sell it at anything up to sixpence – do a few numbers just for fun, and if it got really started, put it on a money basis – a business basis For the beginning we'd find the money between us – costs ought to be very slight – I'd stand a few quid The trouble is a good editor Would you like to try it? – perhaps with Mrs Lahr to help We want short little peppery things, pansies, tiny articles I'm sure you'd be good at squibs Your idea of the lily-white policemen of London fainting with shock at the sight of one of my nudes would make an A1 squib The thing to do would be to seize on the ridiculous points in politics, literature and newspapers – and people – and just ridicule them – watch the press and the books and just get a laugh out of them

We leave here tomorrow for Bavaria, and I'm glad Baden is quite lovely in its way, and everybody quite nice, in their way, yet one feels that the Germans, underneath, *aren't* nice And these huge German women sitting around one like mountains that would never even know if they sat *on* one – I'm sure their bottoms would be too tough for my poor pinching – they simply give me the horrors I want to go somewhere where the women are a bit *smaller* and where their hats don't sit so menacingly on their heads You can get me in Bavaria c/o Dr Max Mohr, 'Wolfsgrube,' Rottach-am-Tegernsee, Oberbayern But I shall send an address

In Sept we want to go down to Italy to look for a house – and let's hope the gods will guide us

Tell your mother and sister I'm very glad they stick up for me They are quite right, I'm quite a nice person, really God knows why I should have so much mud poured over me

The poor young man of the faggots and peas (what a good pansy there is there!), *have* you seen any of his stories or poems? And *what* are they like?

If you get much more boost in the Welsh papers, you'll soon be able to pose as the national bard, and wear a crown of leaks – or is it written leaks? *porn*

To John Cournoos, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegeernsee, Germany,

30 August 1929

Dear Cournoos Ridiculous of you to send that ten shillings – I tore up the cheque, of course I got O'Flaherty and we both liked it – though it's a bit narcissus but I like the kind of fantasy through it Damn Knopf anyhow!

I asked Titus – 4 rue Delambie – to send you or give you a copy of his *Lady C*, and I want to write in it when we meet, or when we are a bit settled and you can send it to me I suppose we are here about two more weeks, then back to Italy I find I can live best near the Mediterranean I was quite happy last winter in Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, near Toulon – did my *Pansies* there And I was quite happy in Majorca in April, May and June, though it's a winter place – and it's nice here, but not for long I want soon to go south of the Alps – and we want to find a house and settle down a bit – though whether it will come off is a bit doubtful I feel I don't care much about the outside world any more – with my cough, my awful asthma, I can't walk much – so given a sunny climate and peasants or common people nice and natural around, I don't bother about much else I like Florence *neighbourhood* very much – but its climate is bad for bronchials There is a tiny house called La Massa near Florence which you could rent for not much money, especially for the winter months – and I think it's lovely there

Well, I don't know when you arrive, but I hope you'll be happier this time in France I can't stand big cities – they kill me – but I like French people in the south I already long to see the Mediterranean, and am only six weeks away from it

To W E Hopkin, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegeernsee,

30 August 1929

Dear Willie We are here among the mountains – rather a lovely place – and very peaceful, a little inn smelling terrifically of cows – but we eat out of doors under the trees, and live in a little house to ourselves. It is much more the old Germany here I simply can't stand the new Germany – it's awful, so empty and depressing and in a hurry to get nowhere

I think in about a fortnight's time we shall go down to Italy again Give me the south, the Mediterranean

I'm sure Eastwood is a dreary place now – and it will go on getting drearier, unless something happens – if anything *can* happen, in happy England

Hope you had a good time with Stephensen – you two are sure to get on together But you have to face the fact that the socialists dislike the *Pansies* much more than the aristocrats or even the cultured bourgeois do *ergo*, the socialists are merely little bourgeois over again

All good wishes from us both, also to your wife

To G Orioli, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee,
30 August 1929

Dear Pino Here we are up among the mountains again It is quite beautiful, and very peaceful, cows and haymaking and apples on tall old apple trees, dropping so suddenly We eat in the little inn – such a smell of cows – and it's quite nice I believe you'd like it But I find even this altitude makes my heart go too fast – we are about 800 *metri* Tell me how it is in Italy – and if it's not too hot, we shall come down about Sept 15th, which is only a fortnight

I enclose a letter from Giulia Would you care to go one day and look at the place? The trouble is, it is only an *appartamento* – we'd be sharing the house with some woman or other – and I don't want to share a house with anybody any more, after Zaira I wish you would make an account, and put down all the expenses you have on my behalf Then if you make the trip to see this place of Giulia's, charge all the expenses to me I really wish you would do that

I expect to be hearing from you soon – since you are due to be down from Vallombrosa – I am writing to a man I used to know in the past, about a book of his, *The Dragon of the Apocalypse*, in my opinion very interesting I think you might publish it one day

Heinemann offered me £300 to let him print an edition of 500 copies of 'The Man Who Loved Islands' – and I agreed, and all was ready Heinemann announced the book, and [Compton] Mackenzie wrote and said that if it appeared he would at once take proceedings for libel So Heinemann withdrew rather than have a law-suit – Aren't these little authors beyond belief, with their vanity!

Frieda still limps quite badly with her foot – my cough is about the same as ever – so we make a bright couple
[P S] Did you get the MS of *Lady C* – and *Ermengarde*? The cost of printing the Paris *Lady* was francs 6 50

To Frederick Carter, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee,
30 August 1929

Dear Carter I'm sorry you are separated from your wife, she was nice and you seemed to get on I suppose marriage itself is the difficulty

And somehow I guessed Elkin Mathews would only do half a *Dragon* But as soon as I can get to Italy where I can sit down, I'll send him my guinea One can't carry books around

Yes, I was, and am still, really interested in the *Dragon* in fact, I liked your prose better than your drawings it seemed to be feeling for something bigger Tell me

- 1 Have you got the original MS – more or less what I saw? – and how big is it? – how many words?
- 2 Do you really think the second version, on Ritual and Myth, better? – and how long is this?

Because I should really like to read the whole thing again, and see if my first impression holds good I should like to read the second version too And if I like the *Dragon* as much as I originally did – though I admit it was a bit tough and tangled – I'm sure we can find a way of printing it complete, even if I have to write a real spangled foreword to it (perhaps you'd refuse to let me) There was something in that *Dragon* of the Cosmos lying across the heavens that has never left me But I feel mistrustful of your second version, coming a few steps down the ladder, to more comprehensible levels But let us see I believe we could put the *Dragon* across – 500 or even 1000 copies at two guineas I hope you haven't lost or messed up the original MS that I saw and the celestial mechanism Don't make a picture-book of the *Apocalypse* for a common publisher The idea is to make a series of *really* illustrative designs for the Revelations, and reveal them a bit more print them with the *Revelations* itself, with notes on the mystical purport and again, sell a thousand at 2 guineas We'll make Stephensen's or Random House print it – if not,

we'd do it with Orioli in Florence – But be sure and write good notes on the mystical import – and if you like, I'll add what I can to the notes – or even take yours over and write them up You ought to clear £300 on this – and it is so interesting I do wonder what your designs are like now Have you one or two loose ones? – But that's a splendid idea to print the *Apocalypse* with notes and prolegomena and a few vivid designs that carry out the mystical meaning and are not too gnashingly baroque You are more sincere when writing than when drawing, I believe

Anyhow tell me about the *Dragon* – We expect to be here two more weeks at least, then to Italy

*To Mrs Emily King, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee,
1 September 1929*

My dear Sister I was glad to know you were safely home and glad to be home – you have so much more room and scope, with your own house and garden I also had a letter from Stephensen I'm afraid he's a bit of a windbag, a real match to Willie Hopkin – and he needn't talk about Dorothy Warren, for he's by no means too dependable himself, very slack in his payments, owes Rhys Davies money for months and now Davies is stone broke But Dorothy certainly is an undependable creature – she won't close the show and won't make any definite statement of any sort, but writes most lovingly and says they are coming out here to meet us in about a fortnight I expect in the end I shall have to get the lawyer to settle things up

I am very much interested to hear you have found the MS of *The Rainbow* Is it the original handwritten MS, from which the book was printed? I wish you would compare it with the copy of the book which you have, Methuen's edition, and see if it is pretty much the same I know I wrote the novel several times Do you remember how the MS came into your hands?

As for the final disposal of these things, books and pictures, I don't feel very sentimental about them myself I want to keep them for the present, because they increase in value and they represent my capital But of course if ever I want a fair sum of money for any enterprise whatever, I shall put them up to auction in the proper way We only live once, and must use every opportunity of living Again, if I died, the

MSS and pictures would have to be sold to secure something of an income for Frieda. And finally, if it comes to heirlooms, I've got no children of my own – at least at present – and George is the head of the 'family,' if you talk of family, and Ernest is the legal heir of heirlooms. No, I've no use for family and heirlooms. As for Jackie and Bertie, I can't see them getting any thill out of the MSS of *The Rainbow* and *The Trespasser*, unless it were for that very 'monetary gain' you speak of. No no, hoarding things up for other generations is not my line at all. One should use things while one lives. At the same time, since I am in no need of money, I don't want to sell any of the MSS or pictures just now, and shall be glad if you will hold for me those that you have got – Only tell me what the MS of *The Rainbow* looks like – if it's handwritten, on what sort of paper, if it's clean and *complete* and the *final* MS from which the book was printed – Manuscript is handwritten, what is type-written is called typescript, and proofs are *printed*, the print on which one makes corrections. Proofs and typescript also have value, especially if there are corrections on them, but of course written MS is best.

I suppose we shall stay here another fortnight. I like it, it is beautiful, sunny and peaceful among the mountains, but the altitude tries me a bit, though it's under 3000 ft.

When you have time make me a full list and a bit of description of the MSS, typescripts and proofs – or let Gertie do it – Love!

[P S] Frieda had a bonesetter come from the next village. He said the bone was off the centre, resting on the side of the socket. He shoved it back with a click, and now she begins to go all right. But I feel mad when I think of the Park Lane specialist whom I paid 12 guineas, and the important doctor in Baden who is not yet paid.

*To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Rottach-am-Tegernsee,
9 September 1929*

Dear Brett. Your letter with lists of MSS today – and many thanks. But it is as I felt – there must be some missing. There were two complete MSS of *The Plumed Serpent*, I think in four complete books. These I remember in the little cupboard – and they are not on the list. They are of course much the most valuable MSS I left, and worth the whole

ranch itself Don't you remember them too? Edwin Rich has no *Plumed Serpent* MS on his list from New York And I have always said I hope those *Plumed Serpent* MSS are safe! I suppose someone just stole them Or more probably stole the final and complete MS But if it is gone, we can always put the police on it if it appears for sale

That MS of *Sea and Sardinia* in New York can only be a typescript or a forgery, as I destroyed the original with my own hands

About your other letter, and plan for selling the ranch to you for \$2000 down and \$500 per annum, it's perfectly all right to me, but Frieda has got to decide for herself She will write in due course And anyhow I'll see that nothing is done without telling you first

I hope you got your copy of *Collected Poems*, and a copy of *Pansies* is ordered for you Also I have, or Stephensen, the publisher, is holding for you a copy of the book of *Paintings*, which I hope you'll get one day

We are here in the mountains for a little longer, then going down to Italy The doctors all say I am better – but my asthma is acute – that sea-level is best for me and I should never go above 3000 ft At the moment I don't feel particularly well, but it varies The fuss over the pictures and the burning of the four books made me very sick – I am so weary of falseness and hypocrisy in the world

I hope you got the claim to the ditch fixed all right Tell Spud I ordered him a copy of *Collected Poems* and *Pansies*, hope he gets them And I am not short of money, *Lady C* made me over £1000 last year – so there is not that worry And don't imagine I believe for a moment in lurid suggestions of my manuscripts sold from the ranch etc, etc I'm afraid, since it hasn't showed up on your list, that the real and complete MS of *The Plumed Serpent* has been stolen and a beautiful MS But if so then I'm sure some American 'admirer' has sneaked it But perhaps it will turn up

I saw Mrs Chambers this summer – and what a horrible time *she* had re-entering U S A ! No, it's impossible I want to take a nice house in Italy now, and settle down a bit – then we'll see

Meanwhile I hope you'll live peacefully and pleasantly in Taos and the ranch.

To S. S. Kotelhansky, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee,
10 September 1929

My dear Kot I have not written for so long because I knew, with all the police and pictures fuss, you preferred not to receive letters. However, that idiocy has died down again, and everybody knows once more what idiocy it was – And as a matter of fact, in spite of Hutchinson and the rest, I don't believe my mail is interfered with at all. Hutchinson's letter to me was returned to him simply because he failed to put the name of the city – Baden-Baden – on the address. So it could not be delivered.

I suppose you have seen the Lion and his edition of the poems. As a piece of book-making, I confess I was disappointed with it – as I told him. But I suppose he must live and learn. Only he has no experience in matters of *taste*. He is a good man, but a wee bit of a muddler, and careless in details. Still he is a man in ten thousand, and I am very grateful to him for his pluck and energy – I wish though, that he would wind up soon with the poems. He talks of holding over the vellum copies till towards Christmas. And I wish he would produce the few out-of-series copies to give away. Have you had a copy, by the way? I asked him to give you one. He never tells me in any detail what he does.

We are here in the mountains – and I really don't like mountains. But we want to go down to Italy next week, perhaps for a little while to Venice, then really to look for a house to settle down. I feel I am really fed up with moving about, and should be glad to have a place of my own. My health is about the same – a curse and a nuisance. The doctor says I am really better. New and different doctors descended on me from Munchen, and say I only need diet – and no salt. It's a great stunt, the no-salt and *Rohkost*, raw food diet. I suppose there is something in it.

Frieda's foot is better. The bonesetter, a farmer, came from a near village and pushed the bone into place in half a minute. Now she goes all right. And I paid that specialist in Park Lane 12 guineas and the *Medizin-abrat* in Baden another lot – Swine, these doctors.

I was thinking, one day we must rescue the Shestov translation from Martin Secker. If the Mandrake have any success with Rozanov, we ought to follow it up with a new edition of *All Things are Possible*. I suppose Secker has let the thing lapse out of print long ago, and no intention of re-printing. One day you must write a letter and ask him.

Let me know how you are. If you don't care to write direct to me, you can enclose me a letter addressed Dr Max Mohr, Wolfsgarbe, Rottach am Tegernsee

'The Lion' Charles Lahr, whose bookshop was in Red Lion Street, Holborn, London

To Dr V Lederhandler, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee,
12 September 1929

Dear Mr Lederhandler. Thanks for your letter and the \$15. There is no hurry about that, anyhow.

I will remember you when I want to do something *really* privately in U S A – which might be fairly soon.

Yes, the paralysis of Sir Clifford is symbolic – all art is *au fond* symbolic, conscious or unconscious. When I began *Lady C*, of course I did not know what I was doing – I did not deliberately work symbolically. But by the time the book was finished I realised what the unconscious symbolism was. And I wrote the book three times – I have three complete MSS – pretty different, yet the same. The wood is of course unconscious symbolism – perhaps even the mines – even Mrs Bolton.

To G Orioli, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee,
13 September 1929

Dear Pino. Here are the proofs of the Notes [for Lasca], and now for the moment *addio!* a Anton Francesco, and may heaven smile on him.

Glad you have the gramophone. Does it play loudly and scratchily, or soft and smooth? I don't really like them.

I have been doing my cure – first taking arsenic and phosphorous twice a day. This made me feel I was *really* being poisoned, so I gave it up. Now I am only doing the diet – no salt, and much raw fruit and vegetables, and porridge in place of bread. I must say I don't feel much better – in fact I have been rather worse these last two weeks. Perhaps it is the altitude doesn't suit me. The place itself is very nice, and everybody charming, but I feel rather rotten. I know I shall be better when we come lower down. But that would be foolish while the heat wave lasts. I hear there is a heat wave everywhere – and even here it is close and

rather heavy, but not hot. Today has come cloudy, so I expect the weather will soon break. And then no doubt it will turn cold, so we shall want to come down. But we can take a motor-car to Jenbach, which is near Innsbruck, so we shall soon be down in Verona.

And I am still waiting to hear from the Trotters about meeting them in Venice. They are perfect demons to have anything to do with: never answer, never come to the point. The picture-show is still going on. I feel it is all bewitched – They wanted us to meet them in Venice and stay in Victor Cunard's *palazzo*. But I don't know Victor Cunard. Still, if they *are* going to Venice, then we will go too, in order to get hold of them and make some sort of settlement about the pictures. And if we go, then *do* come too. It would be great fun. I shall let you know immediately I hear from the Trotters, where we are to meet them.

No, the Squanci villa doesn't sound much good. I don't want to share with a *padrone* or a *padrona*, and the thought of a common kitchen makes me shudder. No no! – Have you spoken with the *fattore* of the Mirinda yet? I believe he would really know something. And we might ask the estate agents just across the Aino there – I forget their name – Otherwise we might, when we come, try Leuca, on the Golfo di Spezia. We once spent a winter there, and liked it. How difficult it seems – and I haven't the energy of a mouse, just now.

I suppose Frieda told you her foot is better – she a bit limps out of habit, nothing else. The bonesetter came from a neighbouring village – just a well-to-do *contadino*. He felt with his thumb, said 'Yes, it's out!' – gave a shove, and it was done, in less than a minute. The bone was resting on the side of the socket, and couldn't slip back into place. And the socket was filling in, in a couple of months she would have been lame for life. And I paid 12 guineas to the specialist in Park Lane, and there is a bill in Baden-Baden – So much for doctors! a great fraud.

Well, dear Pino, I shall be very glad to come south and to see you. Let's hope I shall revive a bit, for there's not much of me here.
[P S] Remember me to Douglas – and Reggie

To Charles Lahr, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee, 'Saturday'
[?14 September 1929]

Dear Lahr What a damn fool that Jackson – he seems a prize one I do hope the thing will go no further *Vorsicht*.

We leave here on Tuesday for the South of France – think we shall winter in or near Bagnol, I was so well there last winter – I shall send you an address

A monthly *Squib* at 6d 12 pp seems good But I'd rather it were all anonymous – all *nomis de plume* – and a *nom de plume* editor too It would be so much more fun We don't want to label it with my name – I have one or two good nettles about the pictures – and one or two about the govt Glad you have a caricature – you must ask Fredk Carter too if he can't do squibby drawings We want drawings and squibby bits of poetry

Lately I saw a sight most quaint
London's lily-like policemen faint
in Virgin outrage as they viewed
the nudity of a Lawrence nude

But what about the prose? Tell me a good subject of the moment to let off a prose squib against something impersonal

Life of JMM by J C

John Middleton was born in the year of the Lord 1891 It happened also to be the most lying year of the most lying century since time began, but what is that to an innocent babe!

– But I can't myself go for Murry – or have him slanged too hard under my name I have known him too intimately

What one *might* have is a column of imaginary reviews 'Shorter Notices' *Life of JMM* by J C This is a work which cannot be lightly dismissed The author has gazed into the flowing stream of introspection, and seen, as in a glass, darkly, the great image of – himself etc

Do get some critic to do a column of imaginary shorter notices *The Loneliness of Wells* by Susan Kapp – This book which was suppressed on its first appearing in 1927, is now re-issued by tacit consent of the Home Secretary –

The Sighs of Lord Brentford (is that Jix's title?) by Viscount Poppup
At the risk of appearing facetious, we might call these the unsuppressed sighs of the late Home Secretary etc -

Hughie and the Hump by Arthur Figgybaum
This extraordinary book by a child of eleven contains a child's complete appreciation of Mr Hugh Walpole. Mr Walpole studied the child, but here the child has studied Mr Walpole etc -

I will send address as soon as I have one
[P.S.] I told Vere Collins to come to you for a book - He is in the Oxford University Press - have known him many years - he might be useful with suggestions

The biography of Murry, by 'J C', is apparently intended to lampoon Murry's book, *Jesus*. Murry was born in 1889

To A Brewster, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee, 'Saturday'
[?14 September 1929]

Dear Achsah I wrote you c/o Cook, Piccadilly - thanking you for the very pretty hankies - It's true, you and Earl are the only people in the world who wished me a birthday wish

We are leaving here on Tuesday, to go to the South of France. I was so well and so cheerful in Bandol last winter - such a sunny winter - that, all things considered, it is perhaps madness to go to Italy. We ought to be in Marseille by Friday at latest. I have written Earl today asking him if he wouldn't like to meet you in the Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, Var - It is very nice, cheap, we liked it. And then we should arrange a nice neighbourly winter. We want to look round first at Cassis, to see if we can't find a nice small house there, that we can keep permanently. Cassis is two stations nearer to Marseille than Bandol - Bandol is, I think, about an hour from Marseille, in a slow train - Anyhow write me c/o Thomas Cook, La Cannetière, Marseille, and if you come to Bandol, we can join one another in an hour or two, even if we find something in Cassis and decide to stay on there. If Cassis is unpromising, we shall come on to Bandol, which I know I like. It has its ugly side - the French make their places ugly - but somehow the little port is so friendly and nice - I was happy there.

Well give my blessings to Harwood, and I hope this will catch you

in Totnes – Earl won't have his letter till Wednesday, I'm afraid – perhaps Tuesday But don't rush to Capri unless you feel you must

My blessings to Harwood – I'm glad she's having a spell of school on her own – love from both

*To Maria Huxley, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee,
15 September 1929*

Dear Maria To-day you are supposed to be starting off for Paris – hope you'll have a nice trip – wonder if it's hot? Poured with rain in the night, but still quite warm, for here they say, not been so warm for 105 years – why 105? We want to leave on Tuesday I have come to the conclusion that I loathe all mountains, and never want to be among them again Also I feel as if wild horses would never again drag me over the German frontier *Never* come – at least, not now Yet everybody here is extraordinarily nice, and the place quite beautiful – a few years ago I should have loved it And now, unfortunately, I hate it – for no apparent reason

We intend to go straight to the South of France – Cassis or Bandol When I compare how cheerful and well I was there in Bandol, to what I am here, then I decide to go straight back and look for a house, there near Marseilles I shall send you an address

I began the cure, with rhythmic doses of arsenic and phosphorous. At the end of a week I was nearly dead (the new man! the animal basis!) So I dropped the drug side of the cure absolutely, and feel much better. But I go on fairly with the porridge and *Rohkost* – raw fruit and vegetables – and I'm sure that's good for me I feel in better tone already But in Germany I feel so feeble, and as if I hardly want to live How I hate it!

I feel I don't want to go to Spain this winter – don't want to make the effort And at present I'm a bit fed up with travelling should like a quiet winter, and if I have the energy and initiative, paint

Dorothy Warren and her husband were due to meet us, and settle up about the pictures, etc But yesterday I had a wire from Wurzburg saying they couldn't possibly come, must go on to Hungary to buy that jade stuff they sell in their Gallery – ugly stuff

That was a horrible affair of Rose's *prétendant*, poor devil! I must say,

your family is unlucky in its men – your sisters What a mercy the poor wretch is dead! One can't really stand these horrors!

I suppose you've still not got your *Pansies*! More muddle But I've had £300 for it, anyhow – and another £200 due You'll get a copy in Paris, in time

Oh, how many liras did you pay for that gramophone? I'd no idea you paid that bill – but if you paid that, I'm sure there were other bits as well Don't forget to tell me

I do hope you'll get your 'North Sea' The Wallen has it at her house in Maida Vale

Remember me to Jehanne, and I do hope she's all right

I wish I was south of the Alps

To Mr and Mrs Philip Trotter, from Kaffee Angermaier, Rottach-am-Tegernsee, Monday, 16 September 1929

Dear Philip and Dorothy Your letter and cheque today I wrote you crossly to Wurzburg – but really, you do exasperate one You *never* come to the point, you *never* simply answer what one asks you, and you *never* mind leaving one dangling in the thin space of uncertainty for indecent lengths of time – you are *most* exasperating.

But this in haste Stephensen has *never* written me a word against you, and I have *never* written him a word against you If I have said – and my God, I have said it – that I was fed up with the show – then you know what I mean The whole nauseous business of the public I have said the same to you That false, vile fuss over the pictures got me sick But of course I know Stephensen raves against you (from Enid Hilton, who knows just how to take him and from my sister, who is impressed) – but I hate people who rave with unreasonable antipathies And I have my own idea of Stephensen Goldston I have never written to, so don't think for a moment I am concerned, even for one word in Stephensen's fulminations which I dislike intensely and which he senses, hence his complete silence about you to me

For the rest, thank you for the cheque. It seems very few sold – I wonder nobody at all wanted to buy after the *Krach* But I am just as well pleased I don't want to sell, and I am not hard up for money either – not at all It wasn't the cheque I wanted, it was a simple and definite winding

up of the business And I don't want any share in the shillings at the door, but perhaps they will balance a bit the cost of framing and transport which you bore I don't want you to bear unfair expenses either

Now you will remember I gave you 'Contadini,' for love and though the love feels rather cross, it is the same And then there is 'North Sea' to give to Hutchinson for Maria Huxley Then I told Jack Hutchinson that Mary, his wife, could have a picture at her own price And Enid Hilton is to have 'Fire Dance' for ten pounds – paid in instalments she won't take it as a gift And when somebody goes to Florence perhaps they will take 'Dandelions' to Orioli This disposes of ten, perhaps eleven pictures The final disposal of the rest we will arrange as soon as you are back in London

I *must* go to the sea – my health is certainly worse here and wears me out Partly it is altitude, it doesn't suit me We leave on Wednesday for Marseille – you can get me c o Thomas Cook, La Cannebière, Marseille, and you'll have to swallow my other cross letter, because really you do ask for it But I should hate you to think there was any mandraking

To E H Brewster, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol, France,
27 September 1929

Dear Earl Your letter came this morning I couldn't write you because I felt sure you would move north to meet Achsah, and I really half expected to find you both here But I remembered your birthday – Achsah was the *only* person who remembered mine – and you and Harwood My mother-in-law was reminded three days later, by Harwood's writing-books and greetings – which I'm going to write thanks for now But nobody else, not even my sisters, has mentioned one word of happy birthday Queer that my sisters ignored it so completely, after so many years

We arrived Monday evening – three days ago It seemed very lovely – so full of light and a certain newness I am already much better In Germany I felt I should certainly die – awful – It was psychic depression The Germans are in an *awful* state, inwardly – but horrible. I feel that *nothing* will ever again take me north of Lyon I dread and hate the north, it is full of death and the most grisly disappointment I feel already nearly myself again here – the sun and sea, the great light, and the

natural people I can breathe In the north, I can't breathe

We have taken a house for six months – Villa Beau Soleil White there It is on the sea – rather lovely – a smallish bungalow, six rooms, terrace – bath, central-heating – some neglected garden – costs 1000 francs a month – about 730 liras It is ordinary – but not poky – and wonderfully in the air and light We could probably find you something cheaper – perhaps 600 liras a month But this hotel is nice, at least I like it – for 45 francs a day – about 35 liras I'm not very keen on going into a house, but Frieda wants it

We should both be very glad if you came and joined us There are no English people here – a few French visitors – and a very few English or German drift through the hotel But the place is on the whole very natural And the country behind, a mile away, quite wild, pine forests It is half-an-hour to Toulon, and 1½ hrs to Marseille You might sail to Marseille – But *don't* take Achsah from Capri if she clings to it

From here, one feels Africa It is queer – but the direct vibration seems to be from Africa Next winter we'll go

We have got to get our trunks from Florence – a bore But I suppose Orioli will send them

I hope Achsah reached you safely, not too tired I will write to Harwood – Love from both

*To Mrs Maria Cristina Chambers, as from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol,
28 September 1929*

Dear Maria Cristina Your long letter this morning First, the pictures for *Vanity Fair* It was a wonder you wrung as much as \$100 out of them – as you say, they pay only what they are *forced* to pay I want you to keep the hundred dollars for your running about expenses *Please don't gainsay me* And if you say to pay them to me, I shall have to let the matter go through Curtis Brown, whereas if you keep the money I shall merely say you lent your repoids for a small fee

I know Rich would say to Scotch you Of course there are various stories they could have let you have for the Year-Book – 'The Blue Moccasins' – printed in a Virginia magazine last winter – 'Things' – from the *Atlantic Monthly* – and 'Rawdon's Roof' – done in a small private edn by Elkin Mathews this spring By the way, 'Rawdon's

Roof' was, I think, never sold in America. I think the proof-sheets are in a trunk, in Florence – I'll send them – I've done very little work lately, but I shall order for you things that are appearing in England – some articles – you may find likely places for them in America, if Rich fails. Curtis Browns are now thinking about placing the 'Intro to These Paintings' – I'll let you know result. They are also, very clumsily, tackling Seltzer-Boni, demanding confirmation that ten books are out of print, and wanting to know if they intend to reprint. I'm afraid Boni is going to be too smart for them, and it will be a bigger muddle than ever – By now Knopf's *Pansies* will be out. But if you will tell me the address of your friend sailing from Paris, I will send you a copy of the unexpurgated *Pansies* (private) – You will have seen, also, that Random House did the *Skirmish with Jolly Roger* – (Paris *Lady C* Intro) – 600 copies at \$8 and all ordered before issued – I might send you also a couple of copies of *Lady C* 1st edition – now worth \$40 or \$50 at least, if your friend is reliable. Pino has about 50 copies (this is strictly private) and we could sell them if we could only get them over.

I wonder if you could have a tiny bookshop. Or better, if someone would let you be a partner in a shop, and you could have a little section for yourself, to deal only with special authors – say me, Norman Douglas, and others of Pino's connection. Then you could collect *all* things, the magazines, the newspapers, with articles and stories in, and sell them, as well as the books – and perhaps even have two or three pictures for sale. We would root out all possible available stuff from the past. You would soon get a connection – Now Harry B. Marks, another Jew bookseller of New York, is going to get the whole Paris edn. of *The Escaped Cock* – *Part I and Part II*, from the Black Sun Press. God knows at what price he will sell it. I shall ask them to send over in the bulk a gift copy for you, and he must give it you. I expect he'll be selling the book in November. Curtis Brown has nothing to do with this, as it is 'improper'.¹ This book must be re-published six months after date of 1st edition – or even sooner, if pirates threaten. You see if only I had had someone in N. York to print *Lady C* for me at once, we could have forestalled the pirates. Now that chance is lost – and all is lost, as far as *Lady C* in U.S.A. goes – I don't want things to happen over *Escaped Cock*. Perhaps you might carefully talk to Harry Marks.

Well, I can't think of anything else at the moment.

To Laurence E Pollinger, from Hôtel Beau Rivage, Bandol,

29 September 1929

Dear Pollinger I am a bit surprised that Faber & Faber risk the obscenity article – don't mind if they leave out Galsworthy and Barrie, why so much as mention them? No, if the thing appears publicly, I don't want it to come as a private edition at all. But I want it to appear in U S A – very important to me there – let me know about this

The Black Sun Press in Paris have got their 500 edn. of *The Escaped Cock* just about ready. They will ship it over to U S A *en bloc* – and I suppose it will be sold there in November. I didn't ask you to do anything about this because I know you do not want any more complications with authorities. The other thing is Orioli's new little venture – a bit unexpected. I did the translation for him a year ago, to launch him on a series of translations. I believe they'll be nice. Aldous Huxley is at work on a Machiavelli play for the next volume, and Richard Aldington is doing another. As concerns Orioli's edition, that is just between him and me, like *Lady C*. But I have asked him if he will let you arrange, if possible, for public sales. *Doctor Mante* is absolutely 'proper' – and very suitable for college reading. The other vols will be the same. So that I think some firm like Oxford Press might profitably take up the whole series. However, we must wait a day or two to see if Orioli is willing for you to handle the matter. Properly handled, though, the series could be sold very well, especially to American colleges and universities.

We have taken a little house here for six months – the Villa Beau Soleil – and expect to move in on Tuesday. I feel much better in the strong light of this sea. But still the thought of the Great British Public puts me off work entirely – either painting or writing. I *cannot* work for that G B P, I feel sick at the thought.

Very still and sunny here – *olvidar* – *vergessen* – *oublier* – *dimenticare* – forget – so difficult to forget.

To Frederick Carter, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol, 1 October 1929

Dear Carter The *Apocalypse* came yesterday, and I have read it. And again I get a peculiar pleasure and liberation out of it. It is very fragmentary – I suppose it is natural to you to be fragmentary. But in

fragments fascinating – Only it's not what the vulgar public calls 'readable' It is, really, a rather mixed bunch of comments But myself, I like it extremely Send me whatever remaining MS there is, and we will see how we can arrange We'll get it published What I shall have to do is to write a comment on the Apocalypse also, from my point of view – and touching on yours – and try to give some sort of complete idea Then the public will be able to read you As it is, you will be to them like an old-fashioned book of Euclid, Problem I, Problem II – Theorem III – all difficult and all disconnected

But you do give one a peculiar and glad liberation into the living cosmos, the big old pagan cosmos, the macrocosm It was the same in the old MS – something splendid Usually you are a muddle and your style is often so bad But then, in moments, it is so good, and there is the grand liberation into the big world, the vital relation to the cosmos One must take what one gets – Only, of course, the public will get nothing out of it, unless it's put before them with a sort of guide or approach

The drawings, I'm sorry, I don't like Just what you get, in snatches, in your prose, the wonder of the great cosmos, you seem to me to miss entirely in a drawing like 'Silence in Heaven' It is modern, and all things modern are merely shallow It is Blake, without *Blake's* substantial quality, his solidity That face with the fingers is cheap, modern, and slightly vulgar The illustration to Tourneur is also rather cheap and vulgar I'm not speaking of craftsmanship, merely of *concept* In both, the concept is trivial and a little vulgar You have a vulgar side to your drawings – I preferred the older drawings, in line and much more abstract But I don't think you *are* a good artist with the pen, because your *concepts* are rather trashy I think this is because you are working all the time from wrong impulse-sources The first impulse to your drawings is either Greek (Athens) or else Jewish You make a greater mess with the Jewish even than with the Greek inspiration But both are really false to you You are working, in your drawings, with a false inspiration all the time What fascinates you essentially is the great pagan vision of the eastern Mediterranean, pre-Athenian I wonder you don't take your inspiration from that world – the Mycenaean, Cretan, Etruscan things The winged bulls, the panthers rampant at the altar, the winged horses with strange bearded heroes, the heroes at the wells, the dogs that

bite the thighs of the struggling hero, the bulls that attack, the bulls that rest, the wild boar of the north – and all the time that queer *otherness*, with none of that boring Greek ‘beauty,’ nor that Jewish nasal ethics Do you know the paintings and sculptures of the Etruscan tombs in Italy? fascinating, especially the older ones Go to Alinari’s and look at the photographs of the tombs in Tarquinia (Corneto) and Cerveteri – all the Etruscan photographs – and catch that curious magic, Cretan or whatever it is, and leave the Parthenon frieze and gothicised Blake alone I hate allegory in drawings – one wants *experience* revealed, not allegory

Forgive me if all this is impertinent

I have ordered your Elkin Mathews book, perhaps I shall like the drawings in that

Would you be so good as to give Charles Lahr a list of one or two books on the Apocalypse that you think are really interesting? And is there a good annotated edition of Revelations itself, or of the New Testament? or the Bible Charles Lahr would send them me, if you gave him the titles I hate reading German, but will do so if necessary The two French books you mention I will order in Paris

We will make a joint book I very much want to put into the world again the big old pagan vision, before the *idea* and the concept of personality made everything so small and tight as it is now Do you insist on your drawings as illustrations?

We have taken this house for six months, and are moving in today Perhaps you will be coming this way, some time during the winter

To Else Jaffe, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol, 4 October 1929

Dear Else Here we are already in a house of our own, a nice little bungalow villa right on the sea – and with bathroom and all conveniences – and a nice woman to cook and clean It is very easy and I like it I still love the Mediterranean, it still seems young as Odysseus, in the morning And Frieda is happy The only trouble is my health, which is not very good For some reason, which I don’t understand, I lost a lot of strength in Germany I believe Germany would kill me, if I had to stay long in it Now it has killed Stresemann – whom will it not kill? – everybody except the Hindenburgs and the old women in the *Stifts* Those

ancient ones are the terrible fungi, parasites of the younger life

It is very lovely, the wind, the clouds, the running sea that buists up like blossom on the island opposite If only I was well, and had my strength back!

But I am so weak And something inside me weeps black tears I wish it would go away

Max Mohr is quite near in the Goelands Hotel – always very nice and willing to do everything he can to help But also his voice says the same thing over and over again *Alles ist nichts?* Why must everybody say it? – when it is only *they* who are nothing, and perhaps not even they When the morning comes, and the sea runs silvery and the distant islands are delicate and clear, then I feel again, only man is vile But man, at the moment, is very vile

Perhaps a woman, Francesca Ewald, whose husband is brother of the Salem Ewald woman, will write to you about translating some short story of mine Do advise her all you can

The Huxleys say they want to come, and take a house here I rather hope they won't The Brewsters also may come for the winter – their girl is in school in England

I do hope Marianne is well from her Ischias, and that everything goes pleasantly Frieda's foot is *nearly* better – still a little stiffness

To Charles Lahr, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol, 7 October 1929

Dear L I had the book with your letter from Titus this morning The book looks very nice I have mentioned to Titus the 400-odd copies and the question of their disposal some time next year Shall let you know what he says

No, I don't want to fill a *Squib* all with myself *I don't* want to figure prominently I mentioned the subject to Aldous Huxley, but he is both cautious and timid You might ask Richard Aldington And you might ask Rebecca West, Sheila K. Smith – a smart woman or two Let Davies get Sara Salt to work a bit – and Stephensen Contributions any length, from ten words up but preferably not more than 100 words, or at most 500 Squibs, not cannons All anonymous Don't run my name don't run anybody's name Not too much Stephensen – And if contributions don't come in, we drop this idea I mean of course, material

contributions, not money – And give Davies another £10 – on 1st Nov

About the *Gallo Scappato* – the *Verflogener Hahn* – I still haven't got a copy from Paris they are hatching The Black Sun is under contract to allow no other edition till after 6 months But I tell them they must watch it, and if Puates threaten, I'll come out with an edition at any moment I don't want to do a second *limited* edition – one limited edition is enough, in the world The *Hahn* is not very risky – mildly – rather *Gotteslasterung* – same idea as in 'The Risen Lord' – but rather lovely My decorations are a frontispiece, and four other bits, among the text I shall order you a copy in Paris, so give me the name of someone who will bring it over to you – no danger – But I *don't want* my decorations reproduced on any but this Black Sun edition I'd want the Blue Moon (the astrological opposite is the Red Moon) edition to have no decorations – The Black Sun edition ought to be ready now – and sell in New York in Nov If no puates threaten, we could sell quietly 'but firmly' in April I don't believe there'd be much risk However, you can judge –

Was there anything further with Jackson and the authorities, or did it end there? Please tell me

The Red Lion is the sign of the Sun in his destructive or wakeful aspect Let us hope he'll bite well, he has cause to be wrathful

I shall do a lovely sign of a Red Lion with blue moon in his paw – The blue moon is the moon in triumph – the body ascendant

The *Gallo Scappato*, like the *Verflogener Hahn*, refers to *The Escaped Cock* Lahn's shop was in Red Lion Street. Sarah Salt was the *nom de plume* of the wife of Lawrence's early friend Harold Hobson

To Frederick Carter, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol, 10 October 1929

Dear Carter I received *Apocalyptic Images*, and am reading it It is now quite an argumentative work, if you go on you will equal Archdeacon Charles It interests me very much – but as it becomes more scientific and 'adequate' it tends to lose some of the magic But I have only read about a third, so far – and I love reading it.

I have also got your Elkin Mathews book – and I read that with great pleasure too – keep turning back to it It is queer, you have such a nice sensitive feeling for the wonder of the world – and yet you tend, more nowadays, to kill it with a certain intellectual hardness Let the damned

dead fuddled scholars be scholastic – what we want is the magic of the deep world, and you can give it, especially in glimpses – It is funny, but your drawings don't give it a *bit* – they are hard, insensitive, done from the will, in a way *forced* out – and no delicate feeling at all – but none – all bullying and unreal One has to be very sensitive to draw the human body – and still more sensitive, to draw it as indicating the movement of the soul I'm afraid you are going hard and monkish

But send me all the MS, and then we can decide what is to be done – The older – more amateurish *Dragon* might be dressed for the great public – But the *Heaven and Hell* would have to be in the list of scholastic or serious works, higher criticism, I am afraid

I have got Charles [Apocalypse] from Lahr – two fat vols – and have ordered Moret and Loisy in Paris I do hate John's Jewish nasal sort of style – so uglyly moral, condemning other people – prefer the way Osiris rises, or Adonis or Dionysus – not as Messiahs giving 'heaven' to the 'good' – but life-bringers for the good and bad alike – like the falling rain – on the just and unjust – who gives a damn? – like the sun Spring doesn't only come for the moral Jew-boys – for them perhaps least [P S] Poor Machen, that was a feeble introd to your book He never *read* you

To S S Kotelhansky, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol, 10 October 1929

My dear Kot Yes, I had your two letters at Rottach – didn't I answer? But there was nothing to say – and I felt so *awfully* ill in Germany – in spite of doctors and attention – they gave me arsenic, the trash – of course pure poison – that I wonder I ever managed to crawl away Here I feel much better, and we have got a nice little house on the sea, and I sit on the terrace in the sun, and there is a good woman to cook – so I feel much serener and better I never want to come north again, while I live.

Curtis Browns seem very huffed with me for making money on the private editions, apart from them But they had such a scare over *Lady C.* how can they possibly handle the stuff I do in private Did I tell you Heinemann's wanted to do 'Man Who Loved Islands' – signed contract, and were paying me £300 down – for a private ed of 500 – when Compton Mackenzie descended on them with a shriek, threatening a suit for libel, and they withdrew

Do you still have that book *Early Greek Philosophers* which I bought when I was last in London? If so, would you send it me, I want to do some work on the Apocalypse, and consult it. If you haven't got it, no matter.

So there is now Smerdyakov on God! I feel it's about time the Great Dragon swallowed that small fry of treachery. But England will stand hypocrisy forever.

'Smerdyakov' Lawrence this time evokes one of the Karamazovs to characterise Muir, whose book *God* had recently been published.

To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol,
23 October 1929

Dear Aldous and Maria. Yours from Barcelona. Glad you like it, but sorry about the cold – which, however, is prevalent here just the same, and I've been in bed with it. I expect your weather has changed – we've had wind and rain since Friday – but calmer and warmer today. The Brewsters arrived suddenly from Naples, and are also looking round for a house. She is very *nervosa*, poor dear.

Aldous's book of essays came – and many thanks. I haven't read them all, but Baudelaire seemed to me very good. All needs saying, badly. Wonder what sort of a press it will get.

No news here – Max Mohr has gone back to Germany, but says he'll return here with wife and child in January. The little house – this – which Achsah finds truly terrible because it is so lacking in '*Beauty*', is quite pleasant, for the time being, and I believe will be cosy enough. It was the 'love-nest' (Frieda's word) of a *femme-tenue*, hence the sunk-in marble bath and rather expensive plumbing, including the central heating. But it is, none the less, a rather hard square box. I mind the hardness most – it's not flimsy. Maria, you may have the stoniest house in the world, if you can find it. When I'm up and about we're going scouting along the coast-plain a bit, with the Brewsters, who love nothing better. Achsah buys every 'beautiful' house that is not for sale. But we'd get a bit of an idea of what's available.

We've got a cat – a young yellow 'marmalade' cat with a white breast, who simply forced himself on us. He is very nice, but I never knew a French cat before – *sang-froid*, will of his own, *amable*, but wasting no emotion. I like him very much, but I don't love him – which is perhaps

as it should be. He simply abandoned his French home, and howled like a lion on the terrace till I let him live here – he's about eight months, I suppose

I hope you'll get this – if so, it'll be at Giánada, which everybody says is so lovely. Do hope you are cured of the cold and able to enjoy it all, both of you. Love

[P S] Brewsters having a bad time with their vegetables in the Beau Rivage

To Mme Jehanne Moulaert, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol, 26 October 1929

Dear Jehanne. The typescript has just come, and thank you very much. But the bill for typing is not enclosed. Do send it me, please.

Yes, I have often thought of you, and of our talks. I like you because you seem to me quite honest, you say what you mean, and nearly all people equivocate when a subject really touches them, so I think that in the end you will come out all right, after this horrible period of frustration. You must remember that all your life you have been revolting against your special bourgeois *milieu* in which you were brought up, because it was so moral, so *loveless*, and so materialist, while it pretended to be ideal and loving. I do think that morality combined with lovelessness is *hateful*, so you have rebelled, because you are by nature affectionate, yet you have never been able to trust your own affection. You almost deliberately chose a man you could not trust, because you didn't want to trust. You felt it was all a swindle, trust, affection, morality, ideals, all a bourgeois swindle, and perhaps in the bourgeoisie, so it is. And yet affection and trust and even morality are not in themselves a swindle. One can't live without them. One *must* be honest about money and those things, or one loses one's self-respect. It is a pity that the bourgeoisie, with their greedy dead materialism, have made morality and family and affection and trust all suspicious and repulsive.

I think, if you would only remember, when you feel so hostile and bewildered. 'Now I am only tangled up in my hatred of my *bourgeois* self, which comes from my bourgeois, bad upbringing. But in my own individual self, I don't care. I am honest because I am naturally honest, I am affectionate because I am naturally affectionate, and I must be careful, when I'm fighting my nasty bourgeois nature.' Then you'll have

more peace Maria, too, has a real nature, and a bad, bourgeois nature and perhaps one's own family bring out the bad side of one's nature more than anybody. So perhaps it is well if you are not too much together

Well, there's a sermon. But I have thought of you so often, and the torments I could see in you. But now I'm sure you are beginning to accept the *real* individual side of your nature, which is the nice side, and to get free of the nasty bourgeois side, which comes from upbringing. And if one can only be real and at peace with oneself, that is about all that matters. Other people don't matter very much. The chief thing is to be one's own real self, and to be at peace with oneself. Then life comes easily again. While one is in conflict with oneself, life holds back and is difficult all the time.

Well, never mind if I preach at you, I suppose it is my nature, too. A card from Maria this morning from Valencia – she says they are happy. We are installed in this commonplace little bourgeois house, that was made by a *femme entretenue*, and is her ideal – awful. But it is right on the edge of the sea, I can lie and look out through the open doors at the sun on the water, and the foam against the islands, so I like it all right – why bother about this house. Perhaps you will come to Bandol some time and we can have more talks. My wife kept your shawl, she loves it. Have you done any more nice ones? If only we were nearer to see them, I should buy one for my sister-in-law. – *Belle chose*

To Mabel Luhan, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol, 29 October 1929

Dear Mabel. It's true it's a long time since I wrote you. But my health went down with such a slump in Germany, and I got depressed too. The doctors seem to think the lung is not troubling – it is never very much – but the bronchials and asthma are awful, and affecting my heart a bit, so I sympathise with you. However, I'm so glad to know you are better, and at last feeling your real self. There seemed to come a bit of the real you out of your last letter. It's quite true, as you say, this being 'mad' with people isn't one's own real self functioning, it is something mysteriously superimposed. I say, as the ancients said, there is an evil world-soul which sometimes overpowers one, and with which one has to struggle most of the time, to keep oneself clear. I feel so strongly

as if my illness weren't really me – I feel perfectly well and all right, *in myself*. Yet there is this beastly torturing chest superimposed on me, and it's as if there was a demon lived there, triumphing, and extraneous to me. I do feel it extraneous to me. I feel perfectly well, even perfectly healthy – till the devil starts scratching and squeezing, and I feel perfectly awful. So what's to be done? Doctors frankly say they don't know.

We've taken this little house till end of March, right on the edge of the sea. This place suited me so well last winter, I thought we'd better come back. Frieda seems happier and more peaceful, but of course not so strong, and sometimes unstrung – but on the whole, more restful. She likes the little house, and all the bits of curtains and so on. – The Brewsters are here, and are looking for a house for the winter. Harwood, the girl, is in school in England. I heard from Ida Rauh from Geneva yesterday. I suppose she will come and see us here. I liked Maria Cristina, but only saw her one week. She is 'working' for me now in New York. Did you get a copy of my *Collected Poems* from me? It was sent you by Curtis Brown, London. And a copy of *Pansies* from New York. I hope you have them both. Let me know. Because the mail in America is so insolent.

I think these violent antipathies between people are in themselves a sign of nervous unbalance. Nobody matters all that, unless it's somebody very very near. So I'm glad you and Brett are friendly – so long as you keep cool about it, it is the best way, I think. Some things are inevitable, even some people. One can accept the bit then that is inevitable, and keep clear of all the tiresome accidental part of the relationship as far as possible.

The Manby story was horrible. It somehow spoils Taos for me. I should always have to think of it.

As I grow older, money bores me, and one smells it in people like a bad smell. Which is not because I'm hard up at all, because I'm not. I put myself on my feet by publishing *Lady C* for myself.

Well, when shall I come to New Mexico again? God knows. At present it seems further off than Babylon or Nineveh, which are dreams in the sand. But the cycle of the greater year still goes round, and as it turns, it will probably bring us back. One has to wait for the auspicious day. I find one has to lean a great deal on destiny, when one's own will

has been so thoroughly curbed by illness and things, and one finds one can't do anything, hardly, as one likes

Regards from us both, and I do hope now you'll keep well and happy
[P S] Of course I want you to do just what you think best with your
MSS – publish if you can

To Max and Kathe Mohr, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol,
14 November 1929

Dear Mohr und Kathe Mohr Well how is it now at Wolfsgrube? Here this evening it is cold, mistral blowing, but the house is warm, the central-heating works very well The morning was cold but lovely, very bright, with dark blue sea – tonight there is a big moon in thin clouds The Brewsters were here for tea – they have just gone They have taken a house – a little Château Brun, for 2500 frs a year – without furniture It is very nice, a square stone house standing on a little hill between here and St Cyr – in the Marseilles direction – about four miles along the road – and with vineyards all round It is very cheap – so they are having it whitewashed, and buying furniture, and at the end of next week, they want to move in Achsah is very happy to have a *château* and be a *châtelaine* She says even Var is not elegant enough – so she will put the address Château Brun, St Cyr, *Provence* That will sound very romantic – I say she should be *Madame la Comtesse* Brewster, since he is already Earl

Our trunks have come from Florence But they cost 1148 francs But Frieda is happy She is now singing Schubert at the piano but the gramophone – ‘Kiss your hand, Madame’ – I only allow in the kitchen, with the doors shut I do mortally hate it Then we have pictures on the walls, covers on the ‘divan’ etc etc – and Frieda is proud of her little house, though I call it a little railway station, and Achsah despises it terribly, calls it a vulgar box. She, however, is only too happy to come to it The Huxleys are in Madrid, shivering, but admiring El Greco They will not come here until February, when they also will look for a *château* for five francs I think I must be a *châtelain à deux sous*

There is no news in the world – our world I was better and taking my little walks, but mostly through the pine trees towards the English-woman's house Now I have got a chill – a touch of gripe – so am

staying indoors a day or two The country looks very lovely, the vines all red and yellow – we have been motoring several times with the B's – we had a very special octopus for supper on Saturday evening, and it was quite good, but still I had to shut my eyes I wonder if you have had *tripe* yet

Well, tell us how the Tirol is behaving The *Côte d'Azur* is sometimes grey

Many greetings from us both

To G Orioli, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 'Wednesday'

[?20 November 1929]

Dear Pino I haven't thanked you for the other copies of *Manente* – they came safely Today comes the notice that the other parcel – Frieda's coat – has arrived at the station, so that will be the last Now do send me a bill of all the charges and costs I found out from the agent that Egidi charged *lire* 100 for storage and *lire* 100 for *imballaggio* – surely we didn't owe 100 *lire* for storage

Today I got *What About Europe?* I have read it, and really, it's true what Norman [Douglas] says about Europe – in fact I begin to feel hopeless There's *no* spunk in anybody today, and the young Englishmen are every one willy-wetlegs Frederick Carter is here – the Apocalypse man – another quite clever ineffectual blighter – no fire, no courage, no spunk It drives me mad

The Brewsters have taken their little Château Brun for 2500 frs a year – and are having it done up, and are going to buy furniture They say they have no money, so the first thing they do is to hire a grand piano a horizontal grand – I don't believe they'll ever stay in that lonely house – it's about five miles from here

I don't hear a word from the Crosbys – so I expect she has gone to America I heard they advertised the *Cock* in *transition*, but haven't seen a copy

I hope you got the copy of *Pansies*, and one for Douglas, which I sent last week nice vellum copies.

Aldous wrote from Suresnes – they are back, rather tired I don't think they liked Spain *very* much, but no doubt he will get a vol. of essays out of it – Try and fix up the date etc. of the Machiavelli volume

with him, and give Pollinger approximate dates for Aldington's translation, and Douglas's – so he can do something about the series Was Richard Aldington in Florence? Is Douglas back? How is Scott-Moncrieff?

Mixed weather here – not bad – but I don't feel in a very good way – I don't want to work or paint or do anything feel somehow cross with everything

How about your passport?

How is *Manente* going now? The Wall Street crash has hit the Americans hard – it will make selling more difficult Everything will be tight

I ordered you a copy of my *Obscenity* pamphlet – They hate it in England – Tell me if you got the *Pansies*

To Max Mohr, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 'Thursday' [?21 November 1929]

Dear Mohr The Etruscan book came safely, and the other books, and many thanks But why, oh why will you spend your money, when you are such a Wolf in a *Grube*¹ – But I like the Etruscan book very much, and am reading it in spite of the tiresome and jawcracking style. *Why* must these *Wissenschaftler* write such long sentences, it is worse than Brewster's Yoga exercises, which make him hold his breath till his brain goes silly But the man takes a really sensible view of the *Etruskes*, as far as I have read He seems to have real feeling for them

Here all goes very quietly Frederick Carter is here, staying in the Beau Rivage It is six years since I have seen him, and he seems much older and sadder, and wiser, only a little more dead He is separated from his wife, and everything has gone wrong He is not really interested in Apocalypse or Astrology any more – but of course he would like to get published this work he has already done So I must see if I can manage it

Yesterday Madame Douillet and her daughter – from the Beau Rivage – came to tea, and she talked of Earl and Achsah, in all respect, but it was rather funny *Pourquoi, Monsieur, pourquoi mangent-ils comme ça? pourquoi? C'est manger sans vouloir manger, n'est-ce pas?* – It was a serious problem to her And when I said *Voyez-vous, ils sont Bouddhistes, les dévotés du dieu Bouddha, de l'Inde* – she was all the more astonished and mystified Can't get it at all. She brought us a pretty little palm tree

in a pot, saying *J'ai pensé à Monsieur* – and she is going to send us some little *gold-fish* – alive and swimming also for *Monsieur*, I suppose I am afraid *Monsieur* Mickie Beau Soleil, *le chat jaune, les trouvera fort à son goût*

The Brewsters have taken the Château Brun, and paid 1250 francs for six months' rent. Now the workmen are whitewashing the inside, for 700 frs – and Earl and Achsah are supposed to be painting the doors and windows, also white. The whole interior is to be snow-white, like a pure lily *imaginez-vous, Monsieur, comme un tombeau!* But Earl does not want to go to the house, he is afraid of being there all alone, so when they go to paint the doors, after an hour he has a headache, and must come home. I am afraid it is going to be very difficult. They have bought two old chairs and a set of fire-tongs (for 6 frs) so far. I don't know how they'll ever really move into the house – they really worry me.

I have been better lately, taking my little walks. We have had three lovely brilliant days, very blue, with a yellow sun sinking down in the sea at four o'clock. The wind is rather blowy, but from the east, and warm. We light the *chauffage centrale* at tea-time, but all the day is warm. On Monday we baked bread, five loaves only, and white bread, because one cannot buy *Vollkorn Mehl*. But Mme Douillet is getting us some – she calls it *farine de seigle*, which is *Roggenmehl*, but I hope it won't be, because that is so difficult to bake. Madame Martine, our *femme de ménage*, was very jealous when we baked the bread, and bounced about the kitchen, and burnt Frieda's *Apfelkuchen* black. But I sat in the kitchen like a lion and watched my bread bake safely. It is very good, but nearly all eaten.

The Huxleys will be almost in Paris now. They went back by Madrid and Burgos and Biarritz, and won't come here till after Christmas. Will you really stay in Wolfsgrube till February? It seems a long time. And what work are you doing? Thank you for the article on *Fantasia* – I hope they'll manage to sell some copies. And I hope Eva's cold is better, and you are all well and cheerful. And again many thanks, but *don't* spend money on these things.

To S S Koteliansky, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 'Wednesday'
[?27 November 1929]

Deai Kot Didn't I answer your letter? I got Rosanov, and some of it I think really good – the latter half. I did a small article on it, and sent to Curtis Brown, but probably they'll not be able to place it I said in it that Rosanov died a few years later than *Fallen Leaves* – 1912 – That's right, isn't it?

I don't know what to say about your doctor It's a great bore for him to get out at Toulon and come back here – about 8 miles – and then next day or so go on to Cannes or wherever he is going – some hours from Toulon And I simply don't want to make a three or four hours' journey to talk with a doctor who will want to talk about *lungs* when the trouble is bronchials If I knew a doctor who understood bronchials! – but they are much more difficult than lungs!

Carter is here, and we've had various talks about everything going He makes me feel that all is very dreary and dead in that literary London, and the young have no life in them at all

I'm glad you could let Curtis Browns have the *Adelphi* copies Murry was trying to frustrate me there You will know by now they want to publish those essays in a vol of collected newspaper and magazine articles – I don't want any more limited editions of me to appear just now – There is *Manente* and the *Escaped Cock* – people will be tired I wish I could have sent you a *Cock*, but I myself only got one or two I shall try to secure others It will have to appear in England later – but I am not arranging anything so far with C L. [Charles Lahr] The Mandrake is, I believe, as good as dead – Carter is taking a copy of the *Cock* to the Lion – promised from the first, so I must keep my promise.

I'm glad Murry has decided there is no God It makes one know that there is

I shall have to think of somebody for an edition of the *Cock* next year. Do you ever hear of Margaret Radford?

'The Lion' again Charles Lahr

To Aldous and Maria Huxley, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 'Wednesday'
[27 November 1929]

Dear Aldous and Maria So you are safely back – that's one mercy, anyhow, and we needn't think of you on rainy, windy days and imagine the little red car ploughing on, ploughing on Ugh! – I feel I don't want to feel any bad weather or see one single ugly or frightening thing just now – and Spain seems full of frightfulness As for weather, we get mixed – blue and windy just now, turning colder, I think

No news here I sent you a copy of *Pansies*, which Frederick Carter brought from London He does etchings and drawings, and writes on the Apocalypse – I knew him in the past – he is staying at the Beau Rivage for the moment But he fills me with the same savage despair with the young Englishman – so without fire, without spark, without spunk – so *ineffectual* What's the good of such people, though they are clever They think the whole end of living is achieved if they talk, with a drink, rather amusingly and cleverly for an evening Bore me – somehow so fatuous

Yesterday Frieda went to Toulon with Achsah, and she bought six snowy-white cups and saucers, and six snowy-white plates – very inexpensive – after having demanded *des tasses de Limoges* Then she went to the carpet dept – *Dames de France* – floated down on the salesman and demanded *des tapis de Bokhara, s'il vous plaît!* – and bought, of course, a straw mat for 70 frs But said to Frieda 'Frieda, *isn't* it rather lovely, *quite* oriental design – and won't Earl appreciate it – a touch of the East' It was Jap, of course – They want us to look for a house very near them – but for the moment, the sight of their flurries is enough for me I am thankful for this unredeemably modern and small Beau Soleil, taken for 6 months and no more, and am thankful to God to escape anything like a permanency 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.' Well, I've had nearly fifty years of Europe, so I should rather try the cycle of Cathay – Douglas sent me his *What About Europe?* – a bit rancid, perhaps, and sometimes fatuous, but on the whole he's right – Europe is as reesty as he says

To Mrs Emily King, from Beau Soleil, Bandon, 30 November 1929

My dear Pamela I am writing by return to say we should love a Christmas pudding and a little cake and a bit of mincemeat, and half a pound of tea, and Harwood Brewster will bring it, if you put it in a good shut-up basket that she can travel with easily, and easily open for the custom. Don't send anything that *won't keep*, as the trains are very hot – no porkpie or anything with meat – and no chocolate, because they might charge duty. They won't charge on a pudding and a cake, I don't think. Harwood leaves her school on 17th Dec, so see she has it in time.

Miss Harwood Brewster, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon – and you might ask Ada to send to Harwood for Frieda

2 large meridian undervests

2 knickers

Myself I don't need any underclothing or anything at all. We shall have to pretend the mincemeat and pudding are made with nut-fat, as the Brewsters will be having a Christmas dinner with us, and would faint at the thought of suet.

They have taken a house about five miles away, a lovely situation, but a bit lonely, and the house a bit cold. They have taken it unfurnished for a year, and are buying odds and ends of furniture. They say they have no money, but Achsah has already hired a horizontal grand piano. They want us to find a permanent house in their neighbourhood – it's near St Cyr, the next village – but I still feel disinclined for a permanency. Anyhow we've got this till end of March.

Maia Huxley also wants to come in January, to find a house – and they want to *buy* one, somewhere near here.

Frederick Carter has been staying at the Beau Rivage this last two weeks, but he leaves today. He comes every day – and the Brewsters come every day to tea, so we've not been lonely. We expect a friend from Santa Fe soon – she'll stay in the Beau Rivage.

The weather is poor – grey, uneasy, but not much rain – and my health is only muddling. But I just stay comfortably in bed, and don't bother. The *femme de ménage* cooks quite good meals.

I ordered you my *Obscenity* article – but you needn't read it. Stirs them up a bit. That Jix is a mealy-mouthed worm – but I saw the *New Statesman* standing up for me boldly this week – I haven't sent you *The*

Escaped Cock yet It is out, and very beautifully printed I think they have shipped all the 500 copies from Paris to New York but now America is really very hard hit by the Wall Street crash, trade really very bad over there, and books hardly selling at all So we must go slow for a time

Don't send any parcel by post here – it takes at least three weeks and everything smashed – Love

To Charles Lahr, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 9 December 1929

Dear L Many thanks for the bank receipt and for the Plutarch – Plutarch very acceptable – what a mercy the stone is, after all, a gold stone!

But you must soon be making an account and taking your share and paying yourself for all the books you have sent me What about the 50 vellums?

I am getting those *Nettles* ready – Faber & Faber want to do them in a pamphlet, like *Obscenity*, and I might as well let them, don't you think, since the *Squib* is damp If the *Squib* ever starts to pop, I'll be there – The *Nettles* are about twenty in number – the *Obscenity* pamphlet has sold over 6000 – more than any of the others

Tell Davies I'm really writing him – we're always talking about him

You'll have seen Carter by now I know some of the *Hahns* got to the bookseller Harry Marks in New York, but haven't heard yet about the bulk He is selling the ordinary copies at 25 dollars

Again thanks for the book

To Maria Huxley, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 10 December 1929

Dear Maria We've got two goldfish or one gold and one silver – sent to me by Madame Douillet, of the hotel – and they are the bane of the cat's life, for he thinks they are demons or phantasmagoria as they go round and gleam and become unnaturally huge in the glass

How are your little kittens? Is the grey colour of earth descending on them? They must be fun Our yellow Beau Soleil gets huge

Do you still think of coming in January? You know I expect every letter to give a different plan

We have got my sister Ada coming after Xmas, Frieda's sister Else, and Barby Weekley, shall have to fit them in in turn, the house is im-

possible for two visitors. Really, it's too small for one – everybody hears everybody brushing their teeth, and I hate it. But you'll be all right in the Beau Rivage, won't you? – Pino will probably be there – and the Brewsteins will be gone. It's quite near.

I believe by dint of looking you might find the sort of house you want – and the countryside is lovely. But I'm in a sort of despair – my health is very tiresome, and I'm sick of it altogether. I sort of wish I could go to the moon. Meanwhile, this little place is quite comfortable and all right, we've had some marvellous sunny days, rather too warm – the peasants are picking the narcissus – all in bloom.

I'd be all right if I felt better. It's beginning to irritate me. Not that I'm thinner or weaker – only the asthma is so maddening.

Well, I'm glad the rue du Bac sounds cheerful, and that Jehanne is well. She is nice, really, and soon she'll get a real chance, I feel.

Did you get the flowers Frieda sent?

To the Hon. Dorothy Brett, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol,

12 December 1929

Dear Brett. Ida Rauh is in the hotel here, so of course we talk about New Mexico all the time, and get a great longing to come back. Tonight is a brilliant, clear night with a moon over the sea, but warm, really too warm. I can imagine the desert under the moon. How far away it seems! – so far, and requires, somehow, a whole change of one's feeling. I think Ida is really happier over here – she seems quite chirpy. She belongs to civilisation and to society, she is not a person for isolation, or for roughness or for wildness. I think the *tempo* of the S. of France just suits her – easy, pleasant, no efforts, and no excitements, an old civilisation jogging along on its income.

The Brewsters, as perhaps you know, have taken a house about four miles from here. But they are still in the hotel, hung up as usual for lack of money. Apparently their resources get lower and lower and dribbles come from America to keep them just going. Now they can't move into their house till they've bought a few articles of furniture, and not a sou to buy them with – altogether their money problems are a bit of a nuisance. People who don't work and who live in comfortable hotels, shouldn't have money problems.

The di Chuaras are also in the hotel – did you know them in Capri? She gets smaller and older, and he more glum. Oh these married people!

Ida says you are still going to New York and having a show. I wonder if it's true. I hope it won't be a mere disappointment again, but never say die. My pictures are still stacked in London, I'm sick at the thought of them – and I don't paint a stroke – quite gone out of me. Oh, if you are fairly happy in America, don't come to Europe – it takes all the life out of one. I really think I shall try to come back in the spring. I begin to believe I shall never get well over here. My health is no better this year than last – it's really worse – and I hardly walk a stride. I'm so sick of it. Somewhere I am not ill, but my bronchials and asthma *get me down*. How I hate it. Perhaps if I came back to New Mexico I would get up again. Frieda sometimes says she wants to come – then again not. I would do anything now to get really on my feet again, and not be this semi-invalid. I really do stick to the thought of coming back in March or April – what's the good dragging on over here!

Well, I do hope things go well with you – no complications and unnecessary difficulties. Remembrances for Christmas.

To Frederick Carter, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 15 December 1929

Dear Carter. Thanks for Enoch, who came yesterday. I have read a good deal of him, and some parts are rather nice.

I have roughly finished my introduction, and am going over it, working it a bit into shape. I'm hoping I can get Brewster's daughter to type it – she comes this week – God knows what anybody will think of it. When you have done your chapter, send me a copy – I'll send Enoch back.

We've had the most beautiful weather lately – brilliant sunny days, and warm. This morning is another calm and lovely morning – The Brewsters are still in the hotel – had no money to go to their house with – not a sou even to pay the hotel. but thank goodness, some has come at last – or almost come – so are a little nearer. Today the grand piano is being sent up from Toulon, and they are going to welcome it. It will be the first piece of furniture in the *château*! – all alone. – We are quite a party – Mr and Mrs di Chiara, from Capri, are in the

hotel – also Mrs Eastman, from New Mexico They all troop along to tea, so the Beau Soleil resounds with voices, and the cat goes away in disgust

We are fairly well – a little better – I was sorry to hear from Charlie Lahr of his motor-accident What a world!

‘My introduction’ Lawrence wrote a long essay intended for Carter’s *Dragon of the Apocalypse*, this essay was published after Lawrence’s death as his last book, *Apocalypse* (1931) ‘Mrs Eastman’ Ida Rauh had been married to Max Eastman and, subsequently, to Andrew Dasburg

To G Orioli, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, ‘Wed’ [218 December, 1929]

Dear Pino Many thanks for the cheque for £95-17-6 It seems quite a nice sum of money already And perhaps America will rouse up a bit

I had also your other letter with Aldington’s cheque for £4

Pollinger sent me the letter you wrote him. It certainly was a rude letter Why did you get the wind up against him, he was only doing his best? However, I tried to soothe him down, and told him to drop the idea of the Lungarno Series finally

As for Aldous, he won’t come here at Christmas Maria talks of coming alone in the New Year Something seems to have gone wrong between him and her, I don’t know what Anyhow I shall never ask him for anything, neither for myself nor anybody else, any more He takes not the slightest notice He annoys me – I doubt if ever you will get anything out of him

We had lovely warm sunny weather all last week, till yesterday, when the wind came cold I think perhaps it is going to turn colder now, though the sun is warm in the shelter Do you think you might bring me another blue jacket from the shop in Via Tornabuoni, the same blue as the one I’ve got now I love the colour so much

And would it trouble you to look in the wooden box for copies of newspaper articles by me They want to publish a volume of my newspaper articles in spring, and some are missing I know they are there in the wooden box – at least I put them there There is one ‘The Nightingale’ and another ‘Fireworks’ – I want those two especially – and perhaps there are one or two more I don’t want stories or long articles – only these short things Would you post them to me?

Tell me when you will come, and we'll have a room ready for you
The di Chiaras too are so relieved to be away from Italy for a bit I do
hope the weather will be good when you come – and we'll take some
drives around

You haven't told me how much I owe you for all the parcels posted
and everything You must take it off the next account

Did you see that Harry Crosby committed suicide in New York
last week – shot himself and another young woman – very horrible –
the last sort of cocktail excitement The wife is on her way back to
Paris already with the ashes (his only) in a silver jar – He had always been
too rich and spoilt nothing to do but to commit suicide It depressed
me very much

An revoir then Frieda is just off to Marseilles with the Brewsters – in
a car Thank goodness I need not go

To Maria Huxley, from Beau Solcil, Bandol, 'Thursday'
[?19 December 1929]

Dear Maria Well, here's Xmas in a day or two! – I rather hate it Why
make merry when one doesn't feel merry However, my sisters have
sent plum pudding and cake, so I suppose we'll invite the friends and
eat it appropriately – Don't send anything, by the way – don't bother
Because I don't know what I should send you and Aldous, I've got
nothing – and there *is* nothing So don't send anything except *amore*,
amore! And before I forget do tell me what Jehanne paid for the typing
of that almond-tree article – so nice it is – but tell me

It was very warm, lovely, and sunny here till Tuesday! When it
went cold Today is sunny and clear, but cold, the sun has no strength
I keep mostly indoors It's a bit too sharp for me

No news – except, I suppose, you saw about Harry Crosby – that
upset me very much

The cat made an attack on the goldfish today, and a few small
brilliant gold scales are floating loose. I spanked him, and he looked
like a Chinese demon Now he's trying to make up to me, but I'm cold

The sun is just going down coldly, from a milk-blue sea

There come the friends

[P S] You really ought to get your picture from Dorothy Warren now She's distributed all the sold ones

To Mark Gertler, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 23 December 1929

Dear Gertler Sorry you are feeling low in spirits Don't worry, it is very common with men when they pass forty – or when they draw near forty Men seem to undergo a sort of *spiritual* change of life, with really painful depression and loss of energy Even men whose physical health is quite good So don't fret Often an *entire* change of scene helps a lot – But it's a condition which often drags over several years Then, in the end, you come out of it with a new sort of rhythm, a new psychic rhythm a sort of re-birth Meanwhile, it is what the mystics call the little death, and you have to put up with it I have had it too, though not so acutely as some men But then my health is enough to depress the Archangel Michael himself My bronchials are really awful It's not the lungs

I shall be pleased to see Dr Morland, if he really wants to take the trouble to stop off here But I don't like the thought of troubling him

And we shall be pleased to see you later The Hôtel Beau Rivage is really very nice Bandol is a quiet little place, but usually sunny and pleasant Yesterday there was a great storm, the first, so today is grey and a bit stunned, but quiet I hope it will soon clear again – we get so used to the sun, we miss it worse than ever.

All good wishes from us both – and *au revoir!*

To S S Koteliansky, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 23 December [1929]

Dear Kot Well here is Christmas! We had a great storm yesterday, so today is grey and sulky I am in bed, as usual, my bronchials really behaving very badly this winter. Am so tired of them

I shall be pleased to see Dr Morland if he stops off here – but don't at all like the thought of troubling him and interrupting his journey It is very kind of him to say he will see me

I wrote Pollinger about *Pansies* pirates and he has tried to see Goldston, without success Goldston is getting a difficult bird too

There is nothing new in the world I wish my health was better hope

yours is all right There are various friends here in the hotel, so we shall have a certain amount of Christmas fun I hate it, but Frieda seems to think it is essential

Excuse this poor letter –

To Rhys Davies, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 23 December 1929

Dear Davies I have been wanting all this time to write – but my bronchials have been giving me such a bad time Now I'm in bed with linseed poultices, so can't go much lower There was a great storm yesterday – huge seas – today is quiet, but grey and chill and forlorn imagine me the same

We were so sorry to hear of that motor-car accident and those two ribs I believe ribs aren't terribly important – witness Eve – so I hope you're about better now But it was too bad And I always thought Charlie Lahr was a lucky man – now one must doubt it Anyhow, there's no luck in the wide world at present

I read your story in *This Quarter* – quite amusing What does your mother say to it? *la jeunesse!* And you are coming out in the *London Mercury!* Oh beware, they'll be putting a little blue ribbon round your neck, tied in a blue bow at the side

Did you read that Harry Crosby, the rich young American in Paris who printed *Escaped Cock* for me, shot himself and his mistress in New York? Very horrible! Too much money – and *transition surréalisme* –

We've got altogether seven friends in the Beau Rivage, and they all come to tea I tell you it's like a forum

Frieda says she is writing to you

Tell me if there is anything I could order you for Christmas – any book or books you'd specially like – or a pen or something Do tell me

Remember us warmly to your mother, and to your sister I wish we could come in and have a mince-pie with you – do you have mince-pie in Wales?

I'm disappointed about the chips and faggots young man

I thought of calling my book of collected sketches, *Chips and Faggots*

Well, I won't say merry Christmas, but I do hope you are feeling chirpy, all the same And do let me know if there is anything I can do for you

Dear Aldous Many thanks for Maillol, which has just come He has a certain tender charm

I haven't sent a thing to anybody, as I am in bed with a bout of bronchitis, and feel I can't make any efforts Wonder how Maria got on in San Remo – futile sort of journey – futile business! Expect she had the storm yesterday same as here The world very grey and stunned today I'm rather the same, as I had to put a linseed poultice on my broncs Hope your rheumatism is better It is indeed a curse, being ill

I hope you've got good news of Julian Somehow, I feel he'll dodge through, and the tsetse flies won't bite him But let me know, as I shall go on wondering

I think you're lucky to escape the Christmassing Why do we do it! But I suppose the children like it – I'm keeping ours down to a mere tea-party, so not much harm done But the friends in the hotel are now seven!

No news in our world I am doing practically nothing – haven't touched a paint-brush Sad!

Did you get the painting from Dorothy Warren? You could claim it any time now

Gertler talks of coming down here in January

[P S] The cat has killed the silver goldfish – nothing less than a tragedy

1930

Lawrence goes on 6 February to Vence, Alpes Maritimes, and dies there at the Villa Robermond (now the Villa Aurella) on 2 March. Later that month, his small volume of poems, *Nettles*, comes out, *Assorted Articles* in April. In June, his great statement, *À Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*, is published. [In 1935 his body was cremated and its ashes brought to New Mexico, where they now repose near Frieda (d. 1955) in a tomb on the side of Lobo Mountain.]

To Frederick Carter, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, France, 6 January 1930

Dear Carter I meant to write before – but I waited, getting bothered by my Introduction. It became so long and somehow unsuitable to go in front of your essays. So at last I laid it aside, and have written you now a proper introduction, about 5000 words, I think, which is really quite good and to the point, I feel. So I shall send it tomorrow or the next day to Curtis Brown to be typed, and they will send you a typescript copy. I shall not say anything to them about placing the book then if you can do it yourself, well and good. – For such an introduction I usually get £20 or £25, as outright payment, with right to include the introd. in a book of collected essays later on, which is quite simple, and leaves you free to arrange all terms yourself, the publisher merely paying me the £20 down for his right to use the introd. for, say, a term of two years. – Probably I shall publish my first Introd., which grew to 25,000 words nearly, later on, as a small book. But I am in no hurry, and hope you'll have yours out first. I too thought of *Dragon of Revelation* – it seems to me a good title. If the publishers don't like it, we can think of another. Chattos would be good people, but I doubt if they'll catch on. I shall be very much interested to see your new chapter, and most interested to see the drawings.

Weather rather stormy – has been very good Health so-so Brewsters are in their Château Brun, and seem to like it My wife is all right, and sends her good wishes We had quite a number of visitors – now most are gone, but still three in the hotel, and more coming Do you still think of coming down? – All good luck for the New Year

To Maria and Aldous Huxley, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 6 January 1930

Dear Maria and Aldous I'm rather better but don't get on much Still, I think I'm better – warily Frieda's got a cold for a change

Already the year is changing round Ida Rauh being here, we talk, of course, of Taos and the ranch, and plan to go back in the spring It might pick me up again who knows?

Pino and Douglas were very sweet, but rather on the holiday razzle, so rather depressing I find that people who are on the razzle, enjoying themselves, are so inwardly miserable and *agacé*, they are a real trial

How are you both after the festivities? – I don't suppose you razzled much, anyhow What about your plans? Are you coming down as you said about the 20th? That is only a fortnight ahead When one does nothing, how time seems to vanish away!

Weather has been so warm, unnaturally so, and sunny These last two days it is stormy from the sea, but still not at all cold Perhaps we are not going to have any real cold this winter

What is the latest news of Julian and Juliette? I wondered so often, but Aldous did not tell me And Yvonne, is she still eriant?

Margaret Gordon wants us to go and stay with her in her house near Grasse, but I think not I hear ———— and ———— and Co were rolling their incomes round Nice for Xmas, rich as pigs, ———— sunning himself in the glow of their *lucre*, Pino Orrioli the obscure satellite, being the guest of the obscure ———— So we climb down the steps of the hierarchy, from a pinnacle of ———— to the lowest rung of a Pino! *Scala degli angoli!*

Brett Young says his income is an 'easy' four thousand a year So he has got a 'hall' in the lake district in England, a Georgian hall in which he can become a little more damp than he already is, to be a last lake poet, instead of a mere puddle poet

I feel very spiteful against them all, for being mere incomes on two legs

Well, I can't write letters any more, but am not depressed Tell us the news, and about your coming

This revealing letter (Lawrence had less than two months to live) must be printed despite the disfigurement of blanks, inevitable because when the present book went to press, Aldous Huxley's letters from Lawrence were buried in a warehouse and could not be consulted, Catherine Carswell's annotated edition, apparently filled in partly by guesswork, suggests that it was Wells and Maugham who were 'rolling their incomes round Nice,' and that it was Hugh Walpole who was 'sunning himself in the glow of their *lucres*,' while the comparatively poor Lawrence coughed in his little 'square box' of a villa

To Mabel Luhan, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol, 6 January 1930

Dear Mabel Ida says she has written you about our coming to Taos in the spring I think, if I felt safe about it, I have the energy to get up and start, and I feel that once I got there, I should begin to be well again Europe is slowly killing me, I feel

Ida seems pretty well She goes around here with various friends of ours, and seems to enjoy herself all right In fact I think she's really in a healthier state of mind than when I saw her last in New Mexico We talk and make plans plans of coming back to the ranch and having places near one another – and perhaps having a sort of old school, like the Greek philosophers, talks in a garden – that is, under the pine-trees I feel I might perhaps get going with a few young people, building up a new unit of life out there, making a new concept of life. Who knows! We have always talked of it My being ill so long has made me realise perhaps I had better talk to the young and try to make a bit of a new thing with them, and not bother much more about my own personal life Perhaps now I should submit, and be a teacher. I have fought so against it

For my own part, though I am perhaps *more* irascible, being more easily irritable, not being well, still, I think I am more inwardly tolerant and companionable Who knows! Anyhow, people's little oddities don't frighten me any more even their badnesses I think we might get on easily together Frieda is suspicious, but I think even she is weary of the old watchful and hostile attitude, and doesn't care very much when people affront her a bit So many of our feelings are illusion We

don't *really* have them I think we might all be a great soothing and support to one another – I do really I think we might even trust one another, sufficiently It would be very good to have a real togetherness

I wish we could start afresh with this year You have never really trusted *anybody*, and you have never felt any real togetherness with anybody Perhaps we might begin, and then do our best We are too much cut off I am too much cut off

I hope you are feeling well, and fairly serene I had your story Of course it was *all* about yourself just yourself But I suppose, while you remain alone, you cannot escape yourself

Well, here's to the Spring, and a little new hope

*To Prince Leopold Lowenstein, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol,
6 January 1930*

Dear Prince Lowenstein I am so sorry there has been all this trouble over *Lady C* The real cause was Kippenberg, holding up the book and then changing his mind and upsetting everybody However, it is over now, so I hope we can all forget the endless annoyances I am very grateful to you for all the trouble you have taken, and very sorry you should have had so much irritation over the matter But Miss Jean Watson seems a thoroughly good hand at irritating *everybody*, myself included – and now she is Mrs Curtis Brown Junior there seems to be no holding her.

However, we can let it rest now

My wife sends her greetings, I mine

*To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol,
8 January 1930*

Dear Brett Your letter a couple of days ago I suppose you had mine too. Glad all goes well, and you're beginning to *sell* I've not touched a brush since we were in Spain have been very low But am trying with all my might to bite on and get better sufficiently to come back to New Mexico This winter makes me know I shall just die if I linger on like this in Europe any more, and what's the good of my dying! And anyhow it's so wearying and painful, being ill. So at the weekend, when

Earl comes down and tells me the name and address of the American Consul in Marseille, I shall write him and ask his advice about our coming over in March or April and about the quota and all that I hope he'll be friendly We could sail Dollar Line from Marseille, and land either in New York or even San Francisco I wouldn't mind a long sea trip But I do want to do something about my health, for I feel my life leaving me, and I believe it's this old moribund Europe just killing me

I shall let you know how I get on with the Consul, etc

Maria Cristina Chambers cabled she would come over in Feb Frankly, I don't like her very much but *don't* say so to anybody, as she seems to slave for me – for my books in New York Not that much is achieved

But I believe we might all of us fit together and make a life I have always said that Frieda's hate was at least half illusory, all the time – and now she begins to feel it I don't believe there'd be any squabbling – with a bit of patience As for me, I doubt if I've the strength to quarrel with anybody

I hope I can get strong enough to sail in March or April, and there won't be much difficulty For I realise I'm at the end of my tether over here – and they all so eagerly *expect* me to die – Murray and the London lot How they want to bury me! Oh God!

Send us your New York address, so I can write there

To Martin Secker, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 9 January 1930

Dear Secker Count Keyserling asked my sister-in-law to give him a copy of *Plumed Serpent* because he wants to write an article on it Mean swine won't buy a copy! I leave it to you whether you send one – you have my sister-in-law's address

Hope the MSS of *Assorted Articles* was all right, and title I haven't heard anything You'll send me galley proofs, won't you?

All quiet here Had a number of visitors, including the Brett Youngs, on £4000 a year, so they say. How are the puny risen! (Bit of spite – cross it out)

Hope all goes well

To S S Kotliansky, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 9 January 1930

Dear Kot I was just writing about the impossibility of fitting the Christian religion to the State – Send me *The Grand Inquisitor*, and I'll see if I can do an introduction Tell me how *long* you'd like it I did about 6000 words for Carter's *Apocalypse* book For the Intro. to Dahlberg's *Bottom Dogs* I got \$20 – but that is a bit low It depends on the publisher, and the price of the edition etc Tell me what the plan is We can arrange all right

Dr Morland is due to arrive here on the 15th – and so is Pollinger, travelling straight from London Pollinger is staying about a week – he's not well either. I don't know whether he'd like to travel with the Morlands –

Weather rather bad – health so-so I do hope you're feeling better than in your other letter, and no serious troubles I do hope too that Sonia is better Everybody seems to be ill

Send me your translation

To Mrs Emily Kung, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 15 January 1930

My dear Pamela I don't suppose Frieda has answered your letter, so it will be just a note from me We shall be pleased to see you and Ada at the end of February – it ought to be nice then And perhaps while you are here to keep house and look after me, Frieda can go to Germany for a while Do her good to get away from me for a bit I'm afraid she gets a bit sick of my being so much in bed But I'm really rather better again – only I never want to walk or move about I must wait for that to come back While I lie on the sofa I feel all right. but I'm no good at moving round The woman who works for us isn't bad, she'll do anything one wants

I've got Mr Pollinger at the Beau Rivage, and the day after tomorrow Else arrives from Heidelberg, to stay about a week She'll stay in the house with us – in the little back bedroom. And I do hope it will be fine, for today is as grey as any London Harwood Brewster went back to England yesterday – she'll be in the train now, nearing Totnes She said she would write to you She was delighted to go back to school – loves it so much better than home That's how the young are But I like

her – and her parents *are* trying. They're not very well, either, in their Château Brun

I asked Ada to tell me whether I should send Peg plain money for her 21st – or whether send the money to Ada to buy something for her. You might talk it over. What day is her birthday – February 20th? I hope she'll have a nice party – and you won't have much fuss, if it isn't in the house

To Caresse Crosby, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 20 January 1930

Dear Caresse. Thank you for the dicam book – Harry had a real poetic gift – if only he hadn't tried to disintegrate himself so! This disintegrating spirit, and the tangled sound of it, makes my soul weary to death.

I shall be interested to read the diary, later, if you wish me to – or what of it you wish me to. And if I could write a suitable foreword, I'd be glad to – But for the next two months, I'm not allowed to do *anything*. The doctor came from England and said I must lie in bed for two months, and do *nothing* and see no people – absolute rest. Oh, dear! and Harry was really so well, physically. And my nerves are so healthy, but my chest lets me down. So there we are. Life and death in all of us!

Did *Chariot of the Sun* ever appear? I have never seen a copy. I should like very much to have one, if the book exists.

And is it possible for you to send me a couple of imperfect copies of *Escaped Cock*, as you once suggested? I should be glad.

Oh, yes – don't you try to recover yourself too soon – it is much better to be a little blind and stunned for a time longer, and not make efforts to see or to feel. Work is the best, and a certain numbness, a merciful numbness. It was too dreadful a blow – and it was wrong.

To Lady Ottoline Morrell, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 21 January 1930

My dear Ottoline. Many thanks for sending me Philip's book – I have begun to read it, and shall enjoy it – nice and fat and human, one can keep on with it pleasantly for many a day. Quite a job worth doing, to make such a book accessible. I must say I like the Englishmen of a hundred years ago. They were still men.

All very quiet here – my health been bad this winter – doctor says perhaps I must go into a sanatorium for a couple of months Perhaps I will, I am tired of being always defeated by bad health It has been rather bitter to me, this not being able to get better, for such a long time But the body has a strange will of its own, and nurses its own chagrin

Frieda's sister is staying with us – and her daughter Barbara comes next week – so we are not lonely The weather has been quite lovely – a grey day today, but I don't mind it It is nice here, but there is something curiously flat and uninteresting about the French – though they are very nice to us here

What a pity we didn't know, when you were at Aix, so near It would have been so good to see you again I don't know when I shall come to England with my wretched health, but perhaps you will come south With love from us both

'Philip's book' *Leaves From the Greville Diary*

To Mabel Lulian, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 21 January 1930

Dear Mabel Your letter came yesterday – rather sad – and finds us rather sad The doctor from England came on Monday – says the bronchitis is acute, and aggravated by the lung I must lie still for two months – Talks of my going into a sanatorium near Nice, but I don't know if it's suitable. And I don't know if I shall go. He says with absolute care for two months, absolute rest from everything, I ought to be well enough to come to New Mexico and there get quite strong – I believe I *should* get strong if I could get back but I'm not well enough to travel yet I must see As soon as I *can* come I want to come The thing to do is to take one's hands entirely off the body, and let it live of itself have its own will It is by the body we live and we have forced it too much Now it refuses to live Yours does the same Now I have got to be still till my body moves of itself, and takes its own life It is very hard to yield entirely You must do the same – try to give up yourself, try to yield yourself entirely to your body, and let it take its own life at last You have bullied it so much – even to having your womb removed Now try to love it, to think tenderly of it, to feel tenderly towards it, and let it come to its own life at last It is a bit late – but better late than never. – And that is the true way And it is a thing you can only do by being

alone, people will only prevent you Lie still and gradually let your body come to its own life, free at last of your will – It is what I have got to do, too – If we can manage it, and I can come to New Mexico, then we can begin a new life, with real tenderness in it Every form of bullying is bad But you must help me about coming over, when the time comes
Love from us both

To Maria Huxley, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 23 January 1930

My dear Maria Your letter came yesterday, and we deciphered it Glad you had a good time in London – thrilled about the play – hope it'll make you lots of money, then the rest doesn't much matter It's bound to be horrible to look at, all plays are – so utterly false But if it settles the money worries, good for it

We had that doctor – he says I'm to rest absolutely, lie out on the balcony, do nothing, say nothing and above all, see no people He says it's the people use up the life Then in two months there should be a decided improvement So I am obeying – doing nothing, saying nothing, seeing nobody, lying either in bed or on the balcony – and we'll see the result He said he'd look at a sanatorium above Nice – his chief desire seems to be to remove me from the reach of 'people' He says the bronchitis is very bad, and the lung is a bit active, and they aggravate one another, but the thing to do is to try to get the bronchitis down, as it is doing most mischief

Well, if you come here, I shall be – in bed or on the balcony – *Santa Madonna!* possessing my soul in false patience

Meanwhile I hope the play will be a great success, and let me know

'The play' *Point Counter Point* had been dramatized by Campbell Dixon (as *This Way To Paradise*) and was to be presented in London

To the Hon Dorothy Brett, from Beau Soleil, Bandol,

24 January 1930

Dear Brett: I saw your father died – apparently it was easy for him – and 78 I hope he has left you better off – if not, never mind. And I wonder if it will take you to England

I am lying in bed, quite ill, cut off from work and everything, trying

to get my bronchitis healed a bit – very bad this winter I want so much to get well enough to be able to start for New Mexico I feel I'd get better there, and I get worse here There is the Consul to see – I can't do it – perhaps Earl will Ida went away, when I depended on her a bit I was wondering if it would be best to sail on your Dollar Line from Marseilles right to San Francisco, and land there Landing might be easier, and the long sea voyage might do me good But I shall see what Mabel says And of course I must get better than I am, before I can think of travel But by the end of March, surely, I shall be well enough again – I pray the gods But I'm bad this winter, much worse than last

I wonder where you are – you have not written – you should have had two letters – or three – of mine by now

Frieda must write to you herself I don't know how she is going to act, but I feel I mustn't stay here to get any worse, or I'm done for I don't know why I've gone down so this winter – there's no reason But here I am, almost helpless and minding it bitterly

Well, *hasta la vista!* as you say

[P S.] The doctors say the lung trouble is active, but the bronchitis is the worst, and I must try to get that down first

To Laurence E Pollinger, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 30 January 1930

Dear Pollinger Not a sound from you – I do hope you got home safely and are well

I duly lie in bed – or out on the terrace – and I am really better I think. I don't do any work, and I see no people, for there is no one to see – only my wife's daughter, Barbara, is with us

I wanted to say, I don't want to publish that 'Jolly Roger' extended essay with the Mandrake – I just feel I don't want to publish it as it stands – so do suppress the agreement, which I signed

Weather sunny – they say all the almond blossom is out, lovely up at the Brewsters' I watch the sea and the white foam

'That "Jolly Roger" extended essay,' *A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*, was published by Mandrake (June 1930) after Lawrence's death

To G Orioli, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 30 January 1930

Dear Pino Douglas said you were ill, but he didn't say how or what I do hope it isn't bad I expect you got yourself thoroughly upset Christmas at Nice and Menton When you were here I knew from your *voice* that you were knocking yourself up Why are you so silly? Why do you think you want to razzle and drink like Douglas? It doesn't agree with you – and you are only miserable Remember that by family you are born moral, and so you'll always be miserable when you go off the hooks You'll merely kill yourself if you try to live up to Douglas' festive standards You're not made that way

There's a peach! – and all the time, here am I in bed too The doctor says I must stay in bed for two months' absolute rest – no work – no seeing people – then perhaps go to the ranch – Frieda's daughter Barbara is here – her sister has just gone away My sisters come in about a fortnight

The Huxleys are in England, as *Pont Counter Pont* is being made into a play – first night tomorrow – and Aldous seems to be enjoying himself, figuring among the actors and actresses and being *It*

Ask Carletto to send me a line to say how you are

To Dr Andrew Morland, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 30 January 1930

Dear Dr Morland Had your letter from Vence – many thanks – I don't much want to go Ad Astra I lie still in bed – I don't do any work – see no-one, for there is no one to see, except my wife's daughter, who is staying with us, and by yesterday the bronchitis had subsided a lot – but it's come back a bit today again, probably the North Wind If I make good progress as I am, I shan't go to Vence if I don't I shall

We are both very grateful to you for your advice, which I can see is sound I should like to give you a signed copy of the first edition of *Lady Chatterley* – if you'd care for it I can get a copy from Florence. But where shall I send it? to Mrs Morland? What is her address in Mentone?

Shall report progress again next week

'To go Ad Astra' Dr Morland had recommended the Ad Astra sanatorium at Vence, to which Lawrence went in February.

To Mrs Margaret Needham, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 2 February 1930

My dear Peg Well it is nearly your birthday, and you are nearly a real legal woman It doesn't make any odds, really but it is a nice reason for festivating a bit, and having a cake with candles I send you a little cash to buy some trifle, which I'm sorry I couldn't go and buy myself for you But perhaps with [?] these you'll know best what you want

We are changing plans a bit here I have written to the sanatorium near Nice to say I will go for a month or so, if they have a room ready I expect their answer tomorrow – and if there is a room, I shall go on Tuesday It is at Vence, about 15 miles from Nice – or less – and about 1000 ft above the sea which is better Of course I hate the thought of going, but I'd best do it and have done with it

I don't know whether your mother will still want to come here Frieda will go with me to Vence, stay a couple of days, then come back here and stay with Barby, who is with us this last week I believe I shall be allowed to see people only twice a week I'm not really any worse, but Dr Morland assured me I should get better so much more quickly in a sanatorium, and be able to *walk* again – and that is what I want I want my legs back again

Well, this is dull for a birthday letter – but I hope you will forgive it – and that you'll have a very jolly party up there at Mapperley

With love from us both

*To Ada Lawrence Clarke, from Beau Soleil, Bandol,
3 February 1930*

I have decided to go to the Sanatorium that Dr Morland recommended – Ad Astra, Vence, A M It is above Nice. I've arranged to go on Thursday But you won't want to come here when I'm in Vence, and they will let me have visitors only twice a week. So wait a bit, till I'm walking about, and then come to Vence – they say it's nice there.

Of course I hate going – but perhaps it won't be so bad

To Charles Lahr, from Beau Soleil, Bandol, 3 February 1930

Dear L I have asked Titus again about the *Pansies* – He thinks to put in a new title-page and sell at 60 frs I asked him to write you direct What

about the blue-bound vellum copies? – you don't mention them I should like to settle up finally and altogether about the *Pausies* before we begin the *Cock*

Yes, the title *The Man Who Had Died* is all right for *The Escaped Cock* – But I don't want a limited edition – one limited edition of a book is enough I would like an unlimited edition at 10/6 – call it a Blue Moon book if you like –

O'Flaherty's essay is too slight – too short I mean – it's no good printing such small things alone by themselves

On Thursday I am going to a sanatorium above Nice Ad Astra, *Vence*, A M – Write to me there

[P S] I'm so afraid you'll get in an awful muddle with accounts, if you go in for publishing that is, unless you buy the rights outright each time, from the author

If we come to a decision about the *Hahn*, I can send you a set of proofs to print from – or can you use your copy without spoiling it?

To Ada Lawrence Clarke, from Ad Astra, A.M , Vence, France
[?7 February] 1930

Got here yesterday – think I shall be all right – quite nice and not alarming Frieda is in the hotel – I have a balcony and see the coast-line and Cannes five miles off Shall go downstairs to lunch next week, all being well

To Ada Lawrence Clarke, from Ad Astra, Vence, A M , France
[?7 February 1930]

I have submitted and come here to a sanatorium – sort of sanatorium – and Frieda is in the hotel – I came yesterday It doesn't seem very different from an ordinary hotel – but the doctors are there to look after one – I'll tell you the results – I heard the play wasn't a success with the public, but perhaps they'll come round to it. Pity if it doesn't make you richer, if not rich – Maria, do send me a bit of that liver medicine which Aldous found so good. It's quite a nice place here – the air is good, and one is aloft Shall write properly

To S S Koteliansky, from Ad Astra, Vence, A M, 9 February 1930

Dear Kot Well I came here last Thursday – and it's no different from being in an hotel, not a bit – except that a nurse takes my temperature I have the ordinary hotel food – and do just as I like – and am far less 'looked after' than I was in the Beau Soleil So much for a sanatorium The doctors don't seem to think my case desperate – they don't seem to think anything of it at all – I have no fever – and weigh under 45 kgs – 90 lbs But I think I'll be all right

Yes, we both liked Dr Morland

If you see Mrs Henderson, thank her for her letter, and tell her I'll answer it – tell her how I'm fixed Send me her address

Yes, you can leave out Murry's name – put Katherine's instead, if you like

It rains today.

To Maria Huxley, from Ad Astra, Vence, A M, 'Wed' [?12 February 1930]

Dear Maria Your letter came on – a good letter, made me understand about the play very well I'm afraid the public wants to be made to feel it is all on the side of the angels But I hope the run will be longer than you think, and make a bit of money anyhow

Here I came at last, as I was getting so feeble and so thin It isn't a sanatorium, really – an hotel where a nurse takes your temperature and two doctors look at you once a week – for the rest, just an hotel They examined me with X-rays and all that. It is as I say – the lung has moved very little since Mexico, in five years But the broncs are awful, and they have inflamed my lower man, the *ventre* and the liver I suppose that's why I've gone so thin – I daren't tell you my weight – but I've lost a lot this winter, can't understand why Of course they can do nothing for me – food, the food is good, but it's hotel food – they say milk is bad for my liver, and it's true They don't say rest all the time – I go down to lunch, down two flights of steep stairs, alas – and I'm going to practise walking again I think they are right and the English doctor wrong A certain amount of movement is better I've got a good balcony and lovely view – and the air is much better than Bandol If ever you want to live in these parts, try a place like Vence. – Frieda is in the Nouvel Hôtel in Vence –

she goes back to the Beau Soleil Saturday – her daughter Barbara is there They will pack up and go to a little house in Cagnes, which the di Chiaras are giving up Then they'll come on the bus, about 20 minutes, to see me – It's dull here – only French people convalescing and nothing in my line But I'm feeling more chirpy, and shall try to get *on my legs* It would be fun to see you, end of this month When I hope I can walk a bit I wish we could have been somewhere to have a good time like Diablerets Or I wish I could sail away to somewhere really thrilling – perhaps we shall go to the ranch What I want is to be thoroughly cheered up somehow – not this rest-cure business.

Well, it all sounds very egoistic – that's the worst of being sick The mimosa is all out, in clouds – like Australia, and the almond blossom very lovely, especially around Bandol. Today was a marvellous day – I sat in the garden Perhaps we might have a few jolly days, if you came down – just jolly, like Diablerets

To A Brewster, from Ad Astra, Venice, A M., 'Wed'

[²12 February 1930]

Dear Achsah Well here I am – and it's not so bad I feel better for the change, for the higher level, and the escaping from Beau Soleil Here one is in the sky again, and on top of things There, one was underneath

The doctors don't insist on rest, like Morland – they suggest I go down to meals, two flights of *steep* stairs, alas! And I have the ordinary hotel food – but good food Still, I feel better, I feel I've escaped something The doctors X-rayed me a long while – the lung had hardly moved since Mexico – the broncs are very bad – and the liver inflamed and enlarged – all very boring But I believe a certain amount of movement is necessary for me I don't seem to have any fever

It was a lovely day – I was out in the garden a bit – and out on my balcony There is a mimosa tree in bloom Earl will be coming tomorrow He looks better and fresher for his change

Frieda wants to come back to Beau Soleil on Saturday, and pack up, and then move into the Casa dei Sogni – I hope she's wise

What a world it is! But I shall see you soon – and I hope before very long I shall be pitching my tent in the shade of the Château Brun – Love

To Mrs Emily King, from Ad Astra, Venice A M, 14 February 1930

My dear sister I had your letter and Peg's today – glad the dance was a success I had to give in and come here – Dr Morland insisted so hard, and I was losing weight so badly, week by week I only weigh something over six stones – and even in the spring I was over seven, nearly eight So I had to do something at once Yet I haven't gained any weight here either – nor lost any – in the 8 days I have had careful X-ray examination – the lung trouble is slight, but the bronchial-asthma condition very bad, it uses up my strength – and I've lost my appetite They try to give me things to pick me up, but as yet there is no change – I'm not in any sudden danger – but in slow danger I didn't want you both to come there to that little Beau Soleil house – it would have upset me too much and been too much for me – and it wouldn't have been much fun for you Wait and see how I go on here – then in the spring we may meet in some nice place If I'd waited, as you suggest, heaven knows what might have happened – do you think I come into a sanatorium for the fun of the thing? And when one feels so weak and down, one doesn't want to see anybody, and that's the truth – It would have been no fun for you

Frieda will go back to Bandol on Monday and give up the Beau Soleil and come to Cagnes, just below here, and have a house there for a while – so she can come and see me every day Luckily she will have Barby with her

Give my letter to Ada, so she understands too – Love.

[P S] There is no need for you to worry, either of you But there is need for me to take care

To Caresse Crosby, from Ad Astra, Venice, A M, 14 February 1930

Dear Caresse I had to come here, to a sort of sanatorium, for my health I have been losing weight badly, so there is not much left of me, and soon I too should be a goner I think I am better here, but I've gained no weight and it is very wearisome

Your letter came on, with the cheque But did you really sell that whole edition for \$2250? It seems absurd, for Marks was retailing it at \$25 a copy, as I know from two sources. He may have had to come

down in price, later But did you sell the whole edition, *including the vellums*, for \$2250? If you did, you are not the good business woman I should expect you to be and I resent bitterly those little Jew booksellers making all that money out of us

I hope you haven't sent Harry's MS to Bandol If you have, it will come on all right If I get it here, I can read it and think about it I hope it won't upset me too much – I rather dread it

And I hope time is passing not too heavily for you – time is the best healer, when it isn't a killer

You didn't say if you would let me have a couple of imperfect copies of *Escaped Cock* I wish you could

Frieda is in the Nouvel Hôtel here – and sends her love, and her sympathy, with mine.

To Laurence E Pollinger, from Ad Astra, Vence, A M, 20 February 1930

Dear Pollinger I don't believe Stern is going to get far with Boni

About Charles Lahr – don't insist on money down – I don't want it Say accounts made a month after publication Thank you so much for looking after it

Oh, that Mandrake – vegetable of ill omen!

When will *Nettles* appear?

Thank you for the books I read *Mamba* and the Chinese book the other two, the girl at sea is a feeble fake, and the other man, I'm sick of self-conscious young Americans posing before their own cameras

I've been rather worse here – think I have a bit of flu – pain too There's nothing in this place – I was better in Beau Soleil – have been here fifteen days

Commando hasn't come, from F V Morley

My wife has her daughter Barbara with her, and another friend – not so bad I'm rather miserable here

To E H Brewster, from Ad Astra, Vence, A M, 'Friday'

[?21 February 1930]

Dear Earl What woes! – you must tell me if you get into straits – what a bore!

I'm rather worse than better – doesn't suit me here – have awful bad

nights, cough and pain – and seems they can't do anything for me. I was better in Beau Soleil. Shan't stay long here – perhaps till next Thursday. Perhaps we'll take a house here for a short time. Ida Rauh is here, looking fat. Will write more later – Love
[P S] Beastly weather here

To G Orioli, from Ad Astra, Venice, A M , 'Friday'
[?21 February 1930]

Dear Pino Glad to hear you are better. I am not – rather worse. This place doesn't suit me – shan't stay long, perhaps another week. Feel wretched – Perhaps we shall take a house here for a short while.

Will you send me a copy of the first edition of *Lady C* – I want to give it to my English doctor – he won't take a fee.

Weather bad – I am all the time in bed again – and feel miserable. Will write more later.

To M Huxley, from Ad Astra, Venice, A M , 'Friday' [21 February 1930]

Dear Maria The two parcels came now – very luxurious. Frieda trying them all – very extravagant of you to send so much. And Coréne and the Browning book. It's interesting, the Browning, yet somehow humiliating – bourgeois. The bourgeois at its highest level makes one squirm a bit.

I am rather worse here – such bad nights, and cough, and heart, and pain decidedly worse here – and miserable. Seems to me like *grippe*, but they say not. It's not a good place – shan't stay long – I'm better in a house – I'm miserable.

Frieda has Barbey with her – and Ida Rauh. When do you think of coming?

[P S] This place no good

To E H Brewster, from Ad Astra, Venice, A M , 'Thursday'
[?27 February 1930]

Dear Earl Many thanks for letter and cheque – it's a bit too much, I shall give you some back.

I'm about the same – I think no worse – but we are moving into a house here in Vence on Saturday, and I'm having an English nurse from Nice I shall be better looked after

H G Wells came to see me Monday – a common temporary soul – Today the Aga Khan came with his wife – I liked him – a bit of real religion in the middle of his fat face He wants to take my pictures to Paris – perhaps buy some – we'll see

The Huxleys are in Cannes – came Tuesday, and coming again tomorrow Queer – something gone out of them – they'll have to be left now to the world – finished, in some spiritual way Their play is running its final week But they are well in health

How much did those shares bring you, actually? Tell me

Ida and Barby are both very good We talk of you I *do* hope Achsah's face is better – worrying, that is

It's beastly weather – Love

[P S] Excuse paper Frieda took the other to her room

Jo Davidson came and made a clay head of me – made me tired – result in clay mediocre

On 1 March 1930, Lawrence moved out of Ad Astra to the Villa Robermond (now the Villa Aurella), where he died on 2 March

Appendix

INTRODUCTION BY ALDOUS HUXLEY TO THE LETTERS OF D H LAWRENCE (published 1932)

'I ALWAYS say, my motto is "Art for my sake"' The words are from a letter written by Lawrence before the war 'If I *want* to write, I write – and if I don't want to, I won't The difficulty is to find exactly the form one's passion – work is produced by passion with me, like kisses – is it with you? – wants to take'

'Art for my sake' But even though for my sake, still art Lawrence was always and unescapably an artist Yes, unescapably is the word, for there were moments when he wanted to escape from his destiny 'I wish from the bottom of my heart that the fates had not stigmatized me "writer." It is a sickening business' But against the decree of fate there is no appeal Nor was it by any means all the time that Lawrence wanted to appeal His complaints were only occasional, and he was provoked to make them, not by any hatred of art as such, but by hatred of the pains and humiliations incidental to practising as an artist Writing to Edward Garnett, 'Why, why,' he asks, 'should we be plagued with literature and such-like tomfoolery? Why can't we live decent, honourable lives, without the critics in the Little Theatre fretting us?' The publication of a work of art is always the exposure of a nakedness, the throwing of something delicate and sensitive to the 'asses, apes and dogs' Mostly, however, Lawrence loved his destiny, loved the art of which he was a master – as who, that is a master, can fail to do? Besides, art, as he practised it, and as, at the bottom, every artist, even the most pharisaically 'pure' practises it, was 'art for my sake' It was useful to him, pragmatically helpful 'One shed one sicknesses in books – repeats and presents again one's emotions to be master of them' And, anyhow, liking or disliking were finally irrelevant in the face of the fact that Law-

rence was in a real sense possessed by his creative genius. He could not help himself. 'I am doing a novel,' he writes in an early letter, 'a novel which I have never grasped. Damn its eyes, there I am at p 145 and I've no notion what it's about. I hate it. F. says it is good. But it's like a novel in a foreign language I don't know very well - I can only just make out what it's about.' To this strange force within him, to this power that created his works of art, there was nothing to do but submit. Lawrence submitted, completely and with reverence. 'I often think one ought to be able to pray before one works - and then leave it to the Lord. Isn't it hard work to come to real grips with one's imagination - throw everything overboard. I always feel as though I stood naked for the fire of Almighty God to go through me - and it's rather an awful feeling. One has to be so terribly religious to be an artist.' Conversely, he might have added, one has to be terribly an artist, terribly conscious of 'inspiration' and the compelling force of genius, to be religious as Lawrence was religious.

It is impossible to write about Lawrence except as an artist. He was an artist first of all, and the fact of his being an artist explains a life which seems, if you forget it, inexplicably strange. In *Son of Woman*, Mr Middleton Murry has written at great length about Lawrence - but about a Lawrence whom you would never suspect, from reading that curious essay in destructive hagiography, of being an artist. For Mr Murry almost completely ignores the fact that his subject - his victim, I had almost said - was one whom 'the fates had stigmatized "writer"'. His book is *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark - for all its metaphysical subtleties and its Freudian ingenuities, very largely irrelevant. The absurdity of his critical method becomes the more manifest when we reflect that nobody would ever have heard of a Lawrence who was not an artist.

An artist is the sort of artist he is, because he happens to possess certain gifts. And he leads the sort of life he does in fact lead, because he is an artist, and an artist with a particular kind of mental endowment. Now there are general abilities and there are special talents. A man who is born with a great share of some special talent is probably less deeply affected by nurture than one whose ability is generalised. His gift is his fate, and he follows a predestined course, from which no ordinary power can deflect him. In spite of Helvétius and Dr Watson, it seems pretty obvious that no amount of education - including under that term everything from the Oedipus complex to the English Public School system - could have prevented Mozart from being a musician, or musicianship

from being the central fact in Mozart's life. And how would a different education have modified the expression of, say, Blake's gift? It is, of course, impossible to answer. One can only express the unverifiable conviction that an art so profoundly individual and original, so manifestly 'inspired,' would have remained fundamentally the same whatever (within reasonable limits) had been the circumstances of Blake's upbringing. Lawrence, as Mr F. R. Leavis insists, has many affinities with Blake. 'He had the same gift of knowing what he was interested in, the same power of distinguishing his own feelings and emotions from conventional sentiment, the same "terrifying honesty."' Like Blake, like any man possessed of great special talents, he was predestined by his gifts. Explanations of him in terms of a Freudian hypothesis of nurture may be interesting, but they do not explain. That Lawrence was profoundly affected by his love for his mother and by her excessive love for him, is obvious to anyone who has read *Sons and Lovers*. None the less it is, to me at any rate, almost equally obvious that even if his mother had died when he was a child, Lawrence would still have been, essentially and fundamentally, Lawrence. Lawrence's biography does not account for Lawrence's achievement. On the contrary, his achievement, or rather the gift that made the achievement possible, accounts for a great deal of his biography. He lived as he lived, because he was, intrinsically and from birth, what he was. If we would write intelligibly of Lawrence, we must answer, with all their implications, two questions: first, what sort of gifts did he have? and secondly, how did the possession of these gifts affect the way he responded to experience?

Lawrence's special and characteristic gift was an extraordinary sensitiveness to what Wordsworth called 'unknown modes of being.' He was always intensely aware of the mystery of the world, and the mystery was always for him a *numen*, divine. Lawrence could never forget, as most of us almost continuously forget, the dark presence of the otherness that lies beyond the boundaries of man's conscious mind. This special sensibility was accompanied by a prodigious power of rendering the immediately experienced otherness in terms of literary art.

Such was Lawrence's peculiar gift. His possession of it accounts for many things. It accounts, to begin with, for his attitude towards sex. His particular experiences as a son and as a lover may have intensified his preoccupation with the subject, but they certainly did not make it. Whatever his experiences, Lawrence *must* have been preoccupied with sex, his gift made it inevitable. For Lawrence, the significance of the sexual experience was this: that, in it, the immediate, non-mental

knowledge of divine otherness is brought, so to speak, to a focus – a focus of darkness. Parodying Matthew Arnold's famous formula, we may say that sex is something not ourselves that makes for – not righteousness, for the essence of religion is not righteousness, there is a spiritual world, as Kierkegaard insists, beyond the ethical – rather, that makes for life, for divineness, for union with the mystery. Paradoxically, this something not ourselves is yet a something lodged within us, this quintessence of otherness is yet the quintessence of our proper being. 'And God the Father, the Inscrutable, the Unknowable, we know in the flesh, in Woman. She is the door for our in-going and our out-coming. In her we go back to the Father, but like the witnesses of the transfiguration, blind and unconscious.' Yes, blind and unconscious, otherwise it is a revelation, not of divine otherness, but of very human evil. 'The embrace of love, which should bring darkness and oblivion, would with these lovers (the hero and heroine of one of Poe's tales) be a daytime thing, bringing more heightened consciousness, visions, spectrum-visions, prismatic. The evil thing that daytime love-making is, and all sex-palaver!' How Lawrence hated Elconora and Ligeia and Roderick Usher and all such soulful Mrs Shandies, male as well as female! What a horror, too, he had of all Don Juans, all knowing sensualists and conscious libertines! (About the time he was writing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* he read the memoirs of Casanova, and was profoundly shocked.) And how bitterly he loathed the Wilhelm-Meisterish view of love as an education, as a means to culture, a Sandoz-exercise for the soul! To use love in this way, consciously and deliberately, seemed to Lawrence wrong, almost a blasphemy. 'It seems to me queer,' he says to a fellow writer, 'that you prefer to present men chiefly – as if you cared for women not so much for what they were in themselves as for what the men saw in them. So that after all in your work women seem not to have an existence, save they are the projections of the men. . . It's the positivity of women you seem to deny – make them sort of instrumental.' The instrumentality of Wilhelm Meister's women shocked Lawrence profoundly.

(Here, in a parenthesis, let me remark on the fact that Lawrence's doctrine is constantly invoked by people, of whom Lawrence himself would passionately have disapproved, in defence of a behaviour, which he would have found deplorable or even revolting. That this should have happened is by no means, of course, a condemnation of the doctrine. The same philosophy of life may be good or bad according as the person who accepts it and lives by it is intrinsically fine or base. Tartuffe's doc-

time was the same, after all, as Pascal's. There have been refined fetish-worshippers, and unspeakably swinish Christians. To the preacher of a new way of life the most depressing thing that can happen is, surely, success. For success permits him to see how those he has converted distort and debase and make ignoble parodies of his teaching. If Francis of Assisi had lived to be a hundred, what bitterness he would have tasted! Happily for the saint, he died at forty-five, still relatively undisillusioned, because still on the threshold of the great success of his order. Writers influence their readers, preachers their auditors – but always, at bottom, to be more themselves. If the reader's self happens to be intrinsically similar to the writer's, then the influence is what the writer would wish it to be. If he is intrinsically unlike the writer, then he will probably twist the writer's doctrine into a rationalization of beliefs, an excuse for behaviour, wholly alien to the beliefs and behaviour approved by the writer. Lawrence has suffered the fate of every man whose works have exercised an influence upon his fellows. It was inevitable and in the nature of things.)

For someone with a gift for sensing the mystery of otherness, true love must necessarily be, in Lawrence's vocabulary, *nocturnal*. So must true knowledge. Nocturnal and tactual – a touching in the night. Man inhabits, for his own convenience, a home-made universe within the greater alien world of external matter and his own irrationality. Out of the illimitable blackness of that world the light of his customary thinking scoops, as it were, a little illuminated cave – a tunnel of brightness, in which, from the birth of consciousness to its death, he lives, moves and has his being. For most of us this bright tunnel is the whole world. We ignore the outer darkness, or if we cannot ignore it, if it presses too insistently upon us, we disapprove, being afraid. Not so Lawrence. He had eyes that could see, beyond the walls of light, far into the darkness, sensitive fingers that kept him continually aware of the environing mystery. He could not be content with the home-made, human tunnel, could not conceive that anyone else should be content with it. Moreover – and in this he was unlike those others, to whom the world's mystery is continuously present, the great philosophers and men of science – he did not want to increase the illuminated area, he approved of the outer darkness, he felt at home in it. Most men live in a little puddle of light thrown by the gig-lamps of habit and their immediate interest, but there is also the pure and powerful illumination of the disinterested scientific intellect. To Lawrence, both lights were suspect, both seemed to falsify what was, for him, the immediately

apprehended reality – the darkness of mystery ‘My great religion,’ he was already saying in 1912, ‘is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what the blood feels, and believes, and says, is always true.’ Like Blake, who had prayed to be delivered from ‘single vision and Newton’s sleep’ like Keats, who had drunk destruction to Newton for having explained the rainbow, Lawrence disapproved of too much knowledge, on the score that it diminished men’s sense of wonder and blunted their sensitiveness to the great mystery. His dislike of science was passionate and expressed itself in the most fantastically unreasonable terms. ‘All scientists are liars,’ he would say, when I brought up some experimentally established fact, which he happened to dislike. ‘Liars, liars!’ It was a most convenient theory. I remember in particular one long and violent argument on evolution, in the reality of which Lawrence always passionately disbelieved. ‘But look at the evidence, Lawrence,’ I insisted, ‘look at all the evidence.’ His answer was characteristic. ‘But I don’t care about evidence. Evidence doesn’t mean anything to me. I don’t feel it *here*.’ And he pressed his two hands on his solar plexus. I abandoned the argument and thereafter never, if I could avoid it, mentioned the hated name of science in his presence. Lawrence could give so much, and what he gave was so valuable, that it was absurd and profitless to spend one’s time with him disputing about a matter in which he absolutely refused to take a rational interest. Whatever the intellectual consequences, he remained through thick and thin unshakably loyal to his own genius. The *daemon* which possessed him was, he felt, a divine thing, which he would never deny or explain away, never even ask to accept a compromise. This loyalty to his own self, or rather to his gift, to the strange and powerful *numen* which, he felt, used him as its tabernacle, is fundamental in Lawrence and accounts, as nothing else can do, for all that the world found strange in his beliefs and his behaviour. It was not an incapacity to understand that made him reject those generalisations and abstractions by means of which the philosophers and the men of science try to open a path for the human spirit through the chaos of phenomena. Not incapacity, I repeat, for Lawrence had, over and above his peculiar gift, an extremely acute intelligence. He was a clever man as well as a man of genius. (In his boyhood and adolescence he had been a great passer of examinations.) He could have understood the aim and methods of science perfectly well if he had wanted to. Indeed, he did understand them perfectly well, and it was for that very reason that he rejected them. For the methods of science and critical philosophy were incompatible.

with the exercise of his gift – the immediate perception and artistic rendering of divine otherness. And their aim, which is to push back the frontier of the unknown, was not to be reconciled with his aim, which was to remain as intimately as possible in contact with the surrounding darkness. And so, in spite of their enormous prestige, he rejected science and critical philosophy, he remained loyal to his gift. Exclusively loyal. He would not attempt to qualify or explain his immediate knowledge of the mystery, would not even attempt to supplement it by other, abstract knowledge. 'These terrible, conscious birds, like Poe and his *Ligeia*, deny the very life that is in them, they want to turn it all into talk, into *knowing*. And so life, which will not be known, leaves them.' Lawrence refused to *know* abstractly. He preferred to live, and he wanted other people to live.

No man is by nature complete and universal, he cannot have first-hand knowledge of every kind of possible human experience. Universality, therefore, can only be achieved by those who mentally simulate living experience – by the knowers, in a word, by people like Goethe (an artist for whom Lawrence always felt the most intense repugnance).

Again, no man is by nature perfect, and none can spontaneously achieve perfection. The greatest gift is a limited gift. Perfection, whether ethical or aesthetic, must be the result of knowing and of the laborious application of knowledge. Formal aesthetics are an affair of rules and the best classical models, formal morality, of the ten commandments and the imitation of Christ.

Lawrence would have nothing to do with proceedings so 'unnatural,' so disloyal to the gift, to the resident or visiting *numen*. Hence his aesthetic principle, that art must be wholly spontaneous, and, like the artist, imperfect, limited and transient. Hence, too, his ethical principle that a man's first moral duty is not to attempt to live above his human station, or beyond his inherited psychological income.

The great work of art and the monument more perennial than brass are, in their very perfection and everlastingness, inhuman – too much of a good thing. Lawrence did not approve of them. Art, he thought, should flower from an immediate impulse towards self-expression or communication, and should wither with the passing of the impulse. Of all building materials Lawrence liked adobe the best, its extreme plasticity and extreme impermanence endeared it to him. There could be no everlasting pyramids in adobe, no mathematically accurate Parthenons. Nor, thank heaven, in wood. Lawrence loved the Etruscans, among other reasons, because they built wooden temples, which have not survived.

Stone oppressed him with its indestructible solidity, its capacity to take and indefinitely keep the hard uncompromising forms of pure geometry. Great buildings made him feel uncomfortable, even when they were beautiful. He felt something of the same discomfort in the presence of any highly finished work of art. In music, for example, he liked the folk-song, because it was a slight thing, born of immediate impulse. The symphony oppressed him, it was too big, too elaborate, too carefully and consciously worked out, too 'would-be' – to use a characteristic Lawrencian expression. He was quite determined that none of his writings should be 'would-be'. He allowed them to flower as they liked from the depths of his being and would never use his conscious intellect to force them into a semblance of more than human perfection, or more than human universality. It was characteristic of him that he hardly ever corrected or patched what he had written. I have often heard him say, indeed, that he was incapable of correcting. If he was dissatisfied with what he had written, he did not, as most authors do, file, clip, insert, transpose, he re-wrote. In other words, he gave the *daemon* another chance to say what it wanted to say. There are, I believe, three complete and totally distinct manuscripts of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Nor was this by any means the only novel that he wrote more than once. He was determined that all he produced should spring direct from the mysterious, irrational source of power within him. The conscious intellect should never be allowed to come and impose, after the event, its abstract pattern of perfection.

It was the same in the sphere of ethics as in that of art. 'They want me to have form – that means, they want me to have *their* pernicious, ossiferous, skin-and-grief form, and I won't.' This was written about his novels, but it is just as applicable to his life. Every man, Lawrence insisted, must be an artist in life, must create his own moral form. The art of living is harder than the art of writing. 'It is a much more delicate thing to make love, and win love, than to declare love.' All the more reason, therefore, for practising this art with the most refined and subtle sensibility, all the more reason for not accepting that 'pernicious skin-and-grief form' of morality, which *they* are always trying to impose on one. It is the business of the sensitive artist in life to accept his own nature as it is, not to try to force it into another shape. He must take the material given him – the weaknesses and irrationalities, as well as the sense and the virtues, the mysterious darkness and otherness no less than the light of reason and the conscious ego – must take them all and weave them together into a satisfactory pattern, *his* pattern, not somebody else's.

pattern 'Once I said to myself "How can I blame - why be angry?" Now I say "When anger comes with bright eyes, he may do his will In me he will hardly shake off the hand of God He is one of the arch-angels, with a fiery sword God sent him - it is beyond my knowing" ' This was written in 1910 Even at the very beginning of his career Lawrence was envisaging man as simply the locus of a polytheism. Given his particular gifts of sensitiveness and of expression it was inevitable Just as it was inevitable that a man of Blake's peculiar genius should formulate the very similar doctrine of the independence of states of being All the generally accepted systems of philosophy and of ethics aim at policing man's polytheism in the name of some Jehovah of intellectual and moral consistency For Lawrence this was an indefensible proceeding One god had as much right to exist as another, and the dark ones were as genuinely divine as the bright Perhaps (since Lawrence was so specially sensitive to the quality of dark godhead and so specially gifted to express it in art), perhaps even more divine Anyhow, the polytheism was a democracy This conception of human nature resulted in the formulation of two rather surprising doctrines, one ontological and the other ethical The first is what I may call the Doctrine of Cosmic Pointlessness 'There is no point Life and Love are life and love, a bunch of violets is a bunch of violets, and to drag in the idea of a point is to ruin everything Live and let live, love and let love, flower and fade, and follow the natural curve, which flows on, pointless'

Ontological pointlessness has its ethical counterpart in the doctrine of insouciance 'They simply are eaten up with caring They are so busy caring about Fascism or Leagues of Nations or whether France is right or whether Marriage is threatened, that they never know where they are They certainly never live on the spot where they are They inhabit abstract space, the desert void of politics, principles, right and wrong, and so forth They are doomed to be abstract Talking to them is like trying to have a human relationship with the letter x in algebra' As early as 1911 his advice to his sister was 'Don't meddle with religion I would leave all that alone, if I were you, and try to occupy myself fully in the present'

Reading such passages - and they abound in every book that Lawrence wrote - I am always reminded of that section of the *Pensées*, in which Pascal speaks of the absurd distractions with which men fill their leisure, so that there shall be no hole or cranny left for a serious thought to lodge itself in their consciousness Lawrence also inveighs against *divertissements*, but not against the same *divertissements* as Pascal For him, there were

two great and criminal distractions. First, work, which he regarded as a mere stupeficient, like opium ('Don't exhaust yourself too much,' he writes to an industrious friend, 'it is immoral' Immoral, because, among other reasons, it is too easy, a shirking of man's first duty, which is to live 'Think of the rest and peace, the positive sloth and luxury of idleness that work is' Lawrence had a real puritan's disapproval of the vice of working. He attacked the gospel of work for the same reasons as Chrysippus attacked Aristotle's gospel of pure intellectualism – on the ground that it was, in the old Stoic's words, 'only a kind of amusement' and that real living was a more serious affair than labour or abstract speculations.) The other inexcusable distraction, in Lawrence's eyes, was 'spirituality,' that lofty musing on the ultimate nature of things which constitutes, for Pascal, 'the whole dignity and business of man'. Pascal was horrified that human beings could so far forget the infinite and the eternal as to 'dance and play the lute and sing and make verses'. Lawrence was no less appalled that they could so far forget all the delights and difficulties of immediate living as to remember eternity and infinity, to say nothing of the League of Nations and the Sanctity of Marriage. Both were great artists, and so each is able to convince us that he is at any rate partly right. Just how far each is right, this is not the place to discuss. Nor, indeed, is the question susceptible of a definite answer. 'Mental consciousness,' wrote Lawrence, 'is a purely individual affair. Some men are born to be highly and delicately conscious'. Some are not. Moreover, each of the ages of man has its suitable philosophy of life (Lawrence's, I should say, was not a very good philosophy for old age or failing powers.) Besides, there are certain conjunctions of circumstances in which spontaneous living is the great distraction and certain others in which it is almost criminal to divert oneself with eternity or the League of Nations. Lawrence's peculiar genius was such that he insisted on spontaneous living to the exclusion of ideals and fixed principles, on intuition to the exclusion of abstract reasoning. Pascal, with a very different gift, evolved, inevitably, a very different philosophy.

Lawrence's dislike of abstract knowledge and pure spirituality made him a kind of mystical materialist. Thus, the moon affects him strongly, therefore it cannot be a 'stony cold world, like a world of our own gone cold. Nonsense. It is a globe of dynamic substance, like radium or phosphorus, coagulated upon a vivid pole of energy'. Matter must be intrinsically as lively as the mind which perceives it and is moved by the perception. Vivid and violent spiritual effects must have correspondingly

vivid and violent material causes. And, conversely, any violent feeling or desire in the mind must be capable of producing violent effects upon external matter. Lawrence could not bring himself to believe that the spirit can be moved, moved if need be, to madness, without imparting the smallest corresponding movement to the external world. He was a subjectivist as well as a materialist, in other words, he believed in the possibility, in some form or another, of magic. Lawrence's mystical materialism found characteristic expression in the curious cosmology and physiology of his speculative essays, and in his restatement of the strange Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body. To his mind, the survival of the spirit was not enough, for the spirit is a man's conscious identity, and Lawrence did not want to be always identical to himself, he wanted to know otherness – to know it by being it, know it in the living flesh, which is always essentially *other*. Therefore there must be a resurrection of the body.

Loyalty to his genius left him no choice, Lawrence had to insist on those mysterious forces of otherness which are scattered without, and darkly concentrated within, the body and mind of man. He had to, even though, by doing so, he imposed upon himself, as a writer of novels, a very serious handicap. For according to his view of things most of men's activities were more or less criminal distractions from the proper business of human living. He refused to write of such distractions, that is to say, he refused to write of the main activities of the contemporary world. But as though this drastic limitation of his subject were not sufficient, he went still further and, in some of his novels, refused even to write of human personalities in the accepted sense of the term. *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* (and indeed to a lesser extent all his novels) are the practical applications of a theory, which is set forth in a very interesting and important letter to Edward Garnett, dated 5 June 1914. 'Somehow, that which is physic – non-human in humanity, is more interesting to me than the old-fashioned human element, which causes one to conceive a character in a certain moral scheme and make him consistent. The certain moral scheme is what I object to. In Turgenyev, and in Tolstoi, and in Dostoevsky, the moral scheme into which all the characters fit – and it is nearly the same scheme – is, whatever the extraordinariness of the characters themselves, dull, old, dead. When Marinetti writes "It is the solidity of a blade of steel that is interesting by itself, that is, the incomprehending and inhuman alliance of its molecules in resistance to, let us say, a bullet. The heat of a piece of wood or iron is in fact more passionate, for us, than the laughter or tears of a

woman" – then I know what he means. He is stupid, as an artist, for contrasting the heat of the iron and the laugh of the woman. Because what is interesting in the laugh of the woman is the same as the binding of the molecules of steel or their action in heat – it is the inhuman will, call it physiology, or like Marinetti, physiology of matter, that fascinates me. I don't so much care about what the woman *feels* – in the ordinary usage of the word. That presumes an *ego* to feel with. I only care about what the woman *is* – what she *is* – inhumanly, physiologically, materially – according to the use of the word. You mustn't look in my novel for the old stable *ego* of the character. There is another *ego*, according to whose action the individual is unrecognisable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically unchanged element. (Like as diamond and coal are the same pure single element of carbon. The ordinary novel would trace the history of the diamond – but I say, "Diamond, what! This is carbon." And my diamond might be coal or soot, and my theme is carbon.)

The dangers and difficulties of this method are obvious. Criticising Stendhal, Professor Saintsbury long since remarked on 'that psychological realism which is perhaps a more different thing from psychological reality than our clever ones for two generations have been willing to admit, or, perhaps, able to perceive.'

Psychological reality, like physical reality, is determined by our mental and bodily make-up. Common sense, working on the evidence supplied by our unaided senses, postulates a world in which physical reality consists of such things as solid tables and chairs, bits of coal, water, air. Carrying its investigations further, science discovers that these samples of physical reality are 'really' composed of atoms of different elements, and these atoms, in their turn, are 'really' composed of more or less numerous electrons and protons arranged in a variety of patterns. Similarly, there is a common-sense, pragmatic conception of psychological reality, and also an uncommonsense conception. For ordinary practical purposes we conceive human beings as creatures with characters. But analysis of their behaviour can be carried so far, that they cease to have characters and reveal themselves as collections of psychological atoms. Lawrence (as might have been expected of a man who could always perceive the otherness behind the most reassuringly familiar phenomenon) took the un-commonsense view of psychology. Hence the strangeness of his novels, and hence also, it must be admitted, certain qualities of violent monotony and intense indistinctness, qualities which

make some of them, for all their richness and their unexpected beauty, so curiously difficult to get through. Most of us are more interested in diamonds and coal than in undifferentiated carbon, however vividly described. I have known readers whose reaction to Lawrence's books was very much the same as Lawrence's own reaction to the theory of evolution. What he wrote meant nothing to them because they 'did not feel it *here*' – in the solar plexus (That Lawrence, the hater of scientific knowing, should have applied to psychology methods which he himself compared to those of chemical analysis, may seem strange. But we must remember that his analysis was done, not intellectually, but by an immediate process of intuition, that he was able, as it were, to *feel* the carbon in diamonds and coal, to *taste* the hydrogen and oxygen in his glass of water.)

Lawrence, then, possessed, or, if you care to put it the other way round, was possessed by, a gift – a gift to which he was unshakably loyal. I have tried to show how the possession and the loyalty influenced his thinking and writing. How did they affect his life? The answer shall be, as far as possible, in Lawrence's own words. To Catherine Carswell Lawrence once wrote 'I think you are the only woman I have met who is so intrinsically detached, so essentially separate and isolated, as to be a real writer or artist or recorder. Your relations with other people are only excursions from yourself. And to want children, and common human fulfilments, is rather a falsity for you, I think. You were never made to "meet and mingle," but to remain intact, *essentially*, whatever your experiences may be.'

Lawrence's knowledge of 'the artist' was manifestly personal knowledge. He knew by actual experience that 'the real writer' is an essentially separate being, who must not desire to meet and mingle and who betrays himself when he hankers too yearningly after common human fulfilments. All artists know these facts about their species, and many of them have recorded their knowledge. Recorded it, very often, with distress, being intrinsically detached is no joke. Lawrence certainly suffered his whole life from the essential solitude to which his gift condemned him. 'What ails me,' he wrote to the psychologist, Dr Trigant Burrow, 'is the absolute frustration of my primeval societal instinct. I think societal instinct much deeper than sex instinct – and societal repression much more devastating. There is no repression of the sexual individual comparable to the repression of the societal man in me, by the individual ego, my own and everybody else's. Myself, I suffer badly from being so cut off. At times one is *forced* to be essentially a hermit. I don't

want to be. But anything else is either a personal tussle, or a money tussle, sickening except, of course, just for ordinary acquaintance, which remains acquaintance. One has no real human relations – that is so devastating. One has no real human relations. It is the complaint of every artist. The artist's first duty is to his genius, his *dæmon*, he cannot serve two masters. Lawience, as it happened, had an extraordinary gift for establishing an intimate relationship with almost anyone he met. 'Here' (in the Bournemouth boarding-house where he was staying after his illness, in 1912), 'I get mixed up in people's lives so – it's very interesting, sometimes a bit painful, often jolly. But I run to such close intimacy with folk, it is complicating. But I love to have myself in a bit of a tangle.' His love for his art was greater, however, than his love for a tangle, and whenever the tangle threatened to compromise his activities as an artist, it was the tangle that was sacrificed. He retired. Lawience's only deep and abiding human relationship was with his wife. ('It is hopeless for me,' he wrote to a fellow artist, 'to try to do anything without I have a woman at the back of me. Bocklin – or somebody like him – daren't sit in a café except with his back to the wall. I daren't sit in the world without a woman behind me. A woman that I love sort of keeps me in direct communication with the unknown, in which otherwise I am a bit lost.') For the rest, he was condemned by his gift to an essential separateness. Often, it is true, he blamed the world for his exile. 'And it comes to this that the *oneness* of mankind is destroyed in me (by the war). I am I, and you are you, and all heaven and hell lie in the chasm between. Believe me, I am infinitely hurt by being thus torn off from the body of mankind, but so it is and it is right.' It was right because, in reality, it was not the war that had torn him from the body of mankind, it was his own talent, the strange divinity to which he owed his primary allegiance. 'I will not live any more in this time,' he wrote on another occasion. 'I know what it is. I reject it. As far as I possibly can, I will stand outside this time. I will live my life and, if possible, be happy. Though the whole world slides in horror down into the bottomless pit. I believe that the highest virtue is to be happy, living in the greatest truth, not submitting to the falsehood of these personal times.' The adjective is profoundly significant. Of all the possible words of disparagement which might be applied to our uneasy age 'personal' is surely about the last that would occur to most of us. To Lawience it was the first. His gift was a gift of feeling and rendering the unknown, the mysteriously other. To one possessed by such a gift, almost any age would have seemed unduly and dangerously personal.

He had to reject and escape. But when he had escaped, he could not help deploring the absence of 'real human relationships'. Spasmodically, he tried to establish contact with the body of mankind. There were the recurrent projects for colonies in remote corners of the earth, they all fell through. There were his efforts to join existing political organisations, but somehow 'I seem to have lost touch altogether with the "Progressive" clique. In Croydon, the Socialists are so stupid and the Fabians so flat' (Not only in Croydon, alas). Then, during the war, there was his plan to co-operate with a few friends to take independent political action, but 'I would like to be remote, in Italy, writing my soul's words. To have to speak in the body is a violation to me'. And in the end he wouldn't violate himself, he remained aloof, remote, 'essentially separate'. 'It isn't scenery one lives by,' he wrote from Cornwall in 1916, 'but the freedom of moving about alone'. How acutely he suffered from this freedom by which he lived! *Kangaroo* describes a later stage of the debate between the solitary artist and the man who wanted social responsibilities and contact with the body of mankind. Lawrence, like the hero of his novel, decided against contact. He was by nature not a leader of men, but a prophet, a voice crying in the wilderness – the wilderness of his own isolation. The desert was his place, and yet he felt himself an exile in it. To Rolf Gardiner he wrote, in 1926 'I should love to be connected with something, with some few people, in something. As far as anything *matters*, I have always been very much alone, and regretted it. But I can't belong to clubs, or societies, or Freemasons, or any other damn thing. So if there is, with you, an activity I *can* belong to, I shall thank my stars. But, of course, I shall be wary beyond words, of committing myself'. He was in fact so wary that he never committed himself, but died remote and unconnected as he had lived. The *daemon* would not allow it to be otherwise.

(Whether Lawrence might not have been happier if he had disobeyed his *daemon* and forced himself at least into mechanical and external connection with the body of mankind, I forbear to speculate. Spontaneity is not the only and infallible secret of happiness, nor is a 'would-be' existence necessarily disastrous. But this is by the way.)

It was, I think, the sense of being cut off that sent Lawrence on his restless wanderings round the earth. His travels were at once a flight and a search – a search for some society with which he could establish contact, for a world where the times were not personal and conscious knowing had not yet perverted living, a search and at the same time a flight from the miseries and evils of the society into which he had been

born, and for which, in spite of his artist's detachment, he could not help feeling profoundly responsible. He felt himself 'English in the teeth of all the world, even in the teeth of England' that was why he had to go to Ceylon and Australia and Mexico. He could not have felt so intensely English in England without involving himself in corporative political action, without belonging and being attached, but to attach himself was something he could not bring himself to do, something that the artist in him felt as a violation. He was at once too English and too intensely an artist to stay at home. 'Perhaps it is necessary for me to try these places, perhaps it is my destiny to know the world. It only excites the outside of me. The inside it leaves more isolated and stoic than ever. That's how it is. It is all a form of running away from oneself and the great problems, all this wild west and the strange Australia. But I try to keep quite clear. One forms not the faintest inward attachment, especially here in America.'

His search was as fruitless as his flight was ineffective. He could not escape either from his homesickness or his sense of responsibility, and he never found a society to which he could belong. In a kind of despair he plunged yet deeper into the surrounding mystery, into the dark night of that otherness whose essence and symbol is the sexual experience. In *Lady Chatterley's Lover* Lawrence wrote the epilogue to his travels and, from his long and fruitless experience of flight and search, drew what was, for him, the inevitable moral. It is a strange and beautiful book, but inexpressibly sad. But then so, at bottom, was its author's life.

Lawrence's psychological isolation resulted, as we have seen, in his seeking physical isolation from the body of mankind. This physical isolation reacted upon his thoughts. 'Don't mind if I am impertinent,' he wrote to one of his correspondents at the end of a rather dogmatic letter. 'Living here alone one gets so different - sort of ex-cathedra.' To live in isolation, above the medley, has its advantages, but it also imposes certain penalties. Those who take a bird's-eye view of the world often see clearly and comprehensively, but they tend to ignore all tiresome details, all the difficulties of social life and, ignoring, to judge too sweepingly and to condemn too lightly. Nietzsche spent his most fruitful years perched on the tops of mountains, or plunged in the yet more abysmal solitude of boarding-houses by the Mediterranean. That was why, a delicate and sensitive man, he could be so bloodthirstily censorious - so wrong, for all his gifts, as well as so right. From the deserts of New Mexico, from rustic Tuscany or Sicily, from the Australian bush, Lawrence observed and judged and advised the distant world of men.

The judgments, as might be expected, were often sweeping and violent, the advice, though admirable so far as it went, inadequate. Political advice from even the most greatly gifted of religious innovators is always inadequate, for it is never, at bottom, advice about politics, but always about something else. Differences in quantity, if sufficiently great, produce differences of quality. This sheet of paper, for example, is qualitatively different from the elections of which it is composed. An analogous difference divides the politician's world from the world of the artist, or the moralist, or the religious teacher. 'It is the business of the artist,' writes Lawrence, 'to follow it (the war) to the heart of the individual fighters – not to talk in armies and nations and numbers – but to track it home – home – their war – and it's at the bottom of almost every Englishman's heart – the war – the desire of war – the *will* to war – and at the bottom of every German heart.' But an appeal to the individual heart can have very little effect on politics, which is a science of averages. An actuary can tell you how many people are likely to commit suicide next year, and no artist or moralist or Messiah can, by an appeal to the individual heart, prevent his forecast from being remarkably correct. If the things which are Caesar's differ from the things which are God's it is because Caesar's things are numbered by the thousands and millions, whereas God's things are single individual souls. The things of Lawrence's Dark God were not even individual souls, they were the psychological atoms whose patterned coming together constitutes a soul. When Lawrence offers political advice, it refers to matters which are not really political at all. The political world of enormous numbers was to him a nightmare, and he fled from it. Primitive communities are so small that their politics are essentially unpolitical, that, for Lawrence, was one of their greatest charms. Looking back from some far-away and underpopulated vantage point at the enormous, innumerable modern world, he was appalled by what he saw. He condemned, he advised, but at bottom and finally he felt himself impotent to deal with Caesar's alien and inhuman problems. 'I wish there were miracles,' was his final despairing comment. 'I am tired of the old laborious way of working things to their conclusions.' But, alas, there are no miracles, and faith, even the faith of a man of genius, moves no mountains.

Enough of explanation and interpretation. To those who knew Lawrence, not *why*, but *that* he was what he happened to be, is the important fact. I remember very clearly my first meeting with him. The place was London, the time 1915. But Lawrence's passionate talk was of the geographically remote and of the personally very near. Of the

horrors in the middle distance – war, winter, the town – he would not speak. For he was on the point, so he imagined, of setting off to Florida – to Florida, where he was going to plant that colony of escape, of which up to the last he never ceased to dream. Sometimes the name and site of this seed of a happier and different world were purely fanciful. It was called Rananim, for example, and was an island like Piospeio's. Sometimes it had its place on the map and its name was Florida, Cornwall, Sicily, Mexico and again, for a time, the English countryside. That wintry afternoon in 1915 it was Florida. Before tea was over he asked me if I would join the colony, and though I was an intellectually cautious young man, not at all inclined to enthusiasms, though Lawrence had startled and embarrassed me with sincerities of a kind to which my upbringing had not accustomed me, I answered yes.

Fortunately, no doubt, the Florida scheme fell through. Cities of God have always crumbled, and Lawrence's city – his village, rather, for he hated cities – his Village of the Dark God would doubtless have disintegrated like all the rest. It was better that it should have remained, as it was always to remain, a project and a hope. And I knew this even as I said I would join the colony. But there was something about Lawrence which made such knowledge, when one was in his presence, curiously irrelevant. He might propose impracticable schemes, he might say or write things that were demonstrably incorrect or even, on occasion (as when he talked about science), absurd. But to a very considerable extent it didn't matter. What mattered was always Lawrence himself, was the fire that burned within him, that glowed with so strange and marvellous a radiance in almost all he wrote.

My second meeting with Lawrence took place some years later, during one of his brief revisiting of that after-war England, which he had come so much to dread and to dislike. Then in 1925, while in India, I received a letter from Spotorno. He had read some essays I had written on Italian travel, said he liked them, suggested a meeting. The next year we were in Florence and so was he. From that time, till his death, we were often together – at Florence, at Forte dei Marmi, for a whole winter at Diablerets, at Bandol, in Paris, at Chexbres, at Forte again, and finally at Venice where he died.

In a spasmodically kept diary I find this entry under the date of December 27th, 1927: 'Lunched and spent the p.m. with the Lawrences. D.H.L. in admirable form, talking wonderfully. He is one of the few people I feel real respect and admiration for. Of most other eminent

people I have met I feel that at any rate I belong to the same species as they do. But this man has something different and superior in kind, not degree.'

'Different and superior in kind' I think almost everyone who knew him well must have felt that Lawrence was this. A being, somehow, of another order, more sensitive, more highly conscious, more capable of feeling than even the most gifted of common men. He had, of course, his weaknesses and defects, he had his intellectual limitations—limitations which he seemed to have deliberately imposed upon himself. But these weaknesses and defects and limitations did not affect the fact of his superior otherness. They diminished him quantitatively, so to speak, whereas the otherness was qualitative. Spill half your glass of wine and what remains is still wine. Water, however full the glass may be, is always tasteless and without colour.

To be with Lawrence was a kind of adventure, a voyage of discovery into newness and otherness. For, being himself of a different order, he inhabited a different universe from that of common men—a brighter and intenser world, of which, while he spoke, he would make you free. He looked at things with the eyes, so it seemed, of a man who had been at the brink of death and to whom, as he emerges from the darkness, the world reveals itself as unfathomably beautiful and mysterious. For Lawrence, existence was one continuous convalescence, it was as though he were newly re-born from a mortal illness every day of his life. What these convalescent eyes saw his most casual speech would reveal. A walk with him in the country was a walk through that marvellously rich and significant landscape which is at once the background and the principal personage of all his novels. He seemed to know, by personal experience, what it was like to be a tree or a daisy or a breaking wave or even the mysterious moon itself. He could get inside the skin of an animal and tell you in the most convincing detail how it felt and how, dimly, inhumanly, it thought. Of Black-Eyed Susan, for example, the cow at his New Mexican ranch, he was never tired of speaking, nor was I ever tired of listening to his account of her character and her bovine philosophy.

'He sees,' Vernon Lee once said to me, 'more than a human being ought to see. Perhaps,' she added, 'that's why he hates humanity so much.' Why also he loved it so much. And not only humanity—nature too, and even the supernatural. For wherever he looked, he saw more than a human being ought to see, saw more and therefore loved and hated more. To be with him was to find oneself transported to one of the

frontiers of human consciousness. For an inhabitant of the safe metropolis of thought and feeling it was a most exciting experience.

One of the great charms of Lawrence as a companion was that he could never be bored and so could never be boring. He was able to absorb himself completely in what he was doing at the moment, and he regarded no task as too humble for him to undertake, nor so trivial that it was not worth his while to do it well. He could cook, he could sew, he could darn a stocking and milk a cow, he was an efficient wood-cutter and a good hand at embroidery, fires always burned when he had laid them and a floor, after Lawrence had scrubbed it, was thoroughly clean. Moreover, he possessed what is, for a highly strung and highly intelligent man, an even more remarkable accomplishment: he knew how to do nothing. He could just sit and be perfectly content. And his contentment, while one remained in his company, was infectious.

As infectious as Lawrence's contented placidity were his high spirits and his laughter. Even in the last years of his life, when his illness had got the upper hand and was killing him inch-meal, Lawrence could still laugh, on occasion, with something of the old and exuberant gaiety. Often, alas, towards the end, the laughter was bitter, and the high spirits almost terrifyingly savage. I have heard him sometimes speak of men and their ways with a kind of demoniac mockery, to which it was painful, for all the extraordinary brilliance and profundity of what he said, to listen. The secret consciousness of his dissolution filled the last years of his life with an overpowering sadness. (How tragically the splendid curve of the letters droops, at the end, towards the darkness!) It was, however, in terms of anger that he chose to express this sadness. Emotional indecency always shocked him profoundly, and, since anger seemed to him less indecent as an emotion than a resigned or complaining melancholy, he preferred to be angry. He took his revenge on the fate that had made him sad by fiercely deriding everything. And because the sadness of the slowly dying man was so unspeakably deep, his mockery was frighteningly savage. The laughter of the earlier Lawrence and, on occasion, as I have said, even the later Lawrence was without bitterness and wholly delightful.

Vitality has the attractiveness of beauty, and in Lawrence there was a continuously springing fountain of vitality. It went on welling up in him, leaping, now and then, into a great explosion of bright foam and iridescence, long after the time when, by all the rules of medicine, he should have been dead. For the last two years he was like a flame burning on in miraculous disregard of the fact that there was no more fuel to

justify its existence One grew, in spite of constantly renewed alarms, so well accustomed to seeing the flame blazing away, self-fed, in its broken and empty lamp that one almost came to believe that the miracle would be prolonged, indefinitely But it could not be When, after several months of separation, I saw him again at Vence in the early spring of 1930, the miracle was at an end, the flame guttering to extinction A few days later it was quenched

Beautiful and absorbingly interesting in themselves, the letters which follow are also of the highest importance as biographical documents In them, Lawrence has written his life and painted his own portrait Few men have given more of themselves in their letters Lawrence is there almost in his entirety *Almost*, for he obeyed both of Robert Burns's injunctions

‘Aye free, aff han’ your story tell,
When wi’ a bosom crony,
But still keep something to yoursel’
Ye scarcely tell to ony’

The letters show us Lawrence as he was in his daily living We see him in all his moods (And it is curious and amusing to note how his mood will change according to his correspondent ‘My kindness makes me sometimes a bit false,’ he says of himself severely In other words, he knew how to adapt himself To one correspondent he is gay, at moments even larky – because larkiness is expected of him To another he is gravely reflective To a third he speaks the language of prophesying and revelation) We follow him from one vividly seen and recorded landscape to another We watch him during the war, a subjectivist and a solitary artist, desperately fighting his battle against the nightmare of objective facts and all the inhumanly numerous things that are Caesar’s Fighting and, inevitably, losing And after the war we accompany him round the world, as he seeks, now in one continent now in another, some external desert to match the inner wilderness from which he utters his prophetic cry, or some community of which he can feel himself a member We see him being drawn towards his fellows and then repelled again, making up his mind to force himself into some relation with society and then, suddenly changing it again, and letting himself drift once more on the current of circumstances and his own inclinations And finally, as his illness begins to get the better of him, we see him obscured by a dark cloud of sadness – the terrible sadness, out of which,

in one mood, he wrote his savage *Nettles*, in another, *The Man Who Died*, that lovely and profoundly moving story of the miracle for which somewhere in his mind he still hoped – still hoped, against the certain knowledge that it could never happen

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